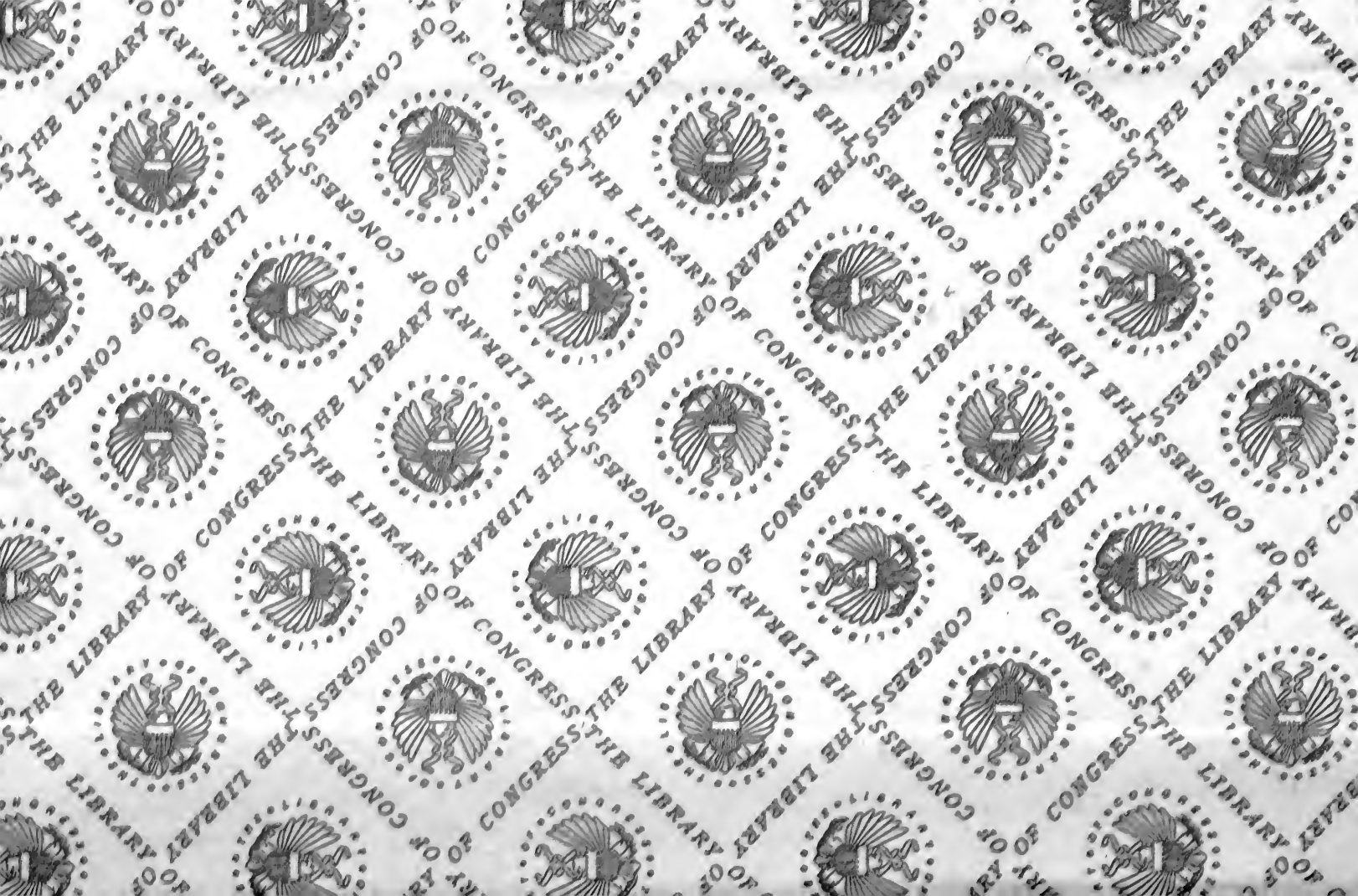

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Rambles of a Southerner

IN

THREE CONTINENTS.

CONTAINING

Graphic Descriptions of the Peoples living along the line of his travels, with their Habits, Customs, Manners, Modes of Living, Religion, and General Phases of Civil Life; How Travelling is done in the East, and a glance at Modern Civilization in Europe.
The Condition and Progress of Missionary Operations in Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, and Europe are considered.

29
2424a

BY

P. L. GROOME, A. B.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
OCT 24 1889
30155
WASHINGTON.

GREENSBORO:
THOMAS BROTHERS, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.
1889.

Copyrighted, 1889,
By P. L. Groome.

D475
.G87

DEDICATED

To the noble woman upon whom has fallen the burdens of an itinerant life, whose self-sacrificing care for our children made me willing to leave them so long and feel them to be secure in my absence, by whose wisdom, economy and devotion to all domestic affairs it was possible for me to make the trip at all, and who so bravely endured the long absence of her

HUSBAND.

PREFACE.

It was not my purpose to publish a book of travels, until some weeks after returning from abroad, nor does this volume come forth "in response to the urgent request of a host of friends." But a small per cent. of the matter now presented appearing in the *Raleigh Advocate* in the form of Foreign Correspondence, some of which was reprinted by several papers of the State, and finding more than enough material on hand to fill many hundred pages, it has been condensed in the form now offered.

No other could preach my sermon, nor record my observations. Some things here presented have been noticed before; but few of them in any one book, many of them in no other book.

The world is moving, and this book contains the impressions made upon an American and a Southerner in 1889.

Greensboro, N. C., Sept. 25th.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PLEASANT GARDEN TO NEW YORK..... 17

Leaving home.—Last familiar face.—Greensboro.—Washington City.—New York.—Messrs. Brown Bros.—A difficulty.—Brooklyn Bridge.—Cooper Institute.—Stock Exchange.—U. S. Treasury Building.—Sambo in New York.—Polite people done smoking on the streets.—A narrow escape.—Confidence men.

CHAPTER II.

CROSSING THE SEA..... 25

New Experince.—Looking for Security.—How we got Adrift.—In a storm.—*La Gascogne.*—Sea Birds.—The Sea the Sea.—The Passengers.—How Sketching is Done.

CHAPTER III.

FRANCE..... 31

PARIS.—Sunday Election-day.—How the French Do.—La Bastile.—Hotel de Ville.—Palaise Royal.—Literary Supplies.—They Read—Churches.—Notre Dame. St. Sulpice.—Holy Sepulchre.—The Louvre.—Paintings.—Statuary.—Antiquities.—Place du Carrousal.—Elysees Champs.—Poilpot's Panorama.—Siege of Paris in Franco-Prussian War.—Arc d'Etoile.—Hospital des Invalides.—Tomb of Napoleon.—Pere la Chaise.—Jardin des Plants.—The Markets.—Draught Horses.—Street Cars.—Missionary Work in Paris.

CHAPTER IV.

PARIS TO TURIN..... 40

Shambles of Paris, and where their supplies come from.—The Sapped system.—*La Seine.*—Ye Banks and Braes.—An Unknown tongue.—*Lac Bourget.*—How model roads are made.—A lonely Sentinel.—Do the children pay tax or Strangers?—Custom-house officials.—Continental Cars, How equipped and managed.

CHAPTER V.

PISA, FLORENCE..... 45

Pisa, new and old.—Duomo.—Galileo's Lamp.—Baptistery.—Campo Santo.—Leaning Tower.—The river Arno.—Cultivation of the Land.—White Heifers for Teams.

Florence.—Donkies for Carriage-horses.—Dogs muzzled. Ladies and Cigars.—News-stands.—Papacy becoming Effete in Italy.—Catholic worship like bees swarming.—The Duomo.—Santa Croce.—Necropolis of Genius.—Art Galleries.—Dr. Buckley.—Pitti Palace.—Lazzaroni.—Some moralizing on Capital, Labor, &c.

CHAPTER VI.

ROME..... 54

St. Peters.—The Vatican.—Sistine Chapel.—Michael Angelo.—Raphael.—Sons of Rome.—Tasso's Tomb.—Colosseum.—The Forum, and the Iconoclast.—Triumphal Arches.—The Churches.—Relics of Saints.—Prison of Paul and Peter.—Scala Sancta.—School of the Catholic Prophets.—Outside Pressure Modifying the Church.—Papal Rome and Zeit Geist.—Responsibility of the Church of Rome and how met.—Bishop Wilson.—The Average Italian.

CHAPTER VII.

NAPLES..... 63

Situation.—Beggars.—Merchants.—Fed by Travelers.—High Land Rent.—National Museum.—Pompeii, Herculaneum and Vesuvius.—John Gilpin Ride through Torre Annunziata.—Guide Holding Horse's tail.—Imminent Peril, Red-hot Boulders flying down the Mountain.—Courage Fails.—A desperate Venture.—Beef-steak and Maccaroni, a Horse-trade.—Brindisi. or Stag's Horns.—Terminus of the Appian-Way.

CHAPTER VIII.

EGYPT..... 74

ALEXANDRIA.—Up the Nile.—The Soil.—Mud-towns.—How they Travel.—City Life, Stores, Dress.—How the People are Watered.—Sakyah and Shadoof.—Topography of Nile Valley.—Fertility, Population, Stock.

Cairo.—The Citadel.—Mosque of Mahomet Ali.—Mahometan Worship.—How Christians do when visiting a Mosque.---Joseph's Well.---*Saut du Mameluke.*---Cheops.—A visit to the Top and Interior.—Caught in the Net of the Arabs.

CHAPTER IX.

Farther Up the Nile..... 83

Haste Makes Waste, Travelling.—Nice Companions.--Copts.—Floating Stations.—What Arabs Eat.—A "Blind Man Eloquent."—A Blind Boy More Eloquent.--Products of the Country.--Thebes.--Tombs of the Kings--Necropolis--Ramesium---Memnonium. Monstrous Monoliths.—Statue of Rameses the Great. --Medinet Habou.—Theodosius, Destroyer of Heathenism and Art.—Luqsor.—Oldest Temple on Earth and Tallest Obelisk.---3064 B. C.---Egyptians of Old Like Moderns.

CHAPTER X.

Down the Nile to Cairo..... 90

Of the River, Boats, Cargo, Birds, Thermometer.----On, where Moses was Educated.---Trying to Escape Donkey-boys.---Flight.----Pursuit.---Capture.---Death, Burial without a Coffin.---Another Funeral Procession. Haggar Ali, Ten Widows.—A Juggler.---Boulac Museum.--.Sethi I, whose Daughter found Moses, Rameses, Pharoah of the Oppression.——"In the Resurrection morning we shall rise!"

CHAPTER XI.

Suez Canal..... 100

Lingering glance along Moses' track, Joseph.---Suez Canal.---Ismailla Simoon.---On foot in the Desert.--Indignation meeting.----Dredges.----Port Said.----How we didn't bulldose the S. S. Co.---A live town, Frank and Arab.---Grown Women at five.---Gambling Hells.---How a love of Backsheesh spoiled one Arab's Mouth. Highway of the Nations.---Missions.

CHAPTER XII.

ODDS AND ENDS..... 105

Footmen.—Canals Made Without a Spade.—Bazaar Day.—Dervishes.— Arab Gratitude.— Oppression. — Cabbaging in American.---In Diplomatic Circles.—How Donkey Boys "Get There."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OLDEST SEAPORT..... 111

Simon the Tanner's House.----Expectation on Tiptoe.----Apprehensions.---Rest.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM JOPPA TO JERUSALEM..... 116

David's Fete miscarries.—Jerusalem.—Excursion to Jericho, Dead Sea and Jordan.—Bethlehem, House of Bread.—Mt. Calvary, the two Theories.—Dr. Merrill's Statement.—Church of the Holy Sepulchre.—Having the Form of Godliness, but denying the Power.—Episcopalians.—Missions.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW ONE TRAVELS IN PALESTINE..... 133

Dragoman, Donkey Boy, Routes.—Last look in David's City.—Climate.—Soil.—Political situation.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEAD SEA, MARSARA, HEBRON..... 141

From Jerasalem down to Jericho, Elisha's Rendezvous, Herod the Great's Headquarters.—Elisha's Fountain, Gilgal.—As Bedawins Do.—Jordan.—Dead Sea.—Climatic Extremes.—Flora.—St. Saba, Miraculous Palm Tree, Lazy Priests.—A Room full of Skulls.

Jerusalem to Hebron, Solomon's Pools, Hebron's Fountains, Abraham's Grave.—Jacob's Funeral.—Abraham's Oak.

CHAPTER XVII.

In and About Jerusalem 148

Holy Sepulchre again.—Mt. Zion.—The Upper Room.—House of Caiaphas.—Jews' Wailing Place.—Character of the Wall there—Cyclopean.—What their Wailing is.—Jewish Sabbath.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mt. Moriah. Gethsemane..... 165

Temple Area, How made, Mosque of Omar.- Sakhra or Foundation Stone, Center of the World, Mohammed's marvelous flight to Heaven.—Other Moslem Legends,—How they learn Music—En Rogel, King's Garden, Virgin's Fountain.—Gethsemane.—Grotto of the Agony.—Under the City of Jerusalem.—Model of Solomon's Temple.—Mt. Olivet.

CHAPTER XIX.

North of Jerusalem 174

Robber's Glen.—Shiloh.—Samuel, and the Dedication of Children to God.—Jacob's Well.—Joseph's Tomb.—Place for Reflection.—Ebal, Gerizim, Sychar.—Last of the Samaritans.—Old Pentateuchs.—Missions.—Other evidences of Prosperity.—A Typical Mill.—Samaria, a Wasted Capitol.—Displays of Mohammedan Bigotry.—Jenin, Worse Demonstrations.—Conspiracy, Narrow Escape.—The "Little Foxes."—Esdraelon, the World's Oldest Battle-field.—Jezreel, Home of Jezebel, Jehu and Gideon.—Gideon's Fountain.—Shunem, Nain, Endor.

CHAPTER XX.

Mt. Tabor, Sea of Galilee, Nazareth 183

Mt. Tabor.---The Transfiguration.---Through a Paradise to Tiberias.---*Backsheesh*.---A Ride on the Sea to Capernaum.---Fishing.---Bathing in the Sea.---Natural Hot Baths.---Mount of Beatitudes.---Cana.----Nazareth.----Missions.---A Walk about Jesus' Birth-place.

CHAPTER XXI.

From Nazareth to Beirut.....190

Nazareth to Mt. Carmel.—Market women.—Mr. M. is sick and takes a steamer.—Of Haifa.—A Frantic Scene.—Acre, city of Blood.—Tax on Salad.—The old Roman Road.—Historic Lands, Tyre, Sarepta, Ornithopolis, Sidon.—History repeats itself.—A Turkish Hôtel.—How an Arab makes the *Amende honorable*.—Missions.—Public Highway Forts.—Silk Manufacture.

CHAPTER XXII.

Beirut.....198

All is well that ends well.—*En Harak Said.*—(May you have a rich day)—Mr. M. sick still.—Beirut.—Dog River.—Sugar and Silk.—Household foes.

Missionary Matters.—Colleges, Schools, Churches, Hospitals, Printing Presses, &c., Statistics.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Land, The People, The Man.....216

The Call of Abraham the Beginning of God's Purpose to Develop the Race. National Peculiarities of the Hebrews: 1. They have Faith. 2. Domestic Affection. 3. Sentimental, the "Holy Land." 4. Conservative, old Pentateuch, old Customs, Samaritans. 5. The Hebrew impressed his Religion on others. Examples.—In debt to the Jew.—Smallest and Greatest. Final Product.—Strength made perfect in Weakness.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Among the Grecian Isles.....225

Beirut to Cyprus, Copper Island.—General Cesnola.—Lazarus' Grave.—Venus' Birthplace.—How they employ Criminals.—Some Criminals not apprehended.—Rhodes.—Cos, Birthplace of Hippocrates and Apelles.—Halicarnassus, where was one of the "Seven Wonders."—Leros.—Patmos.—Chios.

CHAPTER XXV.

SMYRNA AND EPHESUS..... 232

Turkish Custom-house Officers.—A Pretty City.—Markets and Bazaars.—A Heterogeneous Mass.—Protestantism Missions.—Panorama from Mt. Pagus.—Home of the Muses.

Ephesus.—Gates, *Vice Versa*.—Gymnasiums, Agorae.—Theaters.—Stadium.—Baptismal Font of St. Paul's time or soon afterwards.—"Diana of the Ephesian's" Temple:—Scene of Paul's Labors.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM ASIA TO GREECE..... 244

Minerva Sunium.—Piraeus. Athens.—First Impressions, Among Ruins, Prison of Socrates. Acropolis, Theseum, Mars Hill. Vandalism.—Center of the World.—Enchanted Ground, Dishonored Shrine.—King of Greece.—Pedagogues still Peripatetic.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AMONGST SAVANTS..... 252

Academy of Plato.—Where Cereals were first planted, and Olive trees.—Soil and Products.—Eleusis.—Cutting Greece in two.—Vessels going by Land.—Corinth.—Acro-Corinthus.—Pirene, where Pegasus drank.—We view the Whole Land.—A Solemn Moment.—The American School at Athens.—Mt. Lycabettus.—Athens Gave, Let her Receive again.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THROUGH THE DARDANELLES, HELLESPONT AND SEA OF MARMORA TO CONSTANTINOPLE..... 260

On Stormy Waters.—Bishop Fowler.—The Dead line of Nations, Chessboard of Ancient Warriors.—Leander and Hero's Homes.—Approach to the Sublime Porte.—Its Geography.—Volume of Business.—Ironclads.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN AND ABOUT STAMBOUL..... 266

Meeting old acquaintances.—Genoese Tower.—Seraglio Grounds.—Sublime Porte.—St. Sophia.—Hippodrome.—Janizaries.—Reservoir of 1001 Columns.—

Seraskierat.—Pigeon Mosque.—Sultan's Mosque.—Selamlik or Yildik (Star.)—Bible House.—Mohammetan Reverence for God.

In Asia-Minor Again.—Of their Tickets, Boats, and caring for the Women.—City of the Dead.—Retaining identity of the Dead, a Horse's Tomb.—English Cemetery, Heroes of the Crimean War.—Boulgourloo, Splendid Panorama.—Camels going to Mecca, Intense Excitement, Parading Cavalry.—An Accident.—Frightened by Turks.—Ramazan, Fast or Lent of the Moslems.

CHAPTER XXX.

Constantinople and the Turks..... 275

Through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea.—Mail Service and Tickets.—American College at Bebek.—Mehmet II. Garrison of Mehmet II. A Mighty monarch Receives a Grand Ovation. Stamboul at her best.—The whole Creation Groaneth and Travaileth together in pain until now.—Turkish ways, About Wives, Salutations, *Neplus ultra*, to get there.—Extreme Modesty, Dress,.—As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined, Sample of Cleanliness.—Dogs, Diplomatic Dogs.—Satan.—Mohamed's divisions of the World.—*Kitablees.*—Dr. Menzie's estimate.—First Standing Army.—Dr. Hamilton's Estimate.—Missions.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Through Turkey, Roumelia, Bulgaria, Servia, Hungary and Austria..... 286

Caught in a Turkish Trap.—Cutting the Gordian Knot.—How they Start a Train.—Customs Officers.—Turkish Landscape.—National Insignia.—New Modes of Applying Water-power.—More Customs Officers, a New Kind.—Belgrade and More Officers.—Semlin and Still More.—Great Prairies.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Vienna..... 293

Antiquity.—Its Beauty. The Ring-Strasse with its Voluptuousness.—Art Galleries, Confessional, Indulgences, Accursed Trio.—Some Fine Churches.—

All go to church in the morning. Sunday Afternoon is Holiday.—The Prater, *Beer gartens.*—Training Young Soldiers.—Some ridiculous customs.—The Women Hew the Wood, Cultivate the Land and Pay the Tax. —Dogs used for Horses.—*Shoenbrun.*—Headquarters of Surgery.—Royal Condescension.—Religious Phase.—Missions.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

From Vienna to London..... 306

Advantages of slow travelling.—Fairyland and Farm land.—Russia's Way.—*Walhalla.*—Nuremburg.—Würtzburg, Legend of the Minnesinger.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, Ariadne, Lost in town, Kaiser-saal, &c. —Heidelberg, *Molkencur*, Castle, University, &c.—Worms, Luther *Platz.*—The Grandest Sight.—German Soldiers to the manner born.—Maintz.—The Rhine.—Bonn.—Cologne, finest Cathedral. Finest Music, German Catholic method.—*Aix-la-chapelle.*—*Spa.* Oldest watering place.—Belgium, Waterloo.

CHAPTER XXXIV

In London..... 321

London.—A home-like feeling.—The "Bank."—'Busses.—Travel on the Great Thoroughfares.—Elevated and Underground Rail Roads.—5,000,000 of People, How Placed.—" What shall we do with our Cities ?"—Humanitarians.—Sights to be Seen.—May Meetings.—The English in Meeting.—The English in History, Poetry, Literature, Government and Religion.—Churchmen and Dissenters.—Churchmen and the Papacy.—Victoria's policy.—The Wesleyan's. City Road Chapel, Wesley's House and Furniture.—His Tomb amongst honored Co-laborers.—Bunhill Fields, Mrs. Wesley's Epitaph.

CHAPTER XXXV.

From London Home..... 334

Noted Preachers of London.—Noted Churches.—The Tower.—Other Objects.—Waverly Route to Melrose. The Abbey, Abbotsford, Scott—Edinburgh.—Glasgow.—Aboard once more.

CHAPTER I.

PLEASANT GARDEN TO NEW YORK.

Leaving home—Last familiar face.—Greensboro.—Washington City.—New York.—Messrs. Brown Bros.—A difficulty.—Brooklyn Bridge.—Cooper Institute.—Stock Exchange.—U. S. Treasury Building.—Sambo in New York.—Polite people done smoking on the streets.—A narrow escape.—Confidence men.

HAVING placed my family at Pleasant Garden with friends of other years to board, where the children can go to school, to one of the best teachers in North Carolina, Prof. Fentress, who graduated at Trinity College in 1887, I went over to Trinity to see Professors Armstrong and Price, who had spent some years abroad, for such kindly suggestions and advice as they might make, and much to my delight and profit. President Crowell placed a very valuable book in my hands that will serve me in making observations on the conditions of things in Europe.

I spent the night with the family of the Rev. C. M. Pepper, who gave me my start in the ministry, but who, now superannuated, is keeping a first-class boarding house near the College.

I had the good fortune to meet the Rev. Rufus King, who had been to Palestine, and who gave

me several valuable hints. Bishop Granbury also very kindly gave me a letter commending me to the confidence of church people wherever I might go, with the assurance that I should have his prayers in my behalf, all of which I most cordially appreciate, with the desire that all my brethren in the N. C. Conference will also remember me at a throne of grace. Dr. Young wrote me a few days ago, to go first to Egypt and Palestine, as the "mercury would soon be too high for comfort there." I never did like mercury and am purposing to follow his advice.

Farewells said at home, with a small valise as my only traveling companion, I turned my face toward the North. I noticed in passing through Greensboro a great deal of work going on putting in sewerage pipes, they have just put in waterworks, and built a new railroad to Madison, and will soon have one of the finest bank buildings in the State. Her good people are worthy, and we rejoice in her prosperity.

The last familiar faces I saw were those of the gifted Byrd and his young wife, who got off the train as I got on.

By way of Richmond you reach Washington at 11 A. M., leaving Greensboro at 8:40 P. M. Our engine killed a very fine cow just before reaching Washington—we stopped, and all went back to see her, except the ladies and children.

In Washington I called first at the State De-

partment for my passport, which now costs only $1.00, $5.00 being the price until recently; after which, it being Wednesday, and Mr. Cleveland's day for receiving visitors, I called at the White House with about one hundred others, to be introduced to the President. It is an informal affair; the President stands in a doorway, leading out of the East room, and visitors come up to him, say "howdye do, Mr. President?" and pass out. It is simple and does a little good and no harm.

I then went down to the Capitol hoping to get letters of introduction to representative Americans and gentlemen abroad from our Senators; but calling of ayes and nays prevented my seeing Senator Vance, while very important business in N. C. craved the presence of Senator Ransom. I admire the public buildings of Washington enough to write a whole letter about them, but many of my readers have already seen them, and others have written them up in better style than I am able to do.

In all the travel I hope to make, I do not expect to see any one building more magnificent than the Capitol of the United States, nor any city more beautiful than Washington, with its fine buildings and parks. Being detained in the White House until 2 P. M., I had to wait till four, but the loss of time was more than compensated by the acquaintance of a Mr. Miller, of

New York, son of a Presbyterian clergyman. He says in their church they have the Y. P. C. E. S., *i. e.* the Young People's Christian Endeavor Society, and that it works admirably. It is the same thing about which I wrote an article in November. I formed one of the same at Mt. Tabor on the Granville circuit, with twenty-four members. It gives each something to do. We are all very fast learning the fact that, to take stock in anything or expend labor, prayer or thought to further a cause, identifies us with that enterprise as we cannot otherwise be. May be I shall try to inaugurate such a work in our Conference when I return.

I reached Jersey City at 11:35 P. M., Wednesday, and New York next morning at nine o'clock. I have now been here two days. I stopped at the International Hotel, Park Row, opposite the Post office first, but as our Steamer leaves to-morrow morning at six, I came down to the Palace Hotel, only one square from the pier.

My first care was to put my cash into the hands of Messrs. Brown Bros., whose letters of credit are honored all over the world where there is a Bank. But they required that I be identified; but Dr. Deems was the only man who knew me in the city. I purposed calling on him for letters of introduction, advice, etc., etc. I could not find him. But sometimes when things can't be done one way they can another, so I succeeded by the

other. (Some of my readers will understand what that other way is.)

The next thing was to determine on which Steamer to go, as I wished to make the Mediterranean as early as possible. The Cunard and Inman both send vessels to-morrow to Liverpool, also the Red Star Line to Antwerp. But I chose the *Gascogne* of the French Line to Havre. This is the largest and finest boat in the harbor, capacity seven thousand tons. I chose this also because I thought I might pick up a little French on the way. I presume I need not dwell on this city much, everything is done on a magnificent scale. Many of the buildings are from six to ten stories high, and high pitched rooms at that. A. T. Stewart's old property occupies a whole square, and is built of stone, as are hundreds of others. The Brooklyn Bridge is one and one-fourth miles between gates, about eighty feet wide, and ninety feet high, and would hold altogether fifty thousand people. They have four lines of elevated steam railways, capable of carrying two hundred passengers at a trip; they go about every sixty or seventy seconds during the morning, and sometimes the cars are full in the morning and late in the afternoon. They stop every few blocks to take passengers on and off.

I visited the Cooper Institute. This is a magnificent brown stone building, opposite the Bible House, Eighth Street and Bowery. Here is a free

reading-room, one hundred feet wide and two hundred long—I am guessing—with a dozen copies each of scores of papers, and thousands of volumes of books; tables with chairs, and desks for standing, are plentifully provided for the comfort of the thousands who come here yearly and read and obtain the knowledge they are too poor to buy elsewhere. About one hundred and fifty were in when I called. Free lectures are given also. Paintings and statuary are on free exhibition. I felt a thrill of admiration for the beneficent founder when I departed. I saw the statue of the Father of his country, in Wall Street at the treasury building, where he took the oath of office as the first President of the United States. I visited the Stock Exchange, where men are made paupers and millionaires by telegraph. And although I have attended many scores of revivals of religion, I have never witnessed such antics as I saw cut there. Men yell and scream much, I imagine, as Indians celebrate a victory won; but others have written up all this.

I noticed a very few colored people in New York, not over a dozen or twenty perhaps. Too cold or too something for Sambo up here.

Another thing, I have seen less smoking on Broadway than one would in a town of a thousand inhabitants, perhaps, in North Carolina. I have seen less than a dozen boys with cigarettes—this I thought remarkable and very creditable. The

habit may be to smoke at home, I don't know, only I have not seen it to any extent, hardly.

I must not neglect to relate a narrow escape I had in New York. It may serve a good purpose to some young reader expecting to visit the Metropolis. The morning I arrived, a familiar looking chap accosted me with, "Hello, Groome, you here!" "Yes," I replied. He endeavored to draw me into conversation, but being in a hurry I escaped him, but to be encountered a few moments later by a more successful accomplice. The first had learned my home, name, etc. The second man said: "I am from Greensboro, and felt as if I *must* speak to you, my name is ———," giving the name of one of the first families in North Carolina, "and we are going to put up a cotton factory in Greensboro, I am here to buy the machinery, etc., for it. Let me give you my card." He being so well related, and from Greensboro, and putting up a factory, I hated to appear so disinterested as to refuse his card and circulars. "They are just here," he said, leading me across Broadway and on a square, chatting very pleasantly. I began to feel, this man is presuming very much, to thus waste my time, and the thought occured to me, he is a "sharper," but I followed him two squares, and he stopped at a very nice looking, second class office: "Walk in Mr. Groome." I paused at the door, he passed in, and said to a gentleman writing at a table and in

front of a screen: Is the printing done?" "No," replied the scribe, "sit down and I'll send over for it." "Come in, Mr. Groome, it will be done in a moment, and we will go." "No, thanks, I'll stand here," I said. He then came out and insisted that I come in, wished to know if I were in a hurry, etc., etc. I looked across the street, and a gentleman shook his head violently and gesticulated his warnings. I had already started away and was accosted twice more in the same manner before I left the city, and each time on Broadway.

These fellows live on Broadway, and go in pairs, one learns the name, place, etc., reports to the other and thus catch up unwary visitors. They are called "Confidence men." Once inside, the door closed, and you may be robbed if not murdered.*

I am now aboard and will start in a few minutes.

"The sails are spread and fair the light wind blows,
As glad to waft him from his native home."

* Since reaching home, two North Carolinians have told me of being swindled in the dens of "Confidence men" in New York.

CHAPTER II.

CROSSING THE SEA.

New Experience.—Looking for Security.—How we got Adrift.—In a Storm.—*La Grascogne*.—Sea Birds.—The Sea the Sea.—The Passengers.—How Sketching is Done.—Havre.

BEFORE the gangway was pulled ashore, and the ship cut from her mooring, I penned a few lines, in the early morning light, to loved ones at home, and felt a sensation of fear and peril, new to me and strange, possibly common to those about to cross the ocean for the first time. What lies before me on this waste of water? And if I return not, what of the little group that I left weeping while ago? What right had I to leave any way? Had not one Jonas tried the same with disastrous results? And was he not an example to men of like habits? Are there any other preachers here aboard who, like myself, are going forth to widen and deepen their knowledge of men and things, that they may bring to the church's service better equipment of both body and mind, and who may be a sort of guarantee to me, that God's good providence will guide us

safely over? No, not one can be found on the roll, save a Hebrew Rabbi.

About 6 o'clock, on Saturday morning, a small steam ferry boat, that had been fastened to ours, began to move her out towards the channel of the river and turn her prow towards the ocean. So small was the motion that only by sighting distant objects in a line with the opposite end of the vessel could one see her move, but when she at last got into position, and turned her mighty engines loose, her screw churned the sea behind into a foaming whirlpool.

This is the 6th day we have been out, the first was bright and we made good speed. The machinery got out of order the second, and we lost about four hours; only one passenger sick the first day, but the second was windy and the usual tributes were paid to Neptune. Sunday night blew a gale. Monday was stormy all day, everybody was sick, and I was uneasy. We had a musical crowd, but no singing. Monday nearly all abed, the waves beat over the ship and poured down the openings below. There were many aboard who had crossed the ocean, often; they would laugh, but not sing. It may be weakness, but to see the sea rising above your ship like mountains and sweeping down as if anxious to engulf her, to see her rise momentarily as if by magic to escape certain death, far above, but to be plunged again into the deep, the sea ever and anon break-

ing over, sweeping all movable things from the deck alarms me for the time. You know that death would not have to go far from his course to take you. I was a little more fervent, though no more sincere in my devotions. I renewed my pledges of service, etc., to greater length, than at the usual hour of prayer. Tuesday morning the storm was gone and we have since had fine weather.

Our ship, *La Gascogne*, is a gallant barque, four masts, and iron from mast to keel. Her entire length is 540 feet by 36 feet wide, capable of carrying 1,500 passengers, though there are less than two hundred on board. She was built in 1886. She is a fast boat, has crossed from New York to Havre in seven days, nearly four thousand miles. We expect to be out eight days this time. She is driven by three massive engines, aggregrating nine thousand horse power, she burns one hundred and sixty tons of coal per day,, in thirty-six furnaces. First class passage on the other Steamers ranges from $50 to $100; second class $25 to $45. On *La Gascagne* it is for first class, $100 to $125; second from $50 to $60. The cause I think is owing to the large number of extra servants and cooks engaged on the *Gascogne*—they number 220 in all—and the fact that she monopolizes the travel from New York to Havre.

The sea birds have attended us all the way across. Sometimes they follow the ship all day

without stopping to rest; sometimes they light on the water for a short while and rise to pursue us again. What power of endurance must be locked up in the tiny muscles of their tireless wings. I have

"Marked the seabird wildly wheeling through the skies,"

and considered that,

"God attends him, God defends him when he cries,"

and felt secure.

You never get tired looking at the sea, it is so suggestive, as well as so wonderful. The universal receptacle of the washings of all continents, with their city sewerages, and yet of the great health giving powers of the world; all the rivers run into it, yet it is not full. Its floor may be covered with the corpses of those who have assayed to traverse its plains, yet it seems at times harmless, and so inoffensive. You may become familiar with a thousand of its secrets, yet ten thousand are concealed. Verily they that go down to the sea in ships, in time of storm, "See His wonders in the mighty deep," where, as Byron says:

"The Almighty's wrath is glassed in storms,"

The high way of all nations, it in turn requires tribute of them all, type of the Maker's power, type of his love, as it embraces every land, small

and great, disbursing its beneficence to all, inspirer of ambition, eloquence and song, paralyzing with fear and dread, when Neptune drives abroad to wreak vengeance on his foes, or soothing to happy dreams, when

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep,"

or lounges in the shade, some quiet summer evening, near the beach,

"Down by the deep green sea."

What stories could it relate of piratical deeds, of lost and starving crews, of bloody encounter, prosecuted by ambitious thirst for power, covetous thirst for gold and unholy revenge, and not a few of sighing lovers. But others abler have related, and may relate what pertains to the "deep, dark and wondrous ocean."

I have formed some pleasant acquaintances; an art student who has studied in Naples, Rome and Germany and spent a year in New York, is on his way to the Julien School in Paris; two Greeks returning to Sparta; a wealthy Italian, who promise to serve me in Turin; a Jewish Rabbi from Jerusalem, and a nice young Switzer are among those whose acquaintance I most appreciate. I have also had the good fortune to be invited, while in Genoa, to the house of an Italian importing merchant, who lives in the same street

Columbus did. There are many garrulous Frenchmen aboard, but as yet I have not become acquainted with any of them.

Yesterday and to-day we saw in the North two beautiful rainbows, their reflection on the surface of the water reached almost to the ship. Our Artist went into raptures over them. He is sketching almost everything, has got me down in black and white.

And I will tell our young readers how illustrated sketches are made: first, outlines are made with an ordinary graphite pencil, these are filled with a pen and ink, this is photographed on a plate of gelatine, making a *fac simile* of the illustrations, this plate is after this submitted to acid treatment, when all is eaten off except the photographed impression, which now projects above the other surface; from this is made the stereotype plate, from which any number of pictures may be taken.

I have reached Paris, and will write you again from this place. Yesterday (Sunday) was election day in Paris, and M. Boulanger, Republican, was elected by a large majority, over Jacques, Radical.

CHAPTER III.

FRANCE.

PARIS.—Sunday Election-day.—How the French Do.—La Bastile.—Hotel de Ville.—Palaise Royal.—Literary Supplies.—They Read.—Churches.—Notre Dame. St. Sulpice.—Holy Sepulchre.—The Louvre.—Painting.—Statuary.—Antiquities.—Place do Carrousal.—Elysees Champs.—Poilpot's Panorama—Siege of Paris in Fraco-Prussian War.—Arc d' 'Etoile.—Hospital des Invalides.—Tomb of Napoleon.—Pere la Chaise.—Jardin des Plants.—The Markets.—Draught Horses.—Street-cars. Missionary Work in Paris.

PARIS was painted red, yellow and green with large posters representing the various claims of the rival candidates to represent the district of the Seine in the House of the Deputies; at least one hundred thousand circulars varying in size from four feet square and under were posted in the city, and from what little French I am able to read, I think the same methods are resorted to here to defeat one's opponent as at home. I made effort to visit the Senate and House of Deputies also, but failed, as considerable red tape is required, which I discarded, rather than lose the time.

I visited the Bastile, which is a monument commemorating the bravery of "French Soldiers in 1827, 1828 and 1829."

The base and pedestal are marble, the column proper is bronze, on top is a bronze figure representing the Genius of Liberty holding in one hand a torch, in the other a broken chain, the ascent is by a spiral stairway of two hundred and twelve steps, and from the top one has a fine view of the city, though it was smoky when I ascended, and the view was shut off. There is an interesting history connected with this column. It is on the site of the prison by the same name, which was built over five hundred years ago by kings Charles V. and VI., not used at first for a prison, but afterwards was used to confine persons of rank. It was destroyed at the beginning of the French Revolution, July, 1789. The present column was well nigh destroyed by the commune in 1871.

I next went to the Hotel de Ville, one of the finest buildings in the city. It contains the town hall, but is not yet completed on the interior; the facade is very imposing; in niches of the second, third and fourth stories are statues of the Celebrities of Parisan history. Here also was a rallying point for the revolutionists in 1789; to this place Louis XVI. came from Versailles in procession, testifying his submission to the will of the National Assembly. Here the two Huguenot Chiefs died by order of Catherine de Medici, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Here Foulon, Treasurer, and his son-in-law were hung to lamp-posts during the Revolution, and many another victim.

The Palais Royal is near by, built by Cardinal Richelieu, in the early part of the seventeenth century. It also is connected with many a tale of royal dissipation, faithlessness, and misery. It has been owned in turn by French and German kings and people. It was also well-nigh burned down by the commune in 1871, but has been since rebuilt. Here one sees the finest display of jewelry in Paris; in the shops, on the ground floor, in one window I saw three hundred bracelets, selling at from six hundred francs (one hundred and twenty dollars) down; watches, chains, charms, ear-rings, pins, etc., etc., with diamonds worth thousands of dollars. They are arranged in rows, in rings, in stars, in pyramids and all manner of fantastic forms, all pleasing to the eye. Occasionally one sees the sign, "English Spoken," but I find it not so; yet any of them can make a trade, in fact, every article has marked on it the price in francs. There are more restaurants here than any other kind of shops, and living is cheap or dear, according to what you wish—one can dine anywhere for five cents or five dollars, as one pleases. One notable thing about bread is that it is all baked alike, in long, light rolls, one to five feet long. I have seen scores of persons carrying bread in their arms, exactly as a boy carries a turn of wood. Occasionally it is carried in baskets, mostly in hand, arm or apron. Lee Merriwether remarked that they sell bread here "by the yard."

Paris contains a reading people, judging both from the number of book-stores and news-stands, and the number of papers published daily at one cent each. As far as I could judge, I think much wine is drunk, but very little whiskey.

I visited the churches of Notre Dame, St. Sulpice and the Holy Sepulchre. St. Sulpice, a very large structure four hundred and sixty-two by one hundred and eighty-three feet, by one hundred and eight feet high, supported interiorly by thirty-two stupendous columns ten feet to one foot on the sides and rising to the height of seventy or eighty feet, they support an arched ceiling of marble or stone. This church contains eighteen chapels, beside a nave where the faithful were worshiping during my visit; this is the second oldest church in Paris, Notre Dame being the oldest. This church is on the site of a church of the fourth century; it was consecrated in 1182, but the nave was not completed until the thirteenth century.

The finest part of the Cathedral is the facade facing the West, the three portals are adorned with the finest gothic workmanship. There is one window in this church said to be fifty-four feet high. It is five hundred and seventeen feet long, one hundred and fifty-six feet wide, and the vaulting in the nave is one hundred and ten feet high. It has passed through the revolutions and witnessed much bloodshed; within its portals,

reason has been deified and the true light seemingly extinguished. To the credit of Napoleon, it was opened, by his order, for Divine worship again.

I spent a day in the Louvre, situated in a place once infested by wolves, when this was a forest; hence its name. It covers several acres of land; it contains the largest collections of paintings in the world, besides a large collection of relics from Babylon, Ninevah and Egypt; immense Sarcophagi and Statuary in stone, Mummies, etc. Here is a dinner table in mosaic, displaying ducks and fatted fowl in gorgeous colors, yet the pieces of stone of which they are made are often no larger than a pin-head, many thousands of pieces are required for one bird, yet the picture is complete in every detail, and the surface of the table is as smooth as a pane of glass. The cost must have been many thousands of dollars. Among the Statuary I believe the Venus de Milo is thought to be the best, though now time-worn and abused by handling.

I spent much time in the SALLE of the Italian School; a novice can discern the superiority of these in the outlines of the parts and faultless blending of colors. I was, of course, impressed by the Last Supper by *Leonardo da Vinci*, covering over two hundred feet of canvas. Many of his works are in this gallery, thousands of feet of them. Then those of Titian, Raphael, Corregio,

etc. You become intoxicated with admiration, and dazed at the splendid panoramas. Passing still down the beautiful quay you enter the Jardin des Tuilleries, once reserved for Royalty alone, it is now filled with nurses and hundreds of happy children rolling hoops, spinning tops, etc., etc. Next is the *Place du Carrousal*, where Louis XIV. gave an equestrian ball, 1662, and where fetes have been held ever since.

The *Arc de Triomph* now stands there, and is small in comparison with its surroundings. Next is the Court of the Tuilleries which, with the Jardin, and *Elysees Champs* transcends the most lofty ideas I had conceived of their beauty. On farther is the Obelisk brought from Egypt, with its silent eloquence. I turned aside here to see the Panorama—siege of Paris in 1870–1, but was disappointed; it was far inferior to the Battle of Bull Run, as seen in Washington by the same artist, Poilpot. Admission, two francs. Up the same Boulevard, one and one-half miles farther, though it does not seem half a mile, is *Arc d' Etoile*, begun by Napoleon I., after his Austrian campaign, and finished twenty or thirty years later; he is the only cognizable figure on the facade. He is being crowned as a conqueror.

I visited the *Hospital des Invalides* and saw many of the soldiers of their last wars. Near by is the Tomb of Napoleon I. which I did not enter, it being closed, but which I presume is the most

colossal tomb that has been built in a thousand years. The dome and cross on top are bronze.

I visited also the cemetery *Pere La Chaise*, the largest and oldest in Paris, I think. I saw the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, whose pathetic history has been read around the world, and many others famous in letters, eloquence and diplomacy.

I was most interested possibly in *Jardin des Plantes*, where I spent this morning. Time would fail to tell of the reptiles, fossils, birds, beasts, savage and tame, carnivorous, herbivorous and omnivorous. Here were bears, lions, tigers, cats, hyenas, wolves, etc., etc., from Africa, Asia and America; storks and cranes tall as a man, pelicans with sacks large enough to hold half a gallon under their bills, ostriches, hawks, and the giant condor from South America; one white bird had a tuft on the back of its head, green and precisely, from my stand point, like a bunch of grass. I saw a seal six feet long, antelopes, bison, reindeer, kangaroo, deer, zebras, etc., etc., *ad infinitum.*

The *Jardin des Vivants Plantes* was closed, but I could see the vast collections through the glass sides, and a cedar of Lebanon brought here several years ago about three feet in diameter.

I went to the markets and priced a good many things to ascertain the comparative cost of a table support with North Carolina. It was nearly the same I think. The meats here are of a better

quality than I am used to seeing at home markets. I have seen rabbits here three times as large as any I ever saw in North Carolina, and they are plentiful.

I was struck with the fine, large draught horses used here. One sees one horse carry over a ton of coal, often two tons of coal or brick on carts, about the streets; I have noticed two horses haul ten to twelve tierces of molasses often. On one omnibus often forty to fifty persons will go, drawn by two horses till a rise is reached, when a third is hitched in.

I visited one mission to day and conversed with a missionary about another, Le Bruiin. They are prosecuting a vigorous work, have services every day at the dispensary; lectures free are delivered every day to the invalid poor, who receive free treatment. Many young women are given employment, and homes found for the destitute. They claim that the School was asked of God in prayer and given by Him in answer thereto—and in their anteroom many verses of scripture are quoted on the walls as proof of the legitimacy of their position, and which all Christians with much experience can believe. I have written this against time, as the cars leave at ten o'clock, P. M., and it is now nine, and a good way to the train. I will write you again from Italy, D. V. The weather thus far has been very fine and I have had a good view of French city life, considering the brevity of

my visit. They are a gay and contented looking people, but the iron paling, fifteen feet high, around every public structure nearly, tell that up to this time a commune was not only a possibility, but a probability.

En Passant, if any North Carolinian, who reads this shall come to the Exposition, for which they are making Parisian provision, the Hotel Haute Loire, 203 Boulevard Raspail and B. Vard, Mt. Parnasse is a good one, and convenient, and English is really spoken. I am staying here and several other Americans also.

CHAPTER IV.

PARIS TO TURIN.

Shambles of Paris, and where their supplies come from.—The sapped system.—*La Seine.*—Ye Banks and Braes.—An Unknown tongue.—*Lac Bourget.*—How model roads are made.—A lonely Sentinel.—Do the children pay tax or Strangers?—Custom-house officials.—Continental Cars, How equipped and managed.

HAVING spent several days in Paris visiting the various places that claim a stranger's notice, as the *Louvre*, depository of the most famous works of Art from the most ancient to modern times, *Jardin des Plants* where perhaps the largest collection of plants in the world are to be seen, a very large exhibit of animals, birds, reptiles, fossils, &c., &c. *Jardin du Luxombourg*, *Tuilleries*, *Champs*, Elysees, Boulevards, Arches, towers, &c., &c., the most comprehensive exhibit of goods for the shambles extant, showing scores of green vegetables, as many kinds of roots, of fishes, of feathered kinds, and of fruit growing in the air. I left this city so famed for displays, for men of science, learning and war, for its love of the beautiful and blood on the two o'clock train for Italy. We soon ran into the green gardens that feed the vast population on vegetables. We see

thousands of plants under glass vessels about gallon measures, and start up the Seine, soon we run into the wildest scenery, seemingly, "where mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been," but soon we find it is only a park which has doubtless been preserved by the descendants of some feudal lord, it is here the large hares of which we saw so many are grown. Up the Seine we fly, now over a bridge now under one, all of which are stone, beautiful villas adorn the brows of the hills of Seine, and grassy meadows lie between, green to the very water's edge, even in mid winter. We are now at the head of navigation; here is a dam thrown across, ah, no, there is a lock, and boats can pass; here is another park and balsams and other evergreens are thick; we emerge from the forest and here is another villa, where once a Feudal Baron lived in State upon the hard earnings of his serfs. Not all the griefs of the feudal system are gone from republican France yet, as the little patches of ground, the thatched roofs that cluster about some pretentious mansion, as well as other facts of modern history testify. We see the washer women down by the river bank with their goods. This is the custom, both in Paris and elsewhere so far as I have seen. I met with the same trouble in leaving Macon that Lee Meriwether had in getting there, I could find no one speaking English, nor any one who could understand my French, *ou est le convoi pour Modane?* said I to a

dozen men; they would all tell me something, but I could not understand, finally I got on the right one. The real trouble was this; I found the right train but the wrong side, they would show me the one and motion round, I would go round and try to take another and say, *ici pour Modane?* Sleeping a few hours I awoke to look out upon snow-capped mountains. Soon we enter a valley and the mountains begin to look higher and higher, on we sweep through a dozen tunnels up a beautiful, sinuous stream. We reach *Lac de Bourget*, a beautiful sheet of water, clear as crystal with a green tint at the bottom that renders it with mountains beyond and strip of fog and solitary farm house and flying duck all reflected on its quiet face a picture fit for any artist's pencil.

The public road of this valley surpasses anything of its kind I have ever seen, graded as carefully as the railroad with stones set to mark every mile, and round stones every ten feet to guard the trees planted every twenty or thirty feet for shade in summer. I only wished every road maker in America could see it. I have seen hundreds of bridges in France and only one wooden one, and that only one span across a ditch, they are all of stone and iron.

By the falls in the river beside the railroad, I know we are rising fast, as well as by the snow, which is now on the ground, on both sides and thousands of feet above, the threatening craggs

look down—soon we will reach Mt. Cenis tunnel, oh, no, I am stopped at Modane till midnight.

Modane, where I have to linger six hours all because of a system of exchanging tickets at every State boundary, is a pretty little Italian town. I learn here the way they have of making a passenger pay for his ticket and enough besides to pay the government tax on the railroads, five *centimes* above the price stamped on the *billet* is the universal custom, on the mountains around Modane many cannon frown upon all the avenues of travel, they defy any other Napoleon from passing that way to surprise and capture a lethargic land.

I had learned that Custom-house officers, which I afterwards found at nearly every town of any size, expect *pour bois*, or drink money for the pains of searching through your baggage. I begin to practice on these border Italians, with the purpose of paying just as little cash for having my valise emptied as possible, so I appear not to understand what they mean, I say "English," "no understand." *Ne parlo Italiano!*" To all their pantomimes, which really mean, pay me a *lira*, I look like a dummy, and pass on.

It is after midnight on the first day of February when I am seated again in a railway carriage heading towards Turin. The ground is covered with snow, and our compartment is warmed up by two large zinc tanks half filled with hot water, one can rest his feet on these and keep warm, they

are changed about every two hours for hotter ones. In case of an accident there would be no danger of fire except from the lamps, but they are altogether insufficient for warming travelers as our American cars do.

There is a long step outside reaching the whole length of the coach with guide rails fastened to the coach, along this the officer running the train sometimes walks to see if all is well, and in some European States to collect or punch the ticket.

The style of these cars is favorable for murder or robbery, being in compartments as elsewhere described, so electric bells are provided in case of foul play, which has occured on some English railways. At five o'clock passing Mont Cenis tunnel we are in Turin, called by the Italians Turino, a beautiful city and once the capitol of Piedmont. I shall go from this place to Pisa and Florence.

CHAPTER V.

PISA, FLORENCE.

Pisa, new and old.—Duomo.—Galileo's Lamp.—Baptistery.—Campo Santo.—Leaning Tower.—The river Arno.—Cultivation of the Land.—White Heifers for Teams.

Florence.—Donkies for Carriage-horses.—Dogs muzzled. Ladies and Cigars.—News-stands.—Papacy becoming Effete in Italy,—Catholic worship like bees swarming.—The Duomo.—Santa Croce.—Necropolis of Genius.—Art Galleries.—Dr. Buckley.—Pitti Palace.—Lazzaroni.—Some moralizing on Capital, Labor, &c.

ALL the way from Alessandria to this city I have noticed the most luxuriant gardens. I counted thirteen different kinds of green salad in one, and have seen hundreds like it.

I stopped at Pisa, an average looking city with massive walls and iron gates, still kept closed at night, as when they were a republic, or a kingdom. Pisa, you know, was founded by Pelops, the grandson of Jove, and son of Tantalus and Phrygia, and was once the most warlike of any of the Italian states. They whipped out the Greeks once at Constantinople. She boasts the oldest university of any country, giving to the world Galileo, a native of Florence. His lamp still swings in the Duomo; but perhaps has never suggested a new

idea to a mortal since. There are four buildings here which all foreigners passing this way think it is worth while to visit. The Duomo, the Leaning Tower, the Baptistery and the Campo Santo.

The Duomo was built largely of the spoils of the Saracens of Palermo, in the expedition undertaken A. D. 1063. There are seventy-two columns in the interior of the church, of granite and marble; vast amounts of *Verde antique*, *lapislazuli*, *bronze*, *gilt* and *porphyry* adorn this temple. The design is by Michael Angelo, and is in the shape of a Latin cross, the style is a mixture of the Grecian and Arabic. The floor is marble mosaic—curious designs; ceiling black and gilt; the main altar is separated from the nave by marble balustrades about seven feet high; within is a black cross, with a figure of Christ upon it, suspended from the ceiling about sixty or seventy feet. The cross is about four by six feet. There is a marble piazza about twenty feet wide all round the outside of the Duomo, and the green grass in the campus renders the whole a fresh and pleasing object to the eye.

Immediately to the rear of the Duomo is the Baptistery, built by one florin from every citizen of the republic, in the twelfth century. Here is a large font of Parian marble. The peculiar attraction of this structure is the echo; sing a few notes and pause, and they are heard far up in the dome, and after a few moments still farther up,

but fainter; so, says a gifted writer, "good deeds, hardly noted in our grosser atmosphere, awake a divine echo in the far world of spirits."

We went from the Baptistery to Campo Santo. The earth in the old portion between the walls was brought from Jaffa, when the Tuscan Knights made their memorable pilgrimage to the Holy Land: it was put in their boats for ballast; it is claimed that it will decompose any human body in two days. The walls around this form a rectangle and display many frescoes of the fourteenth century, with sixty-two Gothic arcades.

I had always thought the Leaning Tower was on a hillside and leaned toward the West; it is in a great plain, as is the whole city and leans toward the South. I ascended to the very top where Galileo so often surveyed the planetary worlds. The whole is of marble and granite. There is nothing to prevent one from falling from the first seven stories except about eight feet of railing in front of the doors. The top has an iron rail all the way round. Here one has a fine view of the Carrara Mountains, supplying a good quality of marble; of the winding course of the Arno to the sea and upwards many miles towards Florence, while the city lies at our feet. I met, on the Tower, Mr. Robinson, who promises to make the same route about as myself, at least in Egypt and Palestine. He is now of England, formerly of New York.

I noticed some factories making cloth as I passed out of Pisa, cotton cloth, of all the gaudy styles.

Nearly all the rich, alluvial bottom land of the Arno from Pisa to Florence, (called here Firenze) is planted in grapevines. The land is laid off in irregular rectangles by ditches; on each side is a row of trees, cut off six to ten feet high and allowed to grow, but kept cut down; these support the vines and at the same time supply thousands of twigs, annually, for willow-ware; between the ditches, say forty yards, the land is cultivated in wheat, gardens, &c. They turn it mostly with a spade. I noticed along here two huge white heifers hitched to a cart, they were as large as ordinary oxen; also a carload of them being shipped, all milk-white.

At Florence many donkeys are driven to buggies and drays; the horses are all, or nearly all, very poor and seemed driven to death, almost.

Their dogs are all either muzzled when on the streets, or led by their masters or mistresses. I saw, for the first time, a woman smoking in our hotel here, i. e. smoking a cigar. In all the cities I have visited, since leaving New York, nearly, every square has little booths where all the leading papers of the nation are on sale. These are a reading people, they have dozens of book stores and libraries; every caffe is expected to have a dozen papers on the tables for customers to read

while sipping their coffee, milk or wine. All their daily papers sell for one cent each. It is only a question as to who holds the helm, to determine whither the ship will drive.

There are many unsettled questions in Italy yet, but the decline of the papal power is not one of them, and looking at papal Italy in one of her strongest holds, I do not think any great nation of the world has anything to fear from this source, except that deadness to spirituality which seems to rest on its votaries. Compromising on forms, this church gives ease to the conscience of those who are dead.

I visited S. Spirito Annunziata to-day, filled with worshippers, they were on their knees, following me and other visitors around the church with their eyes; one man on his knees talking to another standing up, and I saw much which I forbear to write. One pious woman, no doubt, dropped her penny into the contribution box, by the door, and stooped and kissed it as she retired.

This church and the Duomo here, having remarkable resounding qualities, and the priests, with their choristers and responsive readings, make a noise about equal to a dozen swarms of bees. No doubt it is charming to those brought up to regard it as of importance and a divine service.

This church, whose worship is a strange compound of Jewish and Pagan customs, and whose

doctrines pander to all the natural propensities of fallen human nature, has run everything praiseworthy in their creed to absurd extremes. I was reproved for singing, "Let the Savior in," as wanting in reverence, by a Catholic on board our ship coming over. Yet he frequently took God's name in vain, and swore continually. He was, no doubt sincere in his reproof, however.

I have visited most of the churches here. The Duomo engaged the greatest architects known to fame. Across the street from the Dom two figures in marble are seated, one holding a board on which designs of the building are drawn and at which his eyes are gazing as if he contemplated changes. This is Brunelleschi. Hard by this sits Michael Angelo, with face upturned towards the dome. He studies it as a model for St. Peters.

We went to St. Croce to look upon the tombs of the Popes, Cardinals, Poets, Sculptors, Architects and great men whom the Italians and Catholics have delighted to honor. We found the inscriptions on many a grave-stone worn smooth by the feet of many visitors. Galileo's tomb is a sarcophagus of variegated marble. He sits on it with telescope in hand, and gazes into the heavens.

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier; dust which is,
Even in itself, an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
The particle of those sublimities

Which have relapsed to chaos: here repose
Angelo's, Alfiero's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose."

We do the *Uffizzi Palatine*, *Buornorotti*, *Ancient and Modern* galleries, the *Piazzas* Boboli Gardens, &c. I will let the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., Editor of *The Christian Advocate*, New York, who was in Florence about the same time as myself, and who calls this city the shrine of Art, Science and Literature, speak for me, as to the impression made by Florentine galleries. He says:

"After several days spent in the galleries and palaces of Florence I found my eyes "dim with excess of light" and my mind in a confused state —basins of porphyry, portraits of Samson, banners of Italian cities, mosaics and ceilings painted in imitation of mosaics, Judith and Holofernes, Madonnas and saints without number, the Magi, Venus, Bacchus, St. Paul, Cæsar, tombs, cherubs, Laocoons, satyrs with gaps in their teeth, Cupids on a dolphin, Amazons fighting, small gray birds with red crests, heads of the Medusa, death of Virgin Mary, angels with mandolin, massacre of Innocents, Luther's wife, kings on horseback, gamblers struck by lightning, columns of oriental alabaster, vases of rock crystal, portraits of popes and cardinals and of Pluto, men with apes upon their shoulders, boar hunts, ancient bronze helmets, spurs, lamps, old manuscripts, vaulted aisles

and statues of the archangel Michael, all thrown together, with the names of Van Dyck, Rubens, Correggio, Raphael, Da Vinci, and Titian indiscriminately applied to them. I was intoxicated with art. But after a few days my vision clarified, and there came out a score of paintings and statues as distinctly impressed upon the mind's eye as the most vivid perception of the physical orb. All the rest is lost in the *milky way* of finite memory, but those which remain will shine on until the canopy is darkened with the shadowing of the oblivion in which our most delightful sensations, as well as those which are painful, are lost."

By a fortunate accident I was permitted to do Pitti Palace, where the King resides, when in Florence; the walls of each room are covered with silk, and the color and design of each is different. The chairs correspond with the finish of the walls. The King's Bed-room holds his bed, covered with lemon-colored silk tapestry filled with rich designs. I was shown the Ball-room, King's Reception, Bed-room, Boudoir and Throne-room; the Queen's Reception-room and Bed-room; the Royal Dining-room with chairs set for sixty-six, shown where Victoria and Dom Pedro *et alii* sat, last year at the great reception given by Humbert I. We were shown through the rooms of the Prince of Naples, also thousands of pieces of Table-ware from Japan *et ubique*. All the gold and silver ser-

vices used on State occasions amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars in value.

But the very portals are guarded by lazzaroni, who are as grateful for a *sou*, as if there were a famine. I am not in favor of dividing out what is, but is not the man of this and the next century, he, who shall most help the masses to help themselves? Do it by writing, speaking or showing by example, who shall establish a sentiment that forces capital to divide fairly with labor? There is deep down in the innate ideas of all people an approximate knowledge of what is right, this may be silenced by a thousand reasons of policy, fear, want of prestige, want of formulative power, but whatever barriers may be for the present, they will give way one by one, not always seen by others, not always seen by the man who cuts them down, but they must succumb. There is a difference between men, but not an infinite difference, and an infinite difference in display is due to the operation of illegitimate elements, nearly always.

The Anarchists, the Knights of Labor *et id omne genus* are striking at errors. They commit greater errors, but the wickedness of these is only equalled by the stulticity and insatiate rapacity of those.

Napoleon III. demanded one franc (20 cents) of each subject in France for himself, the bow was bent to the snapping point, and the Czar of Russia is only secure by a surveillance which any monarch should blush to need. The world wants men of

brains and prestige and means to go to work for *man*, and these will be forthcoming, so soon as the church and society following shall put a proper premium on that kind of labor, rather than on a selfish monopolizing, yet tipping bossism.

Let christians of means indicate in their intercourse that the religion of Christ is a source of more enjoyment than earthly possessions, that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things possessed but in sunshine, air, water, sleep, digestion, domestic affection, social intercourse and mutual service, in serving one's generation according to the will of God, and a simple reliance upon Christ for redemption. Let it be shown until the restless striker shall see that there is no monopoly of all the best things and cannot be.

Poor human society, torture thy children a few more decades.

But the buds of truth will creep through the rough clods in God's beautiful spring time. The Golden Rule, so well fitted, if obeyed, to perfect all conditions of society, will yet be read and believed.

Let those with the light lead the way.

CHAPTER VI.

ROME.

St. Peters. — The Vatican. — Sistine Chapel. — Michael Angelo.—Rafael.—Sons of Rome.—Tasso's Tomb.—Colosseum.—The Forum, and the Iconoclast.—Triumphal Arches.—The Churches.—Relics of Saints.—Prison of Paul and Peter.—Scala Sancta.—School of the Catholic Prophets.—Outside Pressure Modifying the Church.—Papal Rome and Zeit Geist.—Responsibility of the Church of Rome, and how met.—Bishop Wilson.—The Average Italian.

I CAME from Florence here in the night; it is about eight hours on the fast train; I found a good hotel near the station. I set out to see Rome old and new, in company with Dr. Tagert, of Chicago. We started first to see St. Peter's, the largest church on earth. Before the church is an Egyptian obelisk, the only ancient monument in Rome that has not been overthrown. The entire outlay for columns, fountains, buttresses, statues of saints, of which there are 162, with the pavement, on the square in front of the church was over $1,000,000.

Before the end of the 17th century this church had cost $50,000,000; the new sacristy cost $950,000; the yearly expense is $37,500; and the church is not done yet. But one is met on the threshold,

in the aisles, under the colonnades and on all sides by filthy and ragged beggars, and that in abundance.

In the gallery I saw a bronze statue of Hercules, for which Pope Pius 9th gave Baron Righetti 268,000,750 francs, about $53,200,150.00, and it was impossible for me to separate the idea of such extravagance and luxury and the thoughts of the existing want and ignorance of the bulk of the Romish church and Catholic Italy. It is but one of many thousands of the statues, paintings and relics that crowd the galleries and museums of the Vatican palace, purchased at enormous prices.

Rafael and Angelo gave all their genius to the church. Not only the dome of St. Peters belongs to the latter, but the Sistine chapel, and the Loggie and Stanza of the Vatican to the former, with thousands of feet besides. I saw no picture anywhere more eloquent than Rafael's Transfiguration, here. The Church of Rome honored her sons, as she still makes immortal the writer of fiction, who knows to weave in his web some threads of which Nun's veils are made. I rejoice at belonging to a church that has not turned aside from constantly proclaiming God's will, to exhaust its vitality upon political schemes, and its resources in gorgeous mausoleums above its fallen leaders.

From the vatican we visited the tomb of Tasso, and were shown his chairs, table, desk, and the

coffin in which he was said to have rested for three hundred years, (this we doubted as it seemed too small.)

We concluded the day with a visit to Piazza Pincio, and a visit to the Colosseum by moonlight. I have visited it—the Colosseum four or five times and the grandeur of the structure grows on one at every visit. But looking at this amphitheatre of Vespasian, I see no good ground now for the lines so often quoted by tourists :

> "While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand
> When falls the Colosseum Rome shall fall,
> And when Rome falls, with it shall fall the world."

For all the mighty group that cluster about the Forum speak from their desolation, and speak loudly that all the unhallowed toil of man shall perish.

If one had told me how entire the ruin here, I could not have conceived it. Standing on the brow of the Capitoline hill and looking Southeast what an array of fallen greatness rises before the eye! To the South is the Palatine hill, with ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars, at our feet stands the column of Septimus Severes over the Via Sacra, the column of Phocas, the tyrant, Byron's "nameless column without a base," (that being buried when he wrote his poem.) Here are remains of the Temple of Concord, Temple of Vespasian, Porticus, Temple of Saturn, Rostra,

Basilica Julia, where "Great Cæsar fell," Forum Romanorum, Temple of Castor and Pollux, Rostra Julia, Temple of the Vestal Virgin, Temple of Julius Cæsar, Temple of Antoninus and Faustinae, Temple of Romulus, Basilica of Constantine, Temple of Rome and of Venus, Arch of Titus, Arch of Constantine and the Colosseum all are open to the eye at a glance. Of the hundreds of columns which once supported fretted frieze and cornice of marble, porphyry, lapislazuli or giallo antico or bronze scarcely one remains intact; one sees granite and marble columns 4 and 5 feet in diameter broken up into sections of every length from one foot to twenty. I cannot conjecture how the iconoclast performed his task so thoroughly, but it is done, was it not of God!

In one minute's walk of the Forum is the *mamartine*, traditional, prison of St. Peter and St. Paul, you are shown the indenture made by Peter's head in the stone, the Spring of miraculous origin, at which they baptised converts, the stone pillar to which they were chained, &c. It was in this same subterranean vault that Catiline was strangled, there is a passage leading under ground from it to the Forum.

Of course I visited the churches that contain the head of St. Matthew and the teeth and fingers of Sts. Paul and Peter, the stone that shows the foot-prints of the Saviour, Peter's bones and table and Paul's house in the church of St. Sebastian

the Scala Sancta, where I saw several monks ascending on their knees as Martin Luther when the light shined into his Soul. Our readers will remember these are called sacred because they are the steps on which it is claimed Jesus ascended to Pilate's judgment hall, and hence may be ascended only on the knees, they are marble, covered partially with wood and are twenty-eight in number.

There are many hundreds of Catholic priests here; they all wear long robes or gowns much like female attire, except the binding at the waist; some of them go barefoot, except sandals, some wear ropes around their waists, and all look serious. Hundreds of them are young theologues. Rome is papal. The spirit of Christianity has modified the current of civilization here chiefly from without, I think. The refined selfishness of other days, the bloody aestheticism, that could bind Prometheus to the rock, if forsooth the last shadow borne to the visage from the expiring soul might be transmuted to canvass, expresses itself now otherwise. If a dominant animalism found expression in *Templum Veneris* and the Thermae of Caracalla, and if the Colosseum and its myriads of victims, savage and human represented the tragedic, and Rome in flames the melodramatic Romans of other years, there is now the anomaly of a Christian nation, the mother of the rest, with resources in the ends of the earth, literally giving her children stones, (to gaze at), when they ask

for bread, and contrary to the expectation of the Book she holds in her hand, minifies life's necessities by turning plow-shares into swords.

And so it turns out, I am in Rome during a revolt. The people, exasperated, hungry and restless, determined to change affairs from *statu quo*.

And Friday last, the mob created quite an excitement, by breaking out some windows and threatening farther mischief; but the military being on hand all soon became quiet, and many of the insurgents were shipped to the country.

The dazzling splendor of kings, the pageantry of power the history now making, all represent so much oppression, represent blood and tissue, that might be, represent rags, that might be good clothing, ignorance that might be knowledge, weakness that might be power and ignominy that might be glory!

But the world or rather the Church was nearly 1800 years realizing that the Lord was in earnest when he said, "All power is given to me, &c. "Go ye therefore into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," the Savior was a cosmopolite, and spoke for all the ages and we hope while we sing,

> "Strife shall cease and perfect peace
> Shall triumph bye and bye."

In the ruined palaces of the Cæsars, I met Bis-

hop Wilson of our Church and his wife returning from their work in our mission field. They bring a good report. I spent a very pleasant hour with the Bishop in the evening, who gave me some very valuable hints about Egypt and Palestine, as did also Col. Gorman in a letter which I received the same day; and the suggestions they gave me were identical. I now have two splendid companions from America, one of whom will make the entire trip with me.

I have been struck by a notice posted in every museum, palace, gallery or garden forbidding in four languages, the giving of gratuities, but we have found only one who refused; sometimes they get more than they expect and express their thanks profusely: again, receiving less they look grum. The common people here have become so used to servility, and meniality that they seem to have no conception of self-respect, and a gentleman dressed like a lord will take a *soldi*, one cent, and thank you as if it were a dollar. We hired a carriage to take us to the Catacombs of St. Calistus, on the Appian way, one and a half miles from the city, our guide contracted with us for two lira, but required three at settling time, we paid him, but took his number and left him; he soon came running after us, to pay back what was due us. Any price is asked for a commodity but one can generally get it for what is just, by jewing.

It is about as cold here in Italy as December and January of this winter were in North Carolina. Snow fell to-day, and rain. We leave to-night for Naples.

CHAPTER VII.

NAPLES.

Situation.—Beggars. — Merchants. — Feed by Travelers. —High Land Rent.—National museum.—Pompeii Herculaneum and Vesuvius. — John Gilpin Ride through Torre Annunciata. — Guide Holding Horses tail.—Imminent Peril, Red-hot Boulders flying down the Mountain. Courage Fails. A desperate Venture.—Beef-steak and Maccaroni, a Horse-trade.—Brindisi, or Stag's Horns.—Terminus of the Appan-Way.

From Rome I came to Naples, renowned for its close relations to Herculaneum and Pompeii rather than for its own achievements. Its population in 1885, was considerably over half a million. While there are other characteristics peculiarly Neapoliton, observable in the priests, merchants and merchandise, artisans and the humblest citizens. There are fewer, large and princely palaces, while they have some very elegant squares and fountains they are very limited in number, they have excellent street cars and a carriage any moment to take one to any part of the city for *mezzolira*, (one dime.) Like all the cities we have visited they seem to have excellent police regulations. But the beggars are legion, some of our party have suggested that if you look at many of them

they expect a gratuity. They are brought up to it, from childhood.

Sometimes in a very thickly settled part of the city a dozen children will beset one altogether, "*signor! signor! datemi soldi! datemi soldi!*" (give me a cent), the philosophy of their conduct is this, if they get it, it is so much made, if not, nothing is lost, and this disposition to beg grows with their growth. There are quite a number of merchants here, who have a sign, *prezzo fissi*, price fixed, many others who will sell you a piece of goods for one *lira*, tie it up and declare it is two *liras*; only to-day, we took luncheon at a restaurant, inquired the price of coffee before ordering, was told so much, when we were ready to settle it was double; An incident which occurred one day in a restaurant whither we had gone for breakfast, illustrates one or two phases of Italian city life.

The European Hotels sometimes give their guests only lodgings, sometimes breakfast, and sometimes all three meals. We were at one of the former kind to which the restaurant mentioned was attached. We had called for *coffe lotte*, coffee with milk, and knew not why we had to wait so long, until an Italian came in with a large female goat, which had no sooner stopped than he stooped down behind the faithful nannie and began to fill a very small mouthed bottle with milk, for which our host paid him three cents, and for a teaspoonful of which put

into our coffee we had each to pay him three cents extra.

We have a few times stepped into their shops or stores and priced articles as if we purposed buying; often we were asked three, four and five times what we could really purchase for. These do not read as the cities previously visited, nor is much now doing for education.

Were the travel to Naples to stop entirely for two years there would be fearful starvation, I believe. The English, French, Germans and Americans drop hundreds of thousands here yearly.

Italy has produced some of the first musicians, poets, painters, architects, and sculptors. She possesses one of the most delightful of climates. Naples has the finest of the bays; all these are the heritage of those now living there, and holding in fee simple their lawful patrimony. They have preserved in a praiseworthy manner the works of art left to them, as the safest and neverfailing source of revenue. What the nation claims as reward for its care is not excessive, but every native feels the patrimony to be his individually, and would fain be enjoying, while you are passing through, the portion of the bounty that falls to him.

The rich own everything here and as a rule seem to be oppressive. Land rents near about Naples for $20 to $30 yearly, and house-rent is pretty high; good living is high, but the poor live very cheap.

Macaroni seems to be the chief staple of support, and it is made here by the car-load.

The first day of our stay we visited the National Museum, admission one franc (20 cents), catalogue forty cents. The contents are about as follows:— Mural paintings from Herculaneum and Pompeii, the finest collection of bronzes in the world, marble sculptures (some master pieces), inscriptions, Egyptian antiquities, Mediæval antiquities, crystals, bronzes, ancient terra-cottas, Papyri from Herculaneum, engravings (seen only by permission), Pompeian relics, food, domestic utensils, ornaments, coins, vases, picture gallery, library of 200,000 volumes, 4,000 MSS., some of them rare and of great interest.

We visited, the second day, Pompeii, which was destroyed A.D. 79 by an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. The excavations were going on the day we visited the buried city, but the principal part has been exhumed for many years. All enter by the *Porta marina* or sea-gate, for the sea, which is now several furlongs off, once reached within a few feet of the city walls, (admission forty cents), a guide is furnished by the government. A museum here contains several plaster casts of human bodies found in the streets and houses—giving a pretty fair reproduction; also a dog, which makes almost a perfect cast. The general plan of the place is about the same as that of ancient Rome. Here is the Forum, about it are the Temples of Venus, Jupiter,

Mercury, Fortuna, Basilica, Pantheon, and not very far off the circus and amphitheatre. One is shown also the houses of Sallust, Tragic Poet; C. & E. Rufus, Orpheus Lucretius, Faun, &c. I can easily believe this city was destroyed for its wickedness as was Sodom by divine appointment. It is strange to a visitor to see the people now building far up on the side of Vesuvius, half way at least from Pompeii to the top. They have two or three cities, as large perhaps as either of those overwhelmed in the year '79, not over half the distance from the very crater.

Leaving Pompeii at 11:30 in company with Hon. E. B. Taft, of Vermont, a Californian, and our guide, with a horse and two ponies, we started to do the Volcano. Our route lay through Torre Annunciata, a city of 12,000 inhabitants. Mr. Taft had a turn for fun, and mounted on a good horse, he put him out at full speed through the town, to the consternation of everybody on the streets. Our guide divining his intentions seized the horse's tail as if to hold him back, it being impossible for me and Mr. G., an old gentleman of three-score and more, on our ponies to do more than keep in sight of our illustrious leader, who went careering around the street corners, much, I imagine, like Mazeppa in his excursion from "Bangor to the dismal swamp." Our little steeds fairly spread themselves, but no use, the leader had the longest legs and thinnest flanks, besides he was a

cavalry horse, on the retired list, and had good wind. I should have expected that we would all be arrested, for riding at a gait to endanger our own lives and those of persons on the streets, but how could we be arrested? What prospect would a pursuer, even on a fast horse, have of ever seeing us, after the passing minute, and as policemen do not ride, we were safe. Mr. Taft bent on fun, and we on catching him and the guide, still holding the horse's tail, and looking as they swept around the street-corners like small boys at the end of a whip-cracking game that scatters them far and wide, flew on at Gilpin speed. It soon grew monotonous to the guide and the martial steed with his double load, and we came up in time to hear the guide say, as best he could, for his breath was about gone, that if that was the way we purposed going he would let us go without him. I was sorry for him, but had not got near enough to be heard before.

It ill became the dignity of a State senator, a sexagenarian and a Methodist preacher on their first visit to a town to so astonish the natives as to call all the people from their dwellings into the streets, and have them to follow us as long as they could see us, some laughing at the fun of the thing, others terrified, not knowing what was about to happen. If we had been coming from the mountain instead of going to it, and the air had been filled with smoke and thunder, and the earth

with trembling from the restless creature as on that fatal day in '79, our conduct would have been appropriate, but under no other circumstances. But all is well that ends well, and we take it more leisurely as we begin the ascent in the suburbs of the town. Still the guide and the boy sent to hold our horses, hold on to the horses' tails all the way up to the hitching place. This is a great help to one walking up hill, I afterward tried it myself. Leaving town, we enter a vineyard about two miles wide, pass a few scrubby pines, about large enough for walking canes, and vegetation ceases.

The soil is about the color of black lead, with a brownish hue. The surface of the ground for the first few miles is covered chiefly with gravels about the size of peas. We ride to within one and a half or two miles of the crater, where a boy holds the horses, and men who met us returned to assist us in climbing up. The horses and guide and boy cost seven francs for each person; if you take a man to help pull you up from the place of dismounting, it costs 4 francs more, if you take a cane, it costs 1 franc more. Mr. Taft was heavy and took a help. Mr. G. and I did as well without. After going to within a quarter of a mile of the top, we found hot stones that had just rolled down, and every few steps more stones and hotter; presently they were red hot; a hundred yards farther and we saw one roll down, as large as a barrel. We sat down to rest, and down came one, red hot, roll-

ing down an angle of forty-five degrees going fifteen or twenty miles a minute, and another; we could see them in time to dodge from their path. Now we kept on a ridge of them some ten feet higher than the track down which they were tumbling, and which seemed to be a kind of highway for them; soon we came to a sluice of red hot lava, twenty feet wide and several feet deep, running down like thick molasses. We could not go nearer than within ten feet of it, so intense was the heat. Our guide offered to imbed a penny in a molten piece for a franc. Mr. Taft had him to put two pennies in two pieces. He did so but it was unsatisfactory, the impression of the coin being so vague. I got one of them however as a souvenir of our meeting and Vesuvius.

The fumes of sulphur and gases well nigh stifled us ,and so dense was the smoke that all stopped short of the entire journey, save myself and guide, who protested against going farther, but not expecting to come this way again right away, and being so near, I was determined to look down the throat of this heaving, stewing, thundering monster. So the guide fearful of losing his position and *pour boire*, went with me to the top, and my ambition was satisfied. I felt it to be risking my life, and my stay was short; you see where a whole mountain has fallen in, to fill the vacuum made perhaps when Pompii and Herculaneum were buried; and it is probable that the thousands and

millions of tons, since belched forth, have left an immence cavity, which may cause a falling in of the sides at any time. I hurried back through smoke and foetid gases, sometimes almost suffocated and every moment fearful of a block of heaved-out lava. It was very disagreeable on account of the snow, some of which was melted and made with the pebbles and ashes a muddy track, it was smooth, however, and in ten minutes we were on our steeds again. As no one has given me any adequate idea of this volcano so I do not hope to do better for others. Long ridges of lava, several hundreds of yards in length, sometimes twenty feet high and from twenty feet to one hundred feet wide, seem to have been placed artificially, and but yesterday. These are of many colors from the black slag to the dura petra nearly white. On the South side the mountain has kept active so long, sending out matter which hardens often near the summit until it is very high and sharp, the ascent for the last several minutes, being about 45°.

The animals we rode were very diminutive as are nearly all the equine species seen in Italy. Mr. G. who is an elderly gentleman started with Beefsteak but not liking his qualities offered to swap with me. Of course, I accommodated him; but after trying Macaroni, he concluded he had cheated himself and wished to trade back and we traded again. He then thought he was cheated again but determined to take vengance out on Beefsteak by

whipping him. The animal was so short he struck clear by and missed the object of his ire every time. He then contented himself by abusing the Italians.

We left next day for Brindisi, the ancient Brundusium of the Romans, whence we sailed to Alexandria. Brindisi has nothing of special interest except its name, which means the antlers of a stag, the promontories that jut out into the water there being in appearance very much like a stag's horns, and the pillars that stand there to mark the terminus of the Appian Way, which the Romans paved to Rome three hundred and fifty miles. Only one of these, however, is left now, the other having been thrown down by an earthquake.

We passed on the way Bari where St. Nicholas is buried and where the pious Greeks of Russia go yearly to buy a bottle of precious snow water. This is specially holy in their esteem and some times sells at fabulous prices. We went down the Adriatic coast and in sight of Xanthe and Greece.

There are seven clergymen aboard, of whom four are Presbyterians, one a Baptist, one an Episcopalian, and myself, a Methodist. Two of them are missionaries, one representing the *Christian Guild*, of Scotland, the other the church of England. Drs. Whigham, of Ireland, and Black, of Scotland, are going to Mt. Sinai, after they return from their trip up the Nile, whither I shall

accompany them, and whence, D. V., I shall write you again.

CHAPTER VIII.

EGYPT.

ALEXANDRIA.—Up the Nile.—The Soil.—Mud-towns.—How they Travel.—City Life, Stores, Dress.—How the People are Watered—Sakyah and Shadoof.—Topography of Nile Valley.—Fertility, Population, Stock.

CAIRO.—The Citadel.—Mosque of Mahomet Ali.—Mahometan Worship.—How Christians do when visiting a Mosque.—Joseph's Well.—*Saut du Mameluke.*—Cheops.—A Visit to the Top and Interior.—Caught in the Net of the Arabs.

WE landed at Alexandria about 8 o'clock Thursday morning, and taking a ride over the city went to Cairo the same afternoon.

The ride up the Nile was the most interesting of my life. While the objects along the way were not just such as I had expected, they were not below expectation. The railroad crosses arms of the river and canals often, while every spot of ground is covered with the rankest herbage. The soil is a dark brown, almost black loam. This deposit of the Nile is 30 to 60 feet deep. Its capacity to produce is limited only by the time required for plant maturity and irrigation. Along the road are hundreds of towns made of sun-dried brick—not a single one made of timber. We passed many thousands of Arabs on the road,

most of whom were riding donkeys; these are very diminutive, being only $3\frac{1}{2}$ or $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, yet I often saw two men on one donkey. A great many camels are used also.

The first thing that strikes a stranger in the towns is the dress of the people, and their commercial habits. One can only tell a male from a female by the beard, and a veil worn by females over the nose. Married women also wear a stick or brass tube, about like a number 12 cartridge, between the eyes; this conceals the face entirely, with the exception of the eyes, and the hollow tube admits fresh air for respiration.

Their stores are only a few feet deep, and sometimes all their goods are on the floor; even when their stock is bread. They sit often on the ground seemingly indifferent to customers, smoking pipes that will hold a whole package of Durham smoking tobacco. They all smoke.

Alexandria and Cairo have many water carriers; the men sell, the women donate. I have not yet learned why this is. The men carry it in large skins—goat skins—holding about 10 or 12 gallons, price about 5 cents per gallon of filtered Nile water, which is very good. I need not remark upon the excessive filthiness of these people when it is remembered that it seldom rains here. One has no idea of the dust that is made by the travel of thousands of donkeys and camels, cows, goats and sheep daily over the highways. It is

very hot; a little toil fills one with perspiration; they go into the canal with their beasts, and all lave together, after which they fill their water jars and take them home. You can see fleas crawling about upon them; often one sees a dozen flies in their eyes; many of them are half clad, many entirely nude. It is said there is either a cow, camel, goat or donkey for every acre of land in the Delta, and a person for every animal. I believe the true estimate puts one person for every two acres of land.

I suppose they irrigate their land much as they did five thousand years ago, or earlier, for I cannot think of anything more primitive. They raise it by a system of sweeps, like our sweep-wells, only shorter levers are used; sometimes four sets are required to raise the water 20 or 25 feet high, each set lifting a basket full (flag baskets) five or six feet high, where it is emptied into a large cavity in the bank and again carried up. They call these *shadoofs*. Another way is to have a horozontal spur-wheel (*sakyah*) turned by a cow or camel blindfold, or person to work in a perpendicular wheel with jars fastened to an endless chain. This raises it and empties into a trough connecting with a ditch, and so the water is carried for miles over the fields, which are level as far as the foot hills. I believe they are a little lower at the base of the hills than at the margin of the river, owing to the greater deposit near the

stream during the annual overflow. This facilitates the irrigation, as the water flows down an inclined plane from the start.

When one sees the fertility of this valley, the sweetness of the Nile water, he is not surprised that these people, without a knowledge of the true God, should have deified the stream to which they seemed to owe all their support, especially when the manner of its early overflowing and enriching the land without any rains, so far as they knew, was so mysterious and wonderful.

I am told here that each farmer has to give $5 per acre yearly to the government as tax, (the government owns the land largely) they raise three and four crops yearly, consisting of barley, rice, clover, beans, &c., large herds of cattle and sheep for Alexandria and Cairo markets, and I judge other cities also.

The city of Cairo is now the centre of the world in more senses than one. It is not only the seat of the Khedive's dominions in the North of Africa, but now is the season, and travelers from the Continent, Great Britain and America are here in abundance. I met two young gentlemen of the U. S. Man of War Essex (I think) now on the way home from a tour round the world, Mr. Scales, of Greensboro, N. C., and Mr. Russell, of ——, N. C. There are travelers from nearly every American State. They have an English quarter, a French quarter and perhaps a German quarter.

Everything looks like spring, everybody seems happy, and Cairo, already numbering 400,000 inhabitants, keeps booming.

We visited the Citadel, where the finest panorama in all Egypt lies out before the spectator from the South side of the Mosque of Mahomet Ali. We stood on this terrace for an hour or two, studying Cairo, every part of which is visible with hundreds of Mosques and minarets and palaces. The Pyramids of Ghizeh, 8 miles to the west of Sakarah, 15 or 20 miles to the South, and Old Cairo between. We visited the Mosque, which is of Alabaster, and contains the body of Mahomet Ali; here lamps are kept burning all the time. The floor is covered with the finest Persian carpets and rugs, on which the worshipers sit instead of on pews. It was Friday or Mohomedan Sabbath, and one solitary Arab sat cross-legged, swinging back and forth and repeating in a whining song verses of the Koran. I think this sect are the howlers instead of the dancers, whom we visited later in the day. Christians are not permitted in the enclosure after the hour for worship to begin. Sandals were provided for visitors, for which *backsheesh* is expected. We then visited Joseph's well, which is 290 feet deep, from which pure water is elevated by donkeys. At the bottom this well is square and 15 or 18 feet in diameter; in the solid stone, around the main shaft, a stairway leads to the bottom. We descended partly

down, enough to get a good idea of the whole We passed out by the narrow defile in which Mahomet Ali had 450 Mamelukes, with their leader Ibrahim Bey, killed in 1811, for fear of their revolutionary plans; 800 more were killed in the city. Emin Bey escaped by leaping his horse over the battlement. His horse was crushed to death, but he escaped. The eastern terrace, 100 feet high, from which he leaped, is called *La Saut du Mameluke.*

We rode out to see Cheops and the Sphinx, 140 feet long, plus 50 feet for the paws; the head is over 100 feet in circumference and the body 40 feet in diameter. We ascend Cheops alone, without help, (this is quite a triumph) especially when harangued by a dozen Arabs before and behind, and all around; also went into the interior, into the King's and Queen's chambers, both of which have been written so much about. I hesitate to say more than that the entrance is fraught with the greatest danger, being by a descent and then an ascent of 20 to 40 degrees over stones worn smooth as glass. The king's chamber, 34 feet by 17 feet, and 16 feet high, is the most reverberating of any hall I ever entered. It contained a mutilated, lidless sarcophagus, about whose purpose there is much conjecture. Some say it is a coffin, some a treasure chest, some say it was designed for a universal standard of measure corresponding to the laws of the Hebrews, etc. As our carriage

approached the base we noticed men on the summit of the pyramid, and they looked like toy men on a mantel. This delusion was owing to the great bulk of matter just beneath. Cheops covers nearly thirteen acres of land, and has been computed to contain enough stone to build the city of Washington, D. C., government buildings and all. It is about an hour's ride by carriage from Cairo, on the foot of the Lybian range of hills bordering on the Lybian desert.

When we were returning from the interior of the pyramid, my Arab guides managed to get before me at the critical turning from the shaft descending from the king's chamber to the shaft or tunnel leading up and out. It is difficult to get from one to the other, and perilous even with good light, but here they extinguished their candles and mine, and I knew not what was next, for I had left my friend on top, who said he did not care to venture within. A man thinks rapidly when unexpected danger suddenly confronts him. So I. What does it mean? There are a hundred of them outside. What can my friend do alone? He was afraid to come in with me, much more will he fear to do so now; beside, what could he do if he should come? Will they kill me and drop me in the deep well they showed me a moment since, that is just behind me?

These, with many other apprehensions, shot through my mind like electricity. I had not been

in Egypt over twelve hours; I did not understand the Arabs. Everything I had seen of them disgusted me. I had heard and read of their treachery, but felt safe in sight of Cairo, of English troops, with an English gentleman on the top, especially since I had paid the *sheik* three shillings for the privilege of penetrating this "miracle in stone" that was as much mine as his. Every one who has travelled among the Arabs has anticipated me, I know, when I tell them that *backsheesh, Howadji!* was the first sound that filled the darkness. Yes, they wanted this job settled for then and there. I told them certainly I would give them plenty of *backsheesh*—they lighted up and in another minute we stood from under. And for the first and last time (though amongst them for two months afterwards) satisfied them with *backsheesh*. It was now sundown, but my friend, seeing me safe outside, determined to try it himself, with an experience similar to mine.

We went through many of their bazaars, in which they sell fruits of Egypt and other countries—cane, dates, oranges, bread, eggs, cheese, birds, fish, etc., etc. All manner of fabrics of cloth, carpets, rugs, etc., from Arabia and Persia; pipes and tobacco and cigarettes, boots, shoes, slippers and fur caps, hardware, and flag-ware and jars by the ten thousand, and everything else almost, and all on the ground in the streets on a rug, each man or firm just having what they could

take off conveniently at night. We go up the Nile to Lugsor and will finish doing Cairo when we return.

CHAPTER IX.

FARTHER UP THE NILE.

Haste Makes Waste Traveling.—Nice Companions.—Copts.—Floating Stations.—What Arabs Eat.—A "Blind Man Eloquent."—A Blind Boy More Eloquent.—Products of the Country.—Thebes.—Tombs of the Kings—Necropolis—Ramesium—Memnonium.—Monstrous Monoliths.—Statue of Rameses, the Great.—Medinet Habou.—Theodosius, Destroyer of Heathenism and Art.—Luqsor.—Oldest Temple on Earth and Tallest Obelisk.—3064 B. C.—Egyptians of Old Like Moderns.

I HAD arranged to take the trip up the Nile with Drs. Whigham and Black on Cook's steamer being a little careless about securing a berth, found when I did make application that all had been taken. They wished to register me in Rome for this excursion at £50, also at Naples for the same price, but at Brindisi they offered me a ticket for £25 sterling, also at Alexandria, but as I had profited by being slow to close a bargain I held back, and with advantage. We took the government postal steamer and found Bishop Fowler and family of the M. E. Church, and Dr. Plummer and family of California on board; this gave us a select party and enabled us to study the country in its resources, its institutions and population as a mere pleasure-seeking excursion could not do.

We learned that the Copts, about one-eighth of the inhabitants, hold about one-fourth or more of the offices, they are more competent, and being weak in a military sense are awake to their interest, and try to educate themselves. They hold nearly all the positions in civil service, while the military positions for obvious reasons are given to Mahometans. The Copts have only one wife, and are all Christians. They never intermarry with Arabs.

The stations of the postal service are all on flat-boats anchored to the shore because of the ever shifting banks and level of the water under the annual overflow of the Nile. At these stations hundreds of Arabs gather on the arrival of the boat with cane, bread, eggs, cheese-curds, vegetables, pigeons, &c., &c., to sell, sometimes a hundred crying their wares at once until however much you want a thing, your only chance to get it is to catch the eye of the vender. At the same time from twenty-five to fifty are crying *backsheesh.*

At Abooteeg all others gave way to an old blind man who yelled enough for a dozen. Our captain said his words at first mean, "Oh, my Lord," this he repeated some scores of times, he would then vary, and finally appealed to our idea of the ridiculous by barking like a dog "bow! wow, wow!" so rapidly and with such frantic jesticulations, and leaping as to permanently monopolize the attention of all, and secure his *backsheesh.*

At the next station was a blind boy, who appealed only to the emotions and promise of reward for benefactions, he had memorized those passages in the Koran suited to his purpose, these he used with great effect. The Arabs were moved as by the spell of eloquence and contributed, as did also the Christians.

The valley of the Nile from Assiout, 330 miles from Alexandria is between the Lybian hills on the west and Arabian on the east. They rise suddenly from the plain 500 feet high, presenting a barren front of a kind of limestone and begin the deserts of the same name. The valley is from three to twenty miles wide, and all under cultivation. The river will rise again in three months and in those sandbars left bare now they are planting water-melon seed. There are plenty of tomatoes, peas, beans, &c., of this season's growth. We saw also water-melons in Cairo. They have harvested their sugar cane, and our captain says one acre will make three barrels of sugar. They also are harvesting barley which only grows eighteen inches high but as thick as it will grow. Flax is maturing.

The Khedive owns many sugar factories along the Nile, making the best standard brands, and the price is about the same as with us. There are also very large jug and jar factories here, as all the vessels used for water are earthen-ware. We saw perhaps fifty thousand at one place—Farshoot.

From Karnak we went to the tombs of the kings, the temples of ancient Thebes and Lugsor. These tombs are up a defile between the Lybian Mountains about one and a half miles from the plain of the river and are all near together; they are tunnels open at one end, and descending sometimes at a small angle, sometimes very steep, and are divided into a great many chambers, the principal one being for the king's sarcophagus and remains. One we visited, No. 17, of Sethi I., descends 180 feet below the entrance, and the bottom, which is nearly four hundred feet distant from the entrance, is more than five hundred feet perpendicular from the top of the hill under which it was dug. The walls and ceiling are full of carved hieroglyphics except No. 17, which, much superior to the rest every way, is done in *bass-relief*. I took some copies of the hieroglyphics from several of these tombs but the relief copied much the best. We lunched in one of these, and rode through the Necropolis to the temple-tomb (of marble) of Queen Hatasou and the Ramesium—Temple of Rameses II., and Temple of Medinet Habou and the Memnonium of Strabo where only a few foundation stones and the gigantic colossi alone remain, one of these is said to have greeted Aurora with a song each morning, the expansion caused by the sun's heat (it being shattered) no doubt has at times made noise enough to attract attention and give rise to the legend. They once stood at the entrance

of a temple nearly one-fourth of a mile in length. Many of the columns of the temple of Rameses, the Great still stand with the Osiride images *in situ*, but much defaced. The most important thing here is the statue of Rameses. It is a monolith of red granite, representing the king sitting, hands on his knees, at peace with his enemies.

It was originally 75 feet high and over 22 feet across the shoulders, and is estimated to weigh 887 tons. It has been thrown down and much broken, many millstones having been taken from the very face, but from the armpits up it is entire, except much mutilated, and is above ground, so as to exhibit just what it was, the largest statue in the world. But how it became so broken to pieces, no man knoweth. This is No of the Scriptures, Ezek. 30:13 etc., and I turned and read up the prophecies and decrees of God against these idolatrous cities and I saw that they are literally fulfilled. We went one mile south to the Temple of Medinet Habou, where the only naval battle of the Egyptians is recorded on the walls. Here is a great succession of temples, giving much history; here the victors are cutting off and counting the hands of the vanquished. Once a Christain church was in the precincts of this temple, in the very court where we now stand. I cannot recall at this writing how it was destroyed. All the works of art here have been destroyed nearly. Theodosius, anxious to root out idolatry, ruined

much, perhaps jealous and envious conquerors, more. All these temples, while at a good elevation above the Niles's overflow, are still underground, except where reclaimed by scientists. The people clustered around these deserted temples after their overthrow and lived in them and built around them until debris accumulating, they built on the tops of them, and so they became buried, and there being no communication about such things between the inhabitants and lovers of antiquity, these cities and temples were long lost. There are miserable mud towns all around every one of them now.

The next day we visited the Temple of Luqsor, the most imposing in the world, with 4 splendid pylons still standing, the tallest obelisk in the world (92 feet high) of red granite, the most massive and best preserved columns; one court alone containing 134 columns, twelve feet in diameter and sixty feet high, with capitals of open and closed lotus—called the forest of columns. The whole is $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles in circumference, and dating, a part of it, to 3064 B. C. The Temple of Karnak is said to have been built by Joseph. All the facade remains and is supported by well preserved columns. We stopped at Denderah returning and found a temple entire, on the pattern partially of the tabernacle and from which evidently the Catholic temples or Cathedrals of to-day received their models.

Studying this country in its relics—Pyramids, tombs and temples, studying it to-day in its mosques, palaces and service, studying its history, past and the history making, one is impressed by its similarity to European powers, especially Italian, Russian and Austrian and *The Papacy* and the others to an extent, how that for centuries they have followed the good old rule, the simple plan "that he may take who has the power, and he may keep who can." Not satisfied with monopolizing all the means of life but the barest necessities and all the life force of the individual but just enough to resuscitate. When exhausted, it can yield no more. I say, not content to hold it while living they have erected repositories in shape of these monuments for its retention after they are gone.

The Cathedrals of Romanism, built with millions, correspond in many details to these of Egypt—burial places for Popes and Cardinals.

CHAPTER X.

DOWN THE NILE TO CAIRO.

Of the River, Boats, Cargo, Birds, Thermometer.—On, where Moses was educated.—Trying to Escape.—Donkey-boys.—Flight.—Pursuit.—Capture.—Death, Burial without a Coffin.—Another funeral Procession. Haggar, Ali, Ten Widows.—A Juggler.

THE Nile, one-fourth to one-half mile wide, increases in size from its mouths upwards for fourteen hundred miles, owing to the vast quantity of water used for irregation, and evaporation and the fact that through all this distance it is without a tributary. The water is somewhat muddy but when filtered is clear and cool. Besides the steamer, two or three other kinds of boats ply on the bosom of Sihor, as the ancients called the Nile. The largest of these is called the *dahabeah*. It has state-rooms like a steamer, but is moved by sails and oars. They are often fifty feet in length, perhaps eighty or a hundred. As every nation that uses ships has a peculiar sail with which to drive them, so the sails of an Egyptian boat are like birds' wings drawn out straight, the points farthest from the mast are sharp. They are stretched on a boom and sheets,

supported by a long mast balanced on an upright post rather than mast, and at such an angle as the sailors choose. One-half of the *dahabeah* is devoted to staterooms, saloons, &c., the other cargo, deck room for the liberty of those managing sails and oars. Other boats (Morkebs) using sails when the wind favored and long heavy oars, laden with wheat, sheep, water jars, &c., went down to Cairo and Alexandria, and returned well nigh empty. Sometimes half a dozen Arabs tugged them slowly up the stream by a long rope, sometimes in the water sometimes on the bank. We have noticed their boats and cargo covered over with a network that allowed the cargo of water-jars to reach several feet beyond the sides of the boat. The wheat was poured out in the boat without sacks, as it was on the ground when they reached market.

Thousands of natives, nude except a breech-cloth or clout, raise water to irrigate the lands daily, for from one to three *piastres*, five to fifteen cents, per day. Herons fly round us all the time and fine large ducks, and the sacred Ibis, while hordes of tame uncouth monsters called here buffaloes come down and wallow in the Nile like hogs.

In the morning and evening it is pleasant on the Nile but in the middle of the day it is hot, no clouds protect one from the sun during the day. At night overcoats are needed.

Returning to Cairo I visited On or Heliopolis,

where Moses was graduated, about six miles North west from Cairo. I went alone as my companions had gone to the pyramids, which I had visited previously. The price of a carriage was ten shillings, and as I had proved their excellent qualities of locomotion in upper Egypt determined to ride a donkey, and he would cost me, with a donkey-boy, only three shillings. There is always a crowd of boys and men with donkeys to hire on the streets of Cairo, and as soon as they learned that I wanted one, twenty or thirty surrounded me, each proclaiming the superiority of his animal over those of others. I did not want to go at that moment, so crowding to the margin of the mob I ran as fast down a side street as I could. One of them gave a signal to another company a head of me, and they started to meet me, the former following, and so hemmed me in between the walls; full forty of them, each with a donkey to let, and each determined that I should ride his. Seeing no way of escape, I took out my knife and began hacking as if I would cut them to pieces and trying to look as desperate as possible, but all to no avail; they never noticed the knife more than if I had had none, so I took a donkey and am sure the worst donkey boy in Egypt, and started to see the remains of Egypts's old university town. On the road I passed a cemetery where they were burying a babe without a coffin, as they have no timber out of which to make coffins. It was wrap-

ped up very tightly, rather I should say bound up, laid in the recess on one side and the sand and gravel poured in upon it. I was ordered to quit the place before the interment was complete. which I afterward learned was because I was *unclean*, being only a Christian I had no right, and they determined not to suffer me to pollute the sacred place.

On leaving I saw a woman veiled and seated about fifty yards away weeping aloud. I asked my donkey-boy the cause of her weeping, he said she was the child's mother. I asked why she was there alone, "She does not want the men to see her face," he said.

It was my fortune to witness two other funeral processions the same day. One was that of Haggar Ali, evidently a man of distinction and popular, by the style and size of the procession, and the fact that ten widows were following his bier, over which most gorgeous banners floated high in the air.

Another corpse followed by a large concourse and five wives, had been no doubt a man of importance, whose name I never learned.

We passed on the way to On a multitude of Arabs formed in a circle about thirty feet in diameter. We paused to ascertain the cause of the excitement. A snake-charmer had two striped snakes about a yard long, which were crawling about over his bare shoulders, arms and neck, and

he was making his little boy, about five years old, handle them in the same way. The boy very reluctantly undertook his part, whereupon the father (if he were a father) would take a clasp made of iron, spring it open, run one end in the boys mouth the other resting on his cheek and pressing so tightly that the blood would oose out, while he would stand off and deliver an animated speech in Arabic to the delighted spectators, not seeming to notice his boy whose anguish was expressed in wailings and tears. I could not witness such inhuman conduct and hurried away.

Nothing of interest remains save the obelisk, the oldest one standing, at which Moses and Joseph before (and old Jacob and Abraham) must often have looked, and perhaps criticised the hieroglyphics on it, and our Savior, in infancy may have looked at it as the tree called the "Virgin's Tree," where the holy family is said to have rested, when they fled into Egypt, is nearly in sight. An old sycamore, cut and scarred by vain tourists, standing about eighty yards from the highway, is reached by passing through a gate and the walks of a lovely garden, where *backsheesh* is wanted when you enter, while you stay and when you leave, in fact the gate-keeper refused to let me out until I had satisfied some half dozen scalawags who seized my donkey's bridle and tail when I mounted to start and wanted more; but after all you can often satisfy half a dozen of them with a

dime, while again they will clamor until they have gotten two or three times as much as they have earned; and the only way to deal with them satisfactorily is to fix the price of everything before starting with them, pay this only at the end of the journey, or they will never complete it.

I went with a gentleman of Dr. Whigham's party to the pyramids the first day we were in Cairo. We bargained to give fifteen shillings for a carriage and guide, he unwittingly paid him before reaching our hotel, and because we did not give "backsheesh," he stopped, we paid him a shilling to go on, he drove about fifty yards and stopped again, wanting more "backsheesh," and we could not urge him farther. We reached the hotel on foot. It was our first day amongst them and we had not learned their tricks. They are superlatively filthy, though some are scrupulously cleanly. We saw hundreds of them lying on the streets asleep in the scorching sunshine. In the main they are very healthy looking; they live on bread and vegetables, rice and buffalo milk.

There was a fine mission work being prosecuted here in Cairo, under Dr. Lansing and Dr. Bliss (who has since died) of the Presbyterian Church. We visited them and heard them relate how they had moved on from a small beginning to large success. We saw about one hundred young Arab men belonging to their church in a debating society, discussing some query in quite a lively man-

ner, but it was all Arabic to us. The missionary at Luqsor was absent while we were there, but we met several of his pupils, which are more or less creditable to him. I think he is doing a fair work. How they can endure the summer here is more than I can understand. Life must be in great peril later in the season. But when the Lord said, "Who will go for us?" The love of Christ and souls constrained them and they said, "Here am I, send me."

I and Mr. Merrill went to the Boulac Museum, the most important of any in the world on some accounts. Here are the best preserved and most numerous works of art of the ancient Egyptians and the most illustrious mummies that now exist or ever will. Julius Cæsar or even Alexander, the Great would be moderns beside these hoary monarchs. But here they are in a state of excellent preservation.

Here is Sethi I., whose tomb we explored at Thebes, done in bass-relief from the entrance to the most remote recesses, at a cost, no doubt reckoning on our basis of valueing time and labor, of many millions of dollars. Fully ten thousand square feet of surface was filled with raised letters and heiroglyphics, recounting his origin, history, conquests, the public buildings that had been built under his *regime*, &c., &c.

Here is the Pharoah, whose daughter found little Moses, at whose table Moses ate, on whose

knees he sat, these same hands no doubt smoothed back the curls from his parched brow many a day when he came in from play. He is a little above the medium height, and very dark, owing probably to the embalming material. Just beside him is his son, Rameses the II., commonly called Remeses the Great. He is bright. He began to rule on the throne at 11 years of age, and waged war at 7 years of age, he ruled 67 years altogether; he was three years younger than Moses and no doubt they had many a boyish joust and turn down in the Nile. He is that Pharaoh who was angry at Moses, when he heard that Moses had taken an Egyptian's life, and he sought to kill him, and Moses fled from his face, and from Egypt until Rameses was dead: he is the author of the largest Monolith image ever made; under him Egypt obtained quiet from all her enemies.

He is known to Egyptologists as the Pharaoh of the oppression (of the Israelites.)

Besides these is Thothmes the 3rd, known as the Napoleon of Egypt, because he was the greatest of her warriors.

Standing in the presence of these old monarchs of antiquity and thinking of the changes since their day and how they laid the foundation to so large an extent of all subsequent civilization, it seemed as if the ends of the earth were come together.

As I looked down upon their upturned faces

that did not seem more than a decade to have suffered by the ravages of time, I thought of the poet's words:

"The cloud capped mountains, the gorgeous palaces and all which them inhabit shall dissolve and come to naught and like the unsubstantial basis of a vision leave not a wreck behind."

One is awed in the presence of the universal slayer's mighty victims. Could those silent lips but speak what stories could they relate! What light cast upon the dark and distant past, about our fathers who went down into Egypt, and sojourned there, in a strange land; about these old tombs and temples, obelisks and pyramids, through which the antiquarian wanders, and ponders, vainly trying to make them reveal their secrets. Could it be authoritatively announced that on a given day they would rise in their coffins and tell their experiences, what a pilgrimage of *Savants* there would be. Every additional item of knowledge however only confirms our sacred records. The sight of these old kings was well worth the journey to Egypt, and had I seen no more should have felt myself to be well repaid.

I thought if man has acquired the skill of thus preserving from decay the perishable body of his fellowman, what an easy task will it be for the great Creator to summon the scattered particles of

those who have not been preserved by the embalmers art, on the resurrection morning!

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible that *God* should raise the dead!"

CHAPTER XI.

SUEZ CANAL.

Lingering glance along Moses' track, Joseph.—Suez Canal, Ismail, Simoon, On foot in the Desert. Indignation meeting.—Dredges.—Port Said.—How we didn't bull-dose the S. S. Co.—A live town, Frank and Arab.—Grown women at five.—Gambling Hells.—How a Love of Backsheesh spoiled one Arab's Mouth.—Highway of the Nations.—Missions.

FOLLOWING backward the course over which earthly kingdoms have passed, I am in the midst of a people, "who," as our own Fuller says, seem to "have no destiny but dying," in a land which once was, and might still have been the first and greatest of nations.

We came from Cheops here, Cheops built for the habitation of one corpse, which was so despised by the subjects, whose toil built it, that Herodotus says it had to be conveyed away secretly, and his name never called by them, fulfilled the words of truth, "the name of the wicked shall rot."

But on its summit, one has the finest view in Egypt, and the best place for meditation, as one turns the pages of Egypt's history or paints the scenes on fancy's canvass that have transpired along the Nile and helped the world to be great

and miserable. As we flew along through the land of Goshen towards the Suez Canal, I read again how God dealt with Pharaoh, the man raised up to show what long suffering and authority belong to God. The story of Joseph, the finest and most succinct delineation of human nature, of the domestic affections and the strength of blood affinities, of the special providence of God, of the strength and rewards of faith, of the nature and power of prayer—a story that has ever had a beauty supernatural and a pathos elsewhere unequalled, appeared still more excellent when I here read it again.

I tried to picture the two and a half millions of Hebrews taking up their line of march towards the Red Sea, and Pharaoh worried almost to death by Moses, a friend, could he but have seen it, after burying his first-born, gathering his armies, it may be from the very necropolis to pursue the malcontents and force them to return, the safe passage of the latter, and the final catastrophe that overwhelmed the haughty monarch and his hosts.

We reached Ismail, on the Canal, where we stayed all night, in one of the prettiest towns on earth. The streets are as straight as an arrow, well shaded, macademized and intersected by street car lines. The inhabitants are French and Arabs, and number three or four thousand.

The next morning was so stormy that we could not go aboard the steamer, because the canal here passes through a large lake and the waves were so violent we could not come near enough in small boats to board her, and we had to walk three miles to pier No. 6. There were many weakly ladies in the company, some of whom could not obtain conveyances and had to walk also, and were of course exhausted. They were under the supervision of tourists' agents and held an indignation meeting that evening, after reaching Port Said, severely censuring Cook & Son for allowing them to suffer such inconveniences and also for detaining them a day too long at Port Said. Port Said is three hours, by steamer, from Ismail, on the Suez Canal, through the desert. It was so very windy that the air was filled with sand, and one could not see over a hundred yards. Dredges worked by steam are engaged lifting sand from the bottom of the canal by a number of large buckets fastened to an endless belt or chain. These buckets pass over a large spout, inclining downwards from the dredge and reaching a hundred feet or more from the canal. Into this spout the buckets empty their load of sand and water and it flows far off on the shore, and thus the canal is kept navigable.

The day we spent at Port Said is never to be forgotten. It was the Sabbath. Our steamer was appointed to sail that day, but could not load her

cargo, though she labored hard all day. The passengers went in a body to the office and tried to force the officers into measures, but all in vain. It was late in the afternoon Monday before she sailed. We were all shocked at seeing them load the boat on Sunday, but protested against having to rest ourselves. I remarked to Mr. M., it seems as if the Lord meant to make us rest to-day anyway, and though we went with the multitude, (shall I say to do evil?) amongst whom were four or five clergymen beside, we were glad of the delay. All sorts of vessels anchor here, and all sorts of people, nearly, live here—Arabs of course, (the country is full of *them*,) Germans, English, but more French; the Arabs seem to take to the French and *vice versa*, besides the French followed De Lesseps, the canal builder, here and remained.

We enquired for a church, but none could be found. There is a large square, where a band plays Sunday afternoon, and thousands are coming and going all the time. This is the only place that we saw Caucasians and Arabs intermarried. There were hundreds of rag-a-muffins parading the streets. Little girls from five to ten years of age, with dresses that touched the ground, wearing bustles large as water-buckets, and sporting beaux, presented a sight altogether novel to us, and extremely ridiculous. Men were dressed in female attire, and perhaps females were dressed as men. Whites were blacked, and the band and

soldiers burlesqued by reckless boys, with all manner of squeaking instruments, and sticks for swords and guns—wearing false faces, &c. Thus the French holiday has crowded out the Christian Sabbath of rest and worship, and as a further consequence gambling hells and other ruinous institutions have taken the places where churches should have been built.

An Arab boy persisted in an effort to black my shoes, against all protestations, though I told him he should not, with all possible earnestness and emphasis, until seeing escape from him was impossible, I told him I would not pay him. He followed, however, occasionally getting a stroke at them until he thought them polished sufficiently to justify a claim for pay. He then began to beg; I sat unconcerned for an hour at least, wishing to see how long he would hold out. I think probably he would have stayed until now had not some stranger come up and slapped him over, or had I not left my seat.

But to have any fair estimate of Port Said one must see it. On the greatest thoroughfare of the world it has caught up many of the worst of travellers' habits. It would be a great strategic point for a missionary of the right sort.

The great iron-clads of France, England and Turkey, that lie in waiting there continually for any safety their commerce may demand, teach us that we too, as a church or churches, should occupy and defend interests dearer than all else.

CHAPTER XII.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Footmen.—Canals Made Without a Spade.—Bazaar Day.—Dervishes.—Arab Gratitude.—Oppression.—Cabbageing an American.—In Diplomatic Circles.—How Donkey Boys "Get There."

I NOTICED in Cairo two footmen dressed in white smock-frocks to the knees, bare-legged, with long tasseled caps on their heads and bearing long sticks. They trotted about twenty steps in front of a carriage, in which an English lady and gentleman were seated. This is a very cheap way to purchase notoriety, as these fellows will hire themselves to run all day for two and a half cents per hour, or even less.

On the way up I noticed the natives cleaning out a canal; fully one thousand of them were at work. They did not have a spade, a wheel-barrow, nor cart, but standing in rows of five, six, seven and eight or nine, the first man in the bottom of the canal cut out a chunk of mud weighing ten or fifteen pounds with his hands, passed it on to the second and he to the third up the bank until it had got on top where the last man took it and cast it as far as he could. Some of them were standing

two and three feet deep in the mud. Their manner was about as primitive as that of North Carolinians in working the public roads.

The clover of Egypt grows about three feet high, is very nourishing to all herbiverous animals, and is cut with a knife. I did not see a mowing scythe in the country. One can sit down and cut as much as he can carry without moving. They carry camel loads (about six hundred to eight hundred pounds) and donkey loads of it to the towns every day. One can buy enough of it to support a donkey or a horse for from three to five cents per day.

The Arabs have a market day every week; on that day every one who has anything to sell, or who wishes to buy, will go to the bazaar. If they live near the city they pause on the suburbs, as there is a tax on everything that passes the city boundaries. One often sees as many as a thousand, and half as many donkeys and camels, all seated on the ground, (except the donkeys) with all the products of the country and every article imported into the country for sale. On market day, only, will you find them there. If they are far from the city, they have a meeting place in the country, where they bring herds of camels, horses, donkeys, sheep, goats and cattle, and spend the day trading.

As priests in the Greek and Catholic churches are distinguished by their caps, so also the different sects of Mohammedans are also. The or-

dinary Arab wears a red fez with a black tassel in the center of the crown. The Dervish wears a grey fez with double the altitude of an ordinary red fez, and four times the bulk or thickness; in fact it is made of the same material as a saddle blanket and as thick.

There are two sects of the Dervishes, the Dancers and Howlers. The first whirl around on tip toe, singing, and saying, "He is one. He is God," until exhausted.

The Howlers will sit cross-legged on the floor and repeat verses of the Koran and whine as they read or sing from their book, swaying their bodies back and forth. None but the Dancing dervishes allow Christians to be present at their hours of worship on Friday. But they worship anywhere, in a railway carriage, on the roadside, on the deck of a boat. They generally spread down a handkerchief or blanket on the ground, get on their knees, put their forehead three times on the earth, rise and stand, face towards Mecca, fold their hands across their breast, kneel and touch their forehead the fourth time to the ground, usually taking about three minutes to worship.

A fellow traveler told me a story of an Arab, which is true to life. A physician had taken a very poor Arab to his house and treated him for some disease that promised to prove fatal, but the medical man succeeded in making a cure. When the doctor told his patient that he was well enough

to return home, the good mussulman thought that the doctor was under lasting obligations for the privilege of having had such a subject to practice upon, and before leaving told him he thought he should bestow some nice backsheesh (present) by which to remember the doctor by. "The only gratitude they know is a lively desire for greater favors."

Said Joseph was our guide to the tombs of the Kings. He had two wives. We asked him about a multiplicity of wives. He said, "Two wives no good," when the husband mistreats one wife she carries the case to a judge, who calls the rascal to account, and extracts pledges of good behavior, the punishment of the wife is left to the husband.

We noticed excavations going on in the temple at Luqsor, one which Joseph is supposed to have built. The Arabs were reclaiming, under English or French engineers, I did not learn which, this most wonderful seat of ancient worship. About two hundred Arabs were carrying the earth off in flag-baskets. Many children were engaged on the job. I pointed out one little girl about five years old, crouched in a sunk place on the bank of the river lying as flat on the ground as possible. Said I, "she has hid to keep from work," we stopped about where she was concealed; the overseer looking at us discovered her, called her out, abused her, if he did not beat her. She was exhausted no doubt, and obeyed the voice of nature within

her that called for rest. The overseer looked, with a flail in hand, like the pictures we have seen of the task masters put over the Israelities of old. These living wheel-barrows get about two and a half cents per day.

The American Consul at Luqsor is an Arab, Morad Ali. His son speaks English very well, having been educated at the Mission school there. We were invited to dine with him one day, and accepted the invitation. We were there to learn. Now in every place one visits in the east, there are antiquity venders, "*Geniwine antique, Howadji!*" Now antiques vary in price according to the success the manufacturer has had in making them look old, worn and dingy.

Our Consul had a large store of antiques. And dinner over, his son invited us to look at them. That was the secret of the invitation to dinner. He had a museum indeed, worth a great deal to look at. He sold mummies, and mummy cases. He had mummy cats thousands of years old, and hawks, scarabs worth ten and fifteen pounds sterling. And whatever you priced, was high, about ten times the price of the same articles sold by one who had no claims to our patronage. So we bought enough to satisfy him that his invitation was appreciated and not extended in vain.

The donkey-boys are equally shrewd, and if their patrons are Americans they name their donkeys after some famous American, if he is Eng-

lish, after some English Lord. If French, after Napoleon, Boulanger, &c. We have rode on Buffalo Bill, Grant, Abraham, Mahomet and Solomon.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OLDEST SEAPORT.

Simon the Tanner's House.—Expectation on Tiptoe—Apprehensions.—Rest.

STANDING with fifty or sixty other passengers on deck of the steamship Venus, of the Austrian Lloyd Line, on March the 5th, the first gray streaks of dawn revealed to us the lowlying country of Philistia to the southeast and the ashy colored range of Judean hills stretching away to Mt. Carmel in the north and to Hebron in the south. What feelings of mingled joy and thankfulness filled each heart in anticipation of what lay before us. We were so soon now to make our way across those mountains to that city of all earthly ones most dear to Jew and Christian, and only second in sacredness to the Mussulman.

I was profoundly grateful that the fond hopes of many years were so soon to find full fruition, that I should have the privilege of visiting the land made sacred by the footsteps of the Son of God and some of the places once so dear to him; that my feet should press the soil once trodden by him as he toiled and taught.

At this season only one-half to three-fourths of the vessels that sail for Joppa can stop there.

The fear we all had of not being able to land, was dispelled and increased our pleasure at seeing our ship drop anchor in the oldest and worst of seaports—whence Jonah sailed when he had such a bad landing, and whither the wood that went into Solomon's temple was shipped. We see a score of boats manned by gigantic Arabs, hurrying over the tranquil waves to our steamer, anxious to secure passengers. Some of them have red flags with the names of H. Gaze & Son, Thos. Cook & Son, and Rolla Floyd, in letters of white. These have come out for those tourists who may be traveling under their auspices.

Rolla Floyd is a Yankee by birth, but confines himself to Palestine, while the names of the other two are seen around the world. Both have headquarters in London, and are very necessary to those tourists who prefer to pay others for fighting their way through Italians, Arabs, Chinese, Japs, et. al., and, ease to the responsibilities incident upon travel in strange lands.

From our ship about one mile from shore, we watch the waves rushing in between the classic rocks to which mythology says the beautiful Andromeda was chained, and rescued by Perseus, becoming, afterwards, his bride. They wash the shore at the very base of the house of Simon the tanner, where Peter lodged and saw the wonderful

sheet let down from heaven, revealing to his then too narrow mind the wideness of God's mercy in the Gospel dispensation, which is as the "wideness of the sea." And had his idea of a preacher's mission so marvelously enlarged, on the top of which, or one in its place, I, afterward, went myself; and in order to be sure of standing where Peter did, went all over it. From this housetop the "great sea" stretches far away north, west and south. Peter's eye swept that horizon many a time in meditation, and watched the restless tides that beat upon that rocky shore, typifying the human hordes that had swept over Judea's hills and plains since Noah's day.

I am in the Holy Land. What revelations await my journey through it! Sweet were the optimistic dreams of her inspired seers. Shall the sweet waters of Cherith brook or Siloe's "that flowed fast by the oracle of God," or skies of marvelous softness, or the hills made sacred by the presence and frequent discourses of our Lord cause me to experience a kindred enlargement and make me still more hopeful of life's strife?

I am going to "walk about Zion and go round about her, mark well her bulwarks, tell the towers thereof, that I may return and tell it to the generation following." Will I feel as the Psalmist did? And if I do not, nor witness the sights so dear to him, nor feel the confidence in the supremacy and final universal political triumph of Israel, that

her prophets did, conclude that these leaders in happy sanguine hours were only overwhelmed with self admiration at their own success and dazed by hopes impossible of realization, shall I doubt the stability of the Providence that seems to have measurably forsaken the chosen race?

Has fancy woven a webb now to be unravelled? Shall the mystic dream that has ever hung over the names of Judea, Jerusalem, Hebron, Galilee and Nazareth be dispelled? Shall the halo that has ever encircled the Holy Land, cutting it off from all others vanish into thin air, and leave it to be merged into the vast community of countries, and so make me loser of the inheritance of all my christian life, until I shall regret the knowledge that increases my sorrow, and the wealth that is worse than poverty? Shall I discover some of the "mistakes of Moses?" And see how that after all he did not lead the Israelites here!

And see how among those people, in those places, deception may have been very easy, on account of much blindness,* the nature of the atmosphere, nature and productions of the earth, so that facts may have been concealed, and the evidence of miracles shall be diminished, if not altogether destroyed! Especially that greatest of

*Three per cent. of the population are blind, and twenty per cent. have injured eyes, because of scarcity of water they seldom, if ever, wash. (I never saw a washpan or basin in an Arab bazaar while among them) and the same customs are followed to a large extent as in the Savior's time, I think. I judge it was their custom not to use much water generally. They also wear turbans or hats without brims, and the sun is very hot. No doubt for these reasons there was about as much blindress then as now.

miracles, the resurrection from the dead which stands out before the hopes of millions like a colossal tower where they can shelter when the storms of life beat tempestuously about them, and floods of adversity threaten to engulf them—whose mighty shade protects them when solstitial suns dry up all the flowers that bloom along their path and wither all the green branches of earthly prospects—a tower pointing heavenward, around whose spiral stairs hope ascends, till the din of earthly strife dies out below and the child of sorrow has all his tears and fears dispelled?

But "we shall see what we shall see." I will gain what I may from the land as well as from the Book, and if not in this mountain, nor yet in Jerusalem the true worshippers worship the Father, some dormant sentiment may be awakened, some active power intensified. I may learn from the lilies of the field; the thorny, stony, rich ground; the faithful shepherd, whose flock is ever imperilled* by day and night†. I will note the barren and fruitful fig tree; I will read the words of the Book, as nearly as I may where they were spoken, and study from all possible standpoints the ways of God to man, and from my treasury thus replenished, bring to my Master's service, as much as I may, things new and old.

*We saw a boy drive a fox from his flock one day about noon. He ran towards us and turned down the hill and hid under the rocks, where "the foxes have holes," in sight of Jerusalem.

†At night the flocks are put into pens made of stone, over which it is difficult or impossible for foxes and jackals to climb. Sometimes they are put into large caves under the hillsides, and the shepherd sleeps in the cave's mouth.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM JOPPA TO JERUSALEM.

David's Fete miscarries.—Jerusalem.—Excursion to Jericho, Dead Sea and Jordan.—Bethlehem, House of Bread.—Mt. Calvary, the two Theories.—Dr. Merrill's Statement.—Church of the Holy Sepulchre.—Having the Form of Godliness, but denying the Power.—Episcopalians.—Missions.

THE road from Joppa to Jerusalem is a perfect road. It passes Ramleh, the home of Joseph of Arimathea (?) Bareh or Gideon, the Valley of Ajalon, where Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still until he vanquished the Philistines, Ajalon belonged to Dan, Josh. 19: 42. Abou Josch or Kirjath-jearim, where the Ark of God rested 20 years. The name signifies city of woods; it is in a circular cave of the hills, somewhat like an amphitheatre. I felt strange emotions as I read I Chron. 13: 5: "David gathered all Israel together from Shihor of Egypt even into the entering of Hemath, to bring the ark of God from Kirjath-jearim," and Ps. 132: 6, 8:

"Lo, we heard of it at Ephratah; we found it in the fields of the wood.

We will go into his tabernacles; we will worship at his footstool.

Arise, O Lord, into thy rest; thou, and the Ark of thy strength."

What a multitude of people, all rejoicing with their king as they move along towards Jerusalem.

Perhaps the procession was two or three miles long. Suddenly they pause at the front. What is the matter? A man falls dead. Uzza, ignorant of the command of God, showing the sole manner of carrying the ark, when he thought to save it from falling from the cart, is struck dead for his rashness, and unutterable confusion ensues. David is chagrined; everybody disappointed and afraid to meddle further, and ignorant of the plainest direction, they leave the Ark at the home of Obed Edom, where it stayed for three months, in which time David and the priests read up a little, and had better success in moving it. The next place of interest is Kalomeh, near which it is claimed John the Baptist was born, and below which is a Valley in which, tradition says, David slew Goliath. In another hour we reach Jerusalem and stop at the Jerusalem Hotel, about ten minutes walk from the Joppa gate and the tower of David.

I have taken, with Mr. Merrill, previously referred to, the usual excursions to Jericho, the Jordan, Dead Sea, Marsaba, Bethlehem, Hebron, etc., and saw on the route Bethany, Gilgal, Brook Cherith, Elisha's Fountain, Mt. of Temptation, Mt. Nebo, across the Jordan, brook Kedron, and

near to Bethlehem, the fields of the shepherds, the tomb of Rachel, Well of the star, Plains of Rephaim, Valley of Roses, Valley of the Giants, and will speak of them more particularly further on.

In Bethlehem on the spot where it is claimed and conceded our Lord was born is a Christian church, the oldest in the world, in part. A silver star marks the place, and this inscription in latin is around the star, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the virgin Mary," and a marble manger, the place where they laid him, is near by.

Above these, four rows of lamps of silver and gold burn night and day, one row for each of the four denominations of Christians (Greeks, Catholics, Copts and Arminians) to which this church belongs. They all have chapels in the church, and all worship there every Sabbath and occasionally on week-days. I witnessed a funeral conducted by the Coptic Christians. It was one of six children that had died with measles that day. The little corpse was laid on the cold marble floor. The priest and friends were standing in a circle around it, performing the last duties due its mortal remains.

We went through the chapel of Joseph where it is said the angel appeared to Joseph and advised him to go into Egypt.

St. Jerome's chamber is shown here, and he is represented with a lion in a stained glass window, here he studied and translated the Vulgate.

In Bethlehem the people are a shade or two brighter than we noticed elsewhere, except at Nablous, and nearly all of them are Christians. They call their town Beitlam, that is city of bread. It is well, for the fields seem very fertile, and the olive orchards never fail. It is well named further, because it gave to the world Him who is the "bread of life."

Spending a few hours here, we proceeded to Jeruealem through a heavy shower of the "latter rain." We went to the church of the Holy Sepulchre on Sunday. There is dispute about where the true site of Calvary is, and I suppose will ever be. Two places lay claims to it. One is a hill northeast of the Damascus gate, above a cave called Jeremiah's grotto, many scholars accept this as the true site. Several assert that they were the first to establish the claims of this place, but it is called in Jerusalem, Gordon's Theory. The place is covered with Mohammedan graves. One's first impression when shown this hill is that it answers to the description in the Gospels, and being considerably beyond the city limits and still bare, as if providentially left so, the conviction is deepened. We append below some facts and suggestions confirmatory of this theory by the Rev. Selah Merrill, D. D., LL. D.:

"It is known that under the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, which is near the Castle of Antonia, but on the opposite side of "Via Dolorosa," there

is six or eight feet below the level of the street, some remarkably well preserved ancient pavement, which hundreds of travellers have visited and admired.

From certain indications we are led to believe that this pavement was connected with an ancient street that ran in nearly a direct line from Antonia northwards to the city wall.

The most important military route of Palestine at the time of Christ was that which connected Caesarea-on-the-Sea with Jerusalem, which it approached from the north.

At the point where the line of the street first mentioned, supposing such a street to have existed, touched the city wall, we find an old gate closed at present, but bearing the significant name of "Herod's Gate."

If the line of this street be extended beyond this so-called "Herod's Gate," to the northwest, we shall find along it definite traces of an old Roman road. This we find to be identical with the great military road which connected Jerusalem with Caesarea.

It is perfectly natural to suppose that the place of the public execution of criminals would be somewhere on the line of the road. Between the castle and the fatal spot, soldiers who guarded the criminals could move to and fro unobstructed.

A little after this road leaves the wall at the point marked as "Herod's Gate" we find on the

left hand a hill remarkable in form, noticeable from its position, and with which are connected some traditions respecting the execution and burial of criminals.

Again, we find the name of St. Stephen connected with the western slope of this hill; here is the traditional place of his martyrdom; here a church was erected to his memory, which existed for nearly eight hundred years, and of which remains have been unearthed during five years past.

It is not unnatural to suppose that St. Stephen was executed at the place of the public execution of criminals. The theory that our Lord was executed at the same place has the most valid reasons in its support.

There is current among the Jews in Jerusalem a tradition that this hill was the place of stoning, the "Beth Has-Sekilah" mentioned in the Mishna. Likewise another tradition that this hill was the place, or was connected with the place, of burial of those who had been publicly executed. The origin of these traditions I do not know, nor do I pretend to estimate the value of them. That they exist at all is curious and—I should say—a significant fact, whether they are worth little or much.

In like manner I do not know the origin of the name "Herod's Gate," or why it should not have been called "Solomon's Gate" or "David's Gate." But the fact that this name is found in this particular locality is significant, when taken in con-

nection with the other circumstances that are grouped around it.

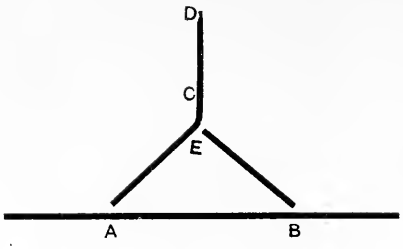
In recent times or since it has been safe to build outside the walls, say within the last twenty years, the principle residences have been erected on the west of the city, because the Jaffa road leads off in that direction, At present, however, they are being extended also in the northwest quarter; but in the time of our Lord private houses or villas, surrounded by gardens and hedges, were on the north of the town because on that side there was not only the great thoroughfare leading to Damascus, but also that leading to Caesarea, which was then the main seaport to Palestine. The numerous ancient cisterns, now mostly in ruins, that are found in all the open region northwest of Jerusalem show that that quarter has been thickly inhabited.

If Joseph of Arimathea, who was a wealthy man, had a private garden near the city, we may suppose with reason that it was located in this direction. The statement in John xix. 41, "in the place were he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new tomb, wherein was never man yet laid," seems to be very explicit. If on the one hand we press these words literally, and on the other insist that our Lord was crucified in the place of the public execution of criminals, we make this place and the garden of Joseph of Arimathea to have been identical. The question

arises whether a man of position and wealth would have a private garden in such a place? But there is no real objection to supposing that the hill-top, which was easily accessible from the Roman military road, might have been devoted to the purpose of execution, and at the same time the ground about it, to the very foot of its slopes, to have been occupied by private gardens might have surrounded the hill on the southwestern, and northwestern sides, and joined the Roman road on the north.

The Roman road which we have described as leading to Antonia through or near "Herod's Gate" skirted this hill at the foot of its eastern and northeastern slopes. Some miles farther north this road divided, one branch going north to Nablous or Shechem, and the other past Beth Horon to Antipatris and Cæsarea-on-the-sea. Along this road Paul, strongly guarded, was taken a prisoner to Cæsarea. With what emotions did the prisoner, as he left the city and passed this Golgotha hill, look up to the spot where the Master had died upon the cross!

In the absence of a suitable diagram I will place before the readers a very large capital letter Y., which shall be inverted, and the extremities of its arms shall touch the wall of the city at the points *A* and *B*.



A will represent the present Damascus Gate, and *B* the one now closed called "Herod's Gate." *A C D* will represent the present Damascus or Nablous road, while *B C D* will represent the old Roman military road that led to Cæsarea. The line *D C B* extended pretty directly would touch the Castle of Antonia. *E* represents the Golgotha hill, in which the Grotto of Jeremiah is shown. The bottom of the Y, or *D*, will be understood to be towards the north.

This figure is not correct, inasmuch as the lines *B C* and *A C* meet really at a considerable short distance from the city wall; but it was designed to give only a general idea of the place we have been considering, and this purpose it serves sufficiently well.

There is in the western face of this hill a large tomb, before the mouth of which the earth, during past ages, has accumulated to a depth of six or eight feet. It is a peculiar tomb, and has suffered somewhat in the lapse of time, but from what remains of it one would say that it was Christian rather than Jewish in its construction. This point I do not attempt to decide absolutely,

but even if it could be shown to be certainly of Christian origin it would only show that the slopes of this hill were, at a very early period, thought to be desirable as a place of burial, and hence we may suppose that, at a still earlier period, they were occupied by Jewish tombs.

Very near this point, still in the western slope of this hill, there have been opened during the present summer some very remarkable Christian tombs, supposed to be those that were built by the Empress Eudocia.

My object in what I have now written was merely to group, in a way different from what had ever been done before, and likewise in a more complete manner, certain facts and suggestions which appear to me to be very reasonable in connection with this most important question. Very few points in the topography of ancient Jerusalem can be settled beyond dispute; but with reference to the site of Calvary I will close by repeating what I have already said, namely, that the strong probabilities are in favor of regarding the hill above Jeremiah's Grotto as the place of the crucifixion of our Lord."

The discoveries made by Helena, mother of Constantine, or said to have been made by her, satisfy the Roman Catholics and Greek Catholics, the Copts and Armenians, that where the church of the Holy Sepulchre is (which is within the present city walls and near the centre of the city)

is the true site. The various stations occupied by the friends of the Saviour on the occasion of his death, are all marked by a chapel or something else. Within the precinct is a stone called the Unction Stone; on this spot they claim He was laid to be annointed for his burial. Pilgrims from Russia and other lands, numbering now about 2,000, here kneel and kiss this stone, with a dozen others in the church, one marking the spot where the cross stood, another the spot where He appeared to Mary Magdalene, another where John and Jesus' mother were standing when He said, "mother, behold thy son, and son behold thy mother." Then there is shown the Holy Sepulchre; millions have kissed the stones of it. It is divided into two rooms, an ante-room and the sepulchre proper. From the first, one passes through a stone wall about four feet thick, through an arched door not over three feet high and about two feet wide. Inside, the sepulchre is about five by seven feet; one half is devoted to a movable couch, on which it is claimed the Lord lay. The end farthest from the door is held by a Greek priest who will sell you a candle on Sunday or on any other day, for one or two metterlichs (2 cents.) There is standing and kneeling room by the place of the dead for about four. We went there several times and always found it crowded. The pilgrims will approach it upon their knees, bending down every few feet to kiss the floor. The Arch-

bishop of the Greek church pretends to have a candle miraculously lighted from heaven in this ante-room once every year. He enters, closes the door, and after awhile thrusts his lighted candle through a hole in the side, from which others light theirs, and then light up the sacred places in the church which they hasten to visit, extinguishing the candle before it is half consumed, carrying the remnant home to be interred with their bones.

The holy sepulchre is built entirely of marble, and four sets of lamps of gold and silver light it up day and night—one for each of the four churches that perform service here.

To the right of the main entrance and about fifteen feet above the floor there is a large rock, round about and above which is a chapel, say twenty feet square, (I speak from memory.) The stone rises about two feet above the floor and is perhaps fifteen feet wide. It has three holes in it and it is said that in them were placed the cross of Christ and of the two thieves. To the right of the centre one there is a large cleft in the rock. This they say was made when the rocks were rent.

Then one is shown the stock and pillar to which the Savior was chained, and the one on which he sat, and immediately underneath the cross, Adam's grave is shown; for they say it was needful that his blood should fall on Adam's head, When this tomb was pointed out to Mark Twain, he said he "wept, because he was a blood relation."

The foolish traditions connected with these sacred spots, robs them of that solemnity that belongs to them, and with the irreconcilable course followed by the various religious sects of Christendom here and now is the greatest hindrance to Gospel work amongst these heathen.

I have seen and know that the worst forms of the Christian religion, however, is far superior to the best types of Paganism; but what we wish to do is to make them see the same. And these same Mohammedans have to stand guard with musket and sword, not at the door of the above church, but within it, by the tomb of Christ. I was crowded from my place one Sabbath to make room for Turkish soldiers during worship, almost within arm's length of the Sepulcre, and a few years ago, many were killed. Owing to suffocation an effort was made to escape from the building, and the soldiers mistook the rush for attack upon them, and began fighting, so the greatest melee imaginable ensued, and three or four hundred perished; most, however, were run over and trampled to death.

The guards are kept because the church is the joint property of four denominations, Greeks, Catholics, Armenians and Copts, each of which wants more than the rest will allow. There is worship here every day.

The country is full of Roman and Greek convents, built at a cost of millions, and many mil-

lions. I have seen 25 or 30 about here, but they are dead, not embalmed, not buried, that were better, they are putrid cadavers, a stench in pagan nostrils. Oh, that we could learn to get money as they do for building churches, and sending out consecrated laborers into the vineyard and still retain the spirit of the truth.

There is a good Protestant work going on in the city and community. I have formed the acquaintance of several native Christians, some Christian Hebrews, all protestant, and their type of piety is very satisfactory, so far as one can judge on short acquaintance.

The Church of England has a resident bishop, and several priests here, an elegant church, a good school, a good Bible depository and two olive wood factories in which they work Christian Jews. I worshipped with them twice, and about twenty-five young Jews from twelve to seventeen years old made the music, and several grown Jews were in the congregation. I conversed with some of them and rejoiced to see a devotion to Christianity equal to the opposition they had once shown.

One of the priests whom I met handed me the following which I copy to show the character of the only Protestant missionary work going on in the Holy City:

The London Society for Ppomoting Christianity Amongst the Jews.

jerusalem mission.

The following are the various means used for bringing the Gospel to bear upon the Jews in this City.

1. Christ Church.

In the Hebrew Church on Mount Zion there is a daily Hebrew Service at seven o'clock in the morning. Also a daily English Service at nine o'clock.

Sunday Services at 10 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. in English.

German Service at 3:30 p. m.

With this Church are connected two Clergymen and two Lay Agents for carrying on the work among the Jews and the English speaking residents.

2. Schools.

The Boys' School, near the Church, where 42 Jewish Boys are boarded and clothed, and where a large number of Jerusalem Boys are taught and partly fed.

3. The Jewesses' Institution.

In this Institution 32 Jewish Girls are boarded and clothed, and many day scholars are taught and partly fed. In both Schools, Christianity is distinctly taught. In connection with this is the Workroom where poor Jewesses are provided with

work, and Christianity is taught. There is also a Lady Visitor for seeking out and teaching Jewesses.

4. The Enquirers' Home.

Here Jewish Inquirers are provided with shelter while their sincerity is tested, as well as their Industry.

5. The House of Industry.

This is a home for young Converts and tested Enquirers where they are taught Trades and provided with work. They live together under a Superintendent and Matron that they may learn something of Christian Home life.

6. The Hospital.

Here the sick Jews are treated for various complaints; 26 beds being provided for them. Also large numbers of Out-Patients are attended to both at the Hospital and in their Homes.

A Physician and a Surgeon, with Dispensers, Nurses and others, form the Staff of the Hospital.

7. The Book Store.

Bibles in various languages, and other useful books are sold and given away.

8. The Bookbinding and Printing Shop.

Here Books may be bound, and printing done; finding teaching and employment for young men.

9. The Carpenter's Shop.

For teaching the young men. The olive wood articles are specially good.

10. The Shoemaker's Shop.

Also used for teaching the young men.

By such methods and works carried on by voluntary Subscriptions the Society seeks to spread the knowledge of the Gospel among that people from whom the Church received the truth at the first.

Travellers interested in Christian work are invited to inspect the various parts of the work carried on in Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW ONE TRAVELS IN PALESTINE.

DRAGOMAN, Donkey-boy, Routes.—Last look at David's City.—Climate.—Soil.—Political situation.

MANY of our readers would like to know how the tour of Palestine is made. There are two ways. First, by camping in tents. Second, by staying in hotels, Catholic and Greek churches (the priests live in the churches), and private dwellings. We chose the second, as being both more economical and affording a better opportunity to study the customs and character of the people now living here.

We have first made arrangements with Mr. Floyd, a contractor, to take us from Jerusalem to Beirut. The cost of the trip varies according to the size of the party, from six to twelve dollars per day, and takes us by Damascus eighteen to twenty days, and by Tyre and Sidon twelve days.

Both routes are the same as far north as Nazareth Cana and Tiberias, where those going by Damascus go East of the Jordan, while those going up the coast go westward to Mt. Carmel, and Haifa. The road passes Bethel Shiloh, Plains of

Ephraim, Mts Gerizim and Ebal, Sychar, Jacob's Well, Samaria, Jenin on the plain of Esdraelon Gideon's Fountain, Gilboa, Shunem, Nain, Endor, Mt. Tabor, Sea of Galilee, Cana, Nazareth, Mt. Carmel, Acre or Akka, Ain or Ez-Zib, where Hyrcanus had his ears cut off and Herod's brother knocked out his brains against a wall to escape disgrace, Tyre, Sidon, Sarepta and many other cities of doubtful identity. I will relate some incidents of the journey farther on.

I will now give one day from our itinerary. A dragoman, well acquainted with the country, takes charge of the party. He informs us the previous evening at what hour we are to start, and promptly calls us at the appointed time. Our baggage ready, while we take breakfast, it is put on the mules. Breakfast is bread, butter, eggs, and coffee. This done, with pencil, paper and notebooks and such protections as we need against bad weather, we go out for the day's ride. If the donkey boys have not done strapping on the baggage, it is interesting to watch them fasten half a dozen valises, boxes and bundles of different sizes and shapes so well balanced on a horse, mule or donkey, that it will not fall off all day, up and down the mountains, nor gall the beast. I have seen a horse fall flat with his load on the smooth stones of Tyre and not affect the load on his back, but rise and go right on as if nothing had happened. They quarrel a great deal in everything

they do—these Arabs, they never seem to understand each other, so that often in tying a rope or fixing a rein, they will talk as if about to fight the whole time—(though I believe they seldom do fight.) Everything ready we mount our horses for the morning ride.

The first day out from Jerusalem is over a very rough road. We have just turned our backs upon the once more growing city, when two gentlemen in black waterproofs ride into our path: a glance suffices to show they have travelled considerably, and only a minute is required to learn they are Drs. Brancroft, President of Phillips Academy, Andover, and Buckley, editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*. The former on his second or third trip abroad, the latter on his fourth: the conversation turns from one pleasant topic to another. I learned from Dr. B. of the sad news of Bishop McTyeire's death.

We go North-west by the tombs of the Kings and the hill Scopus: about one and a half miles out the dragoman says, turn your horses now and look at Jerusalem for the last time. We turn and look; within the walls, the city seems to be young; without, she appears to be but the work of yesterday.

As we take this last look we remember the Salem (peace) of Melchizedek, the Jebus, strong hold of the Jebusites, and how David came and took it for Israel, and how disobedient Israel had

to surrender it to Shishak of Egypt, and how this was but the beginning of a long list of sorrows whose anticipations well-nigh broke the hearts of Jeremiah and Zion's Prophet, Priest and King, and whose realizations were but the fulfillment of the words of Moses, Deut. 28th, and of many of his successors, especially of the man like unto him whom the Lord God should raise up unto Israel. We think of Titus' hosts encamped just here to the left on Scopus, of that final shock when all was lost, even to the holy temple itself, of the brave and the wise Josephus, cool in the hour when

"Death rides upon the sulphury siroc,
Red battle stamps his foot and nations feel the shock."

And not only nations, but the world itself. Poor, fanatical, ritualistic, starving Jews, your house now desolate, is not even left you—vainly hoping to the very end for a Savior, the Messias, had he returned indeed, it would have been to be again rejected.

Just over the city walls rises the magnificent dome of the mosque of Omor on the site of Solomon's Temple, to the left, the Mosque El Aksa, beyond, the tomb of David on Mt. Zion, to the right the Tower of David, the splendid church of the Holy Sepulchre, and to the right of the walled part the Russian Hospice worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. To the left and visible

enough is Mt. Scopus and Mt. Olivet, at whose base is Gethsemane, beyond is Siloam, beneath which "flows Siloe's brook, fast by the oracle of God." Just over the Eastern wall is the "hill of Evil Counsel." The minarets, domes, towers and cathedrals all are photographed indelibly on memory's page; with a deep sigh all bid the City of David farewell. What a history she has known! What a future awaits her, who can tell!

We turn our horses' heads towards the North, grateful for that mercy that has brought us here and so greatly increased life's richness. We soon reach Shafat, called Nob, where David fled and fed in trouble. 1. Sam. 21. Tradition says this is the birth place of the prophet Joel. Nothing now remains except ruins, with a few poor houses, and it stands about one hundred yards from the road. We next and soon come to Ramah, the home of that Levite who was so unfortunate at Gibeah of Saul, Judges 19. Saul's seven sons were hanged near here at Gibeah. Jer. 31: 15, also immortalizes this place, though now not one Jew lives here, but only a few wretched Arabs. Over very stony (old ruined Roman) roads about 11 o'clock we pass on our right Beeroth, where it is claimed Joseph and Mary turned back to look for Jesus, when lost at 12 years of age. The day has become exceedingly cold and windy. We have reached Bethel by 12 M., and ride down into an old reservoir and eat on the ground, pic-nic fashion, behind the wall of the

reservoir. While the dragoman and cook arrange for lunch we read up the history of Bethel and find that this is where Abram built an altar to God, that here Jacob took some of these stones, possibly the one I sit on was one of them, to make a pillow to rest on as he fled from Beersheba to Padanaram, and had that wonderful dream, seeming to see the angels of God ascending and descending on a ladder, and though the ancients called it Luz, it has been called Bethel ever since. Here in after years he built an altar and called it "El-Bethel, because there God appeared unto him, when he fled from the face of his brother." Here he vowed. Here Rebekah's nurse died and was buried. Near here the two she-bears slew forty and two children for mocking Elisha the prophet of God. Here Jeroboam set up a golden calf and sought to turn away the people from God; and on one occasion, here, stretching out his hand to smite God's prophet, it was withered, and restored again in answer to the prophet's prayer. Just across a ravine and in full view is Ai, which has a history following Jericho's overthrow. Josh. 7.

Lunch over, we mount our steeds and make towards Jifna, where we are to lodge for the night.

We pass no places, these two hours now recognized as connected with sacred history, though no doubt could these stones speak they would rehearse sad stories of blood and tears. We pass on the way steep hills terraced to the top, and estimating

the time and labor required to do the work of terracing according to American standards of valuation much of this land costs two thousand dollars per acre, and fifty to one hundred dollars per acre annually to keep it in repairs. But humanity is very cheap here, and time is not money, as with us.

There is a great variety of climate here, not much in soil. The Jordan valley and along the coast of the Mediterranian is very warm now; the hills are temperate and pleasant while the mountain tops are colder, and Lebanon and Hermon covered with snow. Nearly all the soil is red, some spots of grey land are seen, and a few belts of black ground in Galilee, but all is productive to an amazing degree. Some of the hills and mountains seem at a little distance to be destitute of any soil, and to be only made of rocks, yet here the herds of sheep and goats find pasturage. There is no more beautiful land perhaps anywhere than the plains of Jezreel and all the panorama seen on all the sides of Mt. Tabor, from the top, and all the country from Mt. Tabor to the sea of Galilee is excellent for farming and not very hilly.

But turning from the agricultural to the political condition of this country I have observed that it is, if not fully ripe, nearly so for a change, if I may not say revolution. One typical American to every one hundred inhabitants here would bring about a revolution in, I think I may say, five years at the farthest, but it is coming any way,

only Muslimism stays it, but the claims of humanity are asserting themselves steadily. The English, French, Germans and Russians are all fully apprised of the coming smash, and each fully awake to a sense of the possible gain it may result into each. Each watches all the rest with Argus-like vigilance; each is putting as many men in position in every salient point as possible.

At Beirut there is a post office for the English, one for the Austrians, one for the French, etc., and enough men of these three nations, i. e., of either of them, to do the most important civil service of Syria, which they expect to do some of these days.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEAD SEA, MARSABA, HEBRON.

From Jerusalem down to Jericho, Elisha's Rendezvous, Herod the Great's Headquarters.—Elisha's Fountain. Gilgal.—As Bedawins Do.—Jordan,—Dead Sea.—Climatic Extremes.—Flora.—St. Saba, Miraculous Palm Tree, Lazy Priests.—A Room full of Skulls.—Jerusalem to Hebron, Solomon's Pools, Hebron's Fountains, Abraham's Grave.—Jacob's Funeral.—Abraham's Oak.

I WILL now copy a chapter from my Diary.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, March 6th.

Rev. C. D. Merrill, a Presbyterian minister of California, with whom I had traveled through Egypt, and myself contracted with Isa (Esau) Lobat to take us to Jericho, Jordan, the Dead Sea, Marsaba and Bethlehem, returning to Jerusalem the third day, for one hundred and fifty francs, about thirty dollars. We set out after 12 o'clock lunch the next day. A good donkey and donkey boy carried provisions, and a guard with a belt full of cartridges and a fine breechloading rifle represented the Ottoman empire protecting her guests. We had good horses shod with an oval piece of sheet-iron, without heels or toes, but so shaped as to present to the road a convex surface; four very large nails on each side held them on; thus all their horses are shod.

We go out of Jerusalem on the north side, and under the hill now supposed to be the hill calvary, by the place where tradition says Stephen was stoned, cross the Valley of Jehoshaphat, pass the garden of Gethsemane and near to Absalom's pillar (tomb) up the south side of Olivet, through the Jewish cemetery, where one could walk over ten or twenty acres on tombs without touching the ground, over the spot where Jesus wept over the city, by two large stone columns supposed to be the remnant of the house of Simon the Leper. Then to Bethany on the east side of the hill, where a little house built of limestone is shown as the house of Mary and Martha, now kept for *backsheesh*. We came in an hour to the Apostles' fountain, and in two hours to an inn or khan, where it is claimed the good Samaritan deposited the unfortunate traveler and two pence for his support. We are going down to Jericho over the remains of the old Roman road over which, no doubt, Herod once could ride in a chariot, though it does not look as if it were ever good enough for that. We meet "robbers" (?) every mile or so. About the middle of the afternoon we reach the ravine that contains the brook Cherith where Elisha lived in troublous times; the sides of the gorge often show perpendicular faces many hundred feet high. Isa said the Greeks had built a church on the supposed site of Elisha's repose. We reined up our horses and could hear the brook leaping over cataracts, going down to Jericho too.

Herod the Great conducted this stream through an aqueduct to the imperial city of Jericho. Portions of this aqueduct still remain, though Jericho abides under the curse of Joshua till to-day; not a house remains. About sunset, having descended nearly four thousand feet since noon, we crossed Cherith, paused and drank of its sweet, limpid waters, rode two miles farther to Elisha's Fountain, whose waters, bitter no more, are very warm, say 80° Fah. We went about a mile farther through the very fragrant shrubbery that grows on the banks of the stream from Elisha's Fountain, and rest at the Russian Hospice on the site of ancient Gilgal. We retire amid the howls of jackals and the miserable music and dancing of the Bedawins who

"Vex with mirth the drowsy ear of night."

to the delight of a party of Cook's tourists, near by. We rise early next morning, ride across the plain to Jordan by the same way, perhaps, the spies went when Rahab sent them off, to the place where Jesus was baptized possibly. Multitudes of pilgrims come here every year to be baptized, and it is a harmless sentiment.

The Jordan was muddy, rapid, deep and about two hundred feet wide. We cut some pipe stems and canes and proceed to the Dead Sea. I did not notice anything specially differing from other lakes of water, except its very bitter saltness, almost as strong to the taste as lye. Some parties went bath-

ing in it, but we did not as it leaves a gum upon one's cuticle, which is very unpleasant, unless one bathes afterwards in fresh water, which we did not have. We had provided bottles and filled them with water here.

The great depression of this section (1292 feet below the Mediterranean sea) made it so warm that we had to take off our coats, but the same afternoon, having left the valley, we were in a hail and rain storm up in the mountains, that gave us severe colds.

All the face of the country is covered with beautiful flowers in the greatest variety. I am not botanist enough to name them, but I enjoyed their fragrance and beauty no less on that account. Thousands of bees carry off to the rocks that crown every hill the nectar from their cups, and herds of cows, sheep and goats browse through them to their hearts' content. It is still a land flowing with milk and honey.

A caravan of sixty donkeys laden with about four or five bushels of wheat, each, and about twenty drivers, passed us going to Betlehem to market. These patient little animals never stumble, even on the most rugged hill-side in the most tortuous path, even with a burden as heavy as his own weight upon his back. The "latter rain" was falling, and our guide said that the rain that day would depress the price of wheat half a franc, or ten cents, for, said he, "this rain will about insure

a good crop." We spent the night in the Church of St. Saba. It is in the fastnesses of the rocks on one side of a gorge (Kedron) several hundred feet deep. St. Saba is said to have lived in a cave, which is shown here, with a lion, the austere life of an old time monk. His friends and followers continued to build around the little nucleus until at last a most wonderful structure, built of hewn stones and polished stones stands there to shelter a score of lazy, greasy Greek Priests, who live on bread and olives alone. No woman is ever supposed to pass within the gates.

One of the tenants showed us about the labyrinth. There is a chapel built and dedicated to St. Nicholas, one to St. Saba and St. John and the Virgin Mary. In the court-yard is St. Saba's tomb. They showed us, also, a room full of skulls—hundreds of human skulls—which they say were slain by the Persian King when he stormed and took this stronghold.

They show, growing by the walls, a palm tree that has miraculous powor in certain cases, they say. We bought beads, canes and porcupine quills of them and departed to Betlehem, about which I have written elsewhere.

Monday, March 11, Mr. M., Mrs. Davidson, the widow of a Presbyterian minister, another lady, her companion, and myself, went up to Hebron, eighteen or twenty miles south of Jerusalem, passing Solomon's pools thirteen miles out from

Jerusalem. One of these is 582 feet long, 210 feet wide and 50 feet deep; the other two are a little smaller. These supply the city with water through aqueducts made of stone and mortar.

By noon we reached Hebron. Here we saw grape vines doubtless similar to those that flourished in the days of Caleb and Joshua. Hebron, one of the oldest cities on earth, ranking with Damascus in antiquity, is blessed with splendid fountains. We had come up to look at the parcel of ground that Abraham bought of the sons of Heth "for a possession of a burying-place."

This place is as sacred to the Mahometans as to Christians—in fact they claim to be the true children of Abraham—our title being only second. So sacred is the place that they do not venture to disturb the repose of these distinguished sleepers. Nothing short of a mandatory order from the Sultan can turn the key that conceals from common mortals this most revered crypt. We were shown a hole in the wall into which they told us we could thrust our hands and touch the stone under which lie the ashes of heroes who led the race, who made the Bible, largely; who, without precedents, exemplars or formulæ, gave rules for mankind in the mere records of their experiences. Not being allowed to do more than walk around the walls protecting these men and women, we take our Bible and read Gen. 23 and Gen. 50. We tried to imagine the mighty hosts that came

up from Egypt with the corpse of Jacob embalmed. Great man in life, "Prince of God"—worthy of the blood that flows in thy veins, and no less great in death! Sleep on—who knows but thy embalmed body may yet be found and attest anew the records dear to us as life itself.

We went up the valley from Hebron about a mile to see a very old oak called "Abraham's Oak." It is in the plains of Mamre and the only oak about there, and if an oak can live four thousand years, may be this is the one under which Abraham sat when the angels passed down to destroy Sodom. If the *sequaia gigantea* in the Mariposa Grove are five thousand years old, as is claimed, may be this oak is four thousand, and may be I sat where Abraham did. We bought some of the acorns that grew on it, any way, repaired to our carriage and returned to Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN AND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

Holy Sepulchre again,—Mt. Zion.—The Upper Room.—House of Caiaphas.—Jews' Wailing Place.—Character of the Wall there.—Cyclopean.—What their Wailing is.—Jewish Sabbath.

A day in Jerusalem.

March 12. We went first to the Holy Sepulchre already spoken of above, see two tombs near by the Holy Sepulchre, one of them is called the tomb of Nicodemus, the other that of Joseph of Arimathea. There is a chapel in a cave in the church, in this the Catholics say Helena found the cross on which our Lord was crucified, and so knew this to be the true Calvary; the other theory has been given already.

On Mt. Zion we visited the Armenian cathedral, where St. James was beheaded, containing his tomb. The priest showed us about the splendid pile very graciously, and sprinkled rose water over us when we departed.

We passed out of the city through Zion's gate, to a mosque containing David's tomb, and the so-called coenaculum or upper room where Jesus took the last supper with his disciples. The upper room is on the first floor about eight feet above ground.

Near by is the house of Caiaphas and a stone pillar on which it is claimed the cock sat that crowed as the Lord predicted. Here the stone that was rolled away from the sepulchre by an angel is shown in an Armenian chapel. We pass hence through the Armenian and English cemeteries. From this point we have very fine views of the pools of Gihon on the southwest of Hinnom and Hill of Evil Council on the south.

In the afternoon we go to Mt. Moriah. There were several of us, and they required twenty francs admission fees. Only within the last few years could Christians enter here at all, and Jews are forbidden still. Once inside of the walls the Jews had a limit, where Gentiles had to pause on pain of death, now they are forbidden to pass the threshold leading to the grounds; so every Friday they repair to the outside and weep over their glory departed. We saw many of them the day we visited the "Wailing Place," and a sadder sight we have seldom if ever seen, we could not refrain from tears as they read the old Testament books, and mourned responsively.

We copy the following account of the Wailing Place, and the sad history connected with it as well as the habits of the Jews who visit it now from *By-paths of Bible Knowledge*, No. III, by Rev. James King, A. M.:

THE WAILING PLACE.

Proceeding northwards of Barclay's Gate, we come to an interesting section of the wall known as The Jews' Wailing Place, where the Jews assemble every Friday afternoon. It is a small quadrangular area, roughly paved with large square stones, situated between low houses and the Sanctuary wall. It is further hemmed in by walls on the north and south sides, and the area itself is only of small dimensions, being about a hundred feet in length and fifteen in breadth. The Temple wall above ground at this spot is about sixty feet high, and the lower courses of visible masonry are for the most part made up of magnificent stones, venerable from their high antiquity, and from the fact that they are veritable remains of the old Jewish Temple. For many generations, at least once a week the Jews have been permitted to approach the precincts of their Temple, and it is a touching sight to see them manifest affection to the venerable wall, while they kiss the very stones and bathe them with their tears.

The Psalmist's words were verily fulfilled: 'Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof.' Kneeling before the vestiges of their desolate and dishonoured sanctuary, the Jews still raise the wail of lamentation: 'God, the heathen are come into Thine inheritance, Thy holy Temple have they defiled, they have laid

Jerusalem on heaps. . . . We are become a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. How long, Lord? Wilt Thou be angry forever? Shall Thy jealousy burn like fire?'

The nine courses rising from the present ground are made up of large blocks, and above are fifteen courses of small stones plainly dressed. The four lowest courses have marginal drafts about half an inch deep and from two to four inches wide, and the faces of the stones are finely polished. Some of the blocks are of great size, one stone at the south end is thirteen feet, while most of them have been dressed with great skill. The wall presents a solid face of masonry, and rises without doors or windows from the pavement to the domes and cypresses on the summit, a height of about sixty feet. Near the south end of the area may be seen some holes pierced through the Sanctuary wall, which seem to indicate that at some previous age vaulted chambers have been built against the Haram.

The masonry, as we have indicated, is highly finished, and the drafted blocks are regarded as a standard of comparison for other sections of the wall. Moreover, it is generally admitted by authorities that the large stones are of Solomon's date; but Sir Charles Wilson, while acknowledging this, thinks that as the blocks are of very unequal quality, and as they are fitted together in a

somewhat careless way, the wall is a reconstruction of old material. Much light and interest are thrown upon this question by an examination of the adjoining masonry, especially of that beneath the surface, and long buried out of sight and amid the rubbish of the city. At the southern end of the area is a low modern wall, about a hundred yards north of the south-west corner. By climbing over the wall, the explorer will find on the other side a small court, from which can be seen a stone of colossal dimensions in the Haram wall, about ten feet above the present surface. It has formed the lintel of an old gateway, and measures twenty-four feet in length and seven feet in height. Twenty feet of this gateway are buried among *debris*, and recent excavations show that from the sill to the lintel Barclay's Gate, from Dr. Barclay, who discovered it in 1852; but the natives also called it Bab al Mahomet, the Prophet's Gate, and Bab Magharibé, the Moor's Gate. It has formed the entrance to a passage eighteen feet wide, which by a gradual ascent led to the surface of the Haram Area, and the gateway is probably one of the four which Josephus mentions as existing in the west wall of the Temple enclosure. The subterranean passage corresponds to the passages leading up through the Double Gate and Triple Gate to the precincts of the Sanctuary.

Outside Barclay's Gate, and close to the south end of the Wailing Place, Sir Charles Warren sank

a shaft, and had to dig through rubbish to the enormous depth of about eighty feet below the colossal lintel, before he came to the foundation of the Haram wall. Beneath the surface are twenty-two courses of excellent masonry, each course being from three to four feet in height. The lowest course is let into the rock, and each course is set back about half an inch as it rises. The drafting of the stones is very finely executed, and for delicate finish will compare favourably with drafted masonry in any other part of the Temple enclosure. The courses and dressing exactly correspond to those at the Wailing Place, but the masonry is in a much better state of preservation, and there can be no doubt that this magnificent underground wall is ancient Jewish work, probably of the age of Solomon. North of the Wailing Place the Haram wall is hidden behind moden houses; but Barclay, Wilson, and Warren, who have examined the buried stones, think that there is as much ancient Jewish work in the west wall as in any other part of the Temple Hill. The character of the rubbish through which the shaft passed tends to establish the high antiquity of the masonry. The first twenty-three feet of rubbish under the surface consist of earth and pretty large fragments of stone, some of the latter being a foot in diameter; then comes a drain constructed of masonry, about three feet wide and six feet high, sufficiently large for a man to stand upright in it. This drain

is continued southwards along the wall as far as the south-west corner. Under the drain is a retaining wall, abutting on the Haram masonry, and designed to act as a buttress. The lower part of the shaft below the drain was for thirty feet dug through rubbish made up of earth and small stone chippings, which when tapped flowed into the shaft like running water.

It is well known that in the time of the Maccabees the fortress of Acra was cut down, and so great was the undertaking that the work of demolition continued for three years. Josephus' own words are: 'The other hill, which was called Acra, and sustains the Lower City, is of the shape of a moon when she is horned. However in these times when the Asmoneans reigned, they filled up that valley with earth, and had a mind to join the city to the Temple. They then took off part of the height of Acra, and reduced it to be of less elevation than it was before, that the Temple might be superior to it. Now the Valley of the Cheesemongers, as it was called, and was that which we told you before distinguished the hill of the Upper City from that of the Lower, extending as far as Siloam, for that is the name of a fountain which hath sweet water in it, and this in great quantity also.'

Probably the stone chippings passed through in sinking the shaft were thrown into the Tyropœon by the Maccabees when they cut down Acra, and

thus partially filled up the valley separating Mount Zion from the Temple Hill. The gigantic wall goes down to the rock, which at the foundation course slopes toward the west, and before the valley was filled up by the Maccabees, the Temple walls here must have been exposed to view from the rock upwards. From the foundation to the outer floor of the Haram Court is eighty-four feet, and surmounting this in ancient days would be the cloister wall of Solomon, probably about fifty feet high, so that this section of the wall would originally present to view a stupendous mass of masonry scarcely to be surpassed by any mural masonry in the world.

During a recent visit to Jerusalem, after an examination of this part of the wall, the author took up his position at the south end of the paved area, and watched the appearance and movements of the increasing crowd. Nearest to him stood a row of women clad in robes of spotless white. Their eyes were bedimmed with weeping, and tears streamed down their cheeks as they sobbed aloud with irrepressible emotion. Next to the women stood a group of Pharisees—Jews from Poland and Germany. These are known by the name of Ashkenazim, because they came from Ashkenaz—the name given to Germany by the Rabbins. For the most part the Ashkenazim are small in statute and fragile in form; but their supercilious looks indicate the same self-sufficient pride that char-

acterised the Pharisees of old. The old hoary-headed men generally wore velvet caps edged with fur, long love-locks or ringlets were dangling on their thin cheeks, and their outer robes presented a striking contrast of gaudy colours.

Beyond stood a group of Spanish Jews, of more polished appearance and dignified bearing. They are called Sephardim, because, according to the Rabbins, Spain is Sepharad. Besides these, there are Jews from almost every quarter of the world, who had wandered to Jerusalem that they might die in the city of their fathers, and be buried in the Valley of Jehoshaphat under the shadow of the Temple Hill. The worshippers gradually increased in number until the crowd thronging the pavement could not be fewer than two hundred. It was an affecting scene to notice their earnestness; some thrust their hands between the joints of the stones, and pushed into the crevices, as far as possible, little slips of paper on which were written, in the Hebrew tongue, short petitions addressed to Jehovah. Some even prayed with their mouths thrust into gaps, where the weather-beaten stones were worn away at the joints. The explanation given of this strange proceeding is that it arises from a desire on the part of the worshippers that their prayers may rise from holy ground, and, ascending like the morning and evening incense, may, through the sacred wall, rise to the God of Abraham.

The congregation at the Wailing Place is one of the most solemn gatherings left to the Jewish Church, and, as the writer gazed at the motley concourse, he experienced a feeling of sorrow that the remnants of the chosen race should be heartlessly thrust outside the sad enclosure of their father's holy Temple by men of alien race and an alien creed. Many of the elders, seated on the ground with their backs against the wall on the west side of the area, and with their faces turned towards the Eternal House, read out of their well-thumbed Hebrew book passages from the prophetic writings, such as 'Be not wroth very sore, O Lord, neither remember iniquity for ever; behold, see, we beseech Thee, we are all Thy people. Thy holy cities are a wilderness, Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation. Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste. Wilt Thou refrain Thyself for these things, O Lord? Wilt Thou hold Thy peace, and afflict us very sore?'

About four o'clock a Rabbi stood up, facing the Sanctuary wall, and, resting his book against the stone, read aloud from the Jewish lamentation service a kind of litany. After each petition the assembly responded in a peculiar buzzing tone, rocking their bodies to and fro, after the manner of their fathers. The following litany of eight petitions is often rehearsed:—

The Rabbin reads aloud—	All the people respond—
For the place that lies desolate :	We sit in solitude and mourn.
For the place that is destroyed :	We sit in solitude and mourn.
For the walls that are overthrown :	We sit in solitude and mourn.
For our majesty that is departed :	We sit in solitude and mourn,
For our great men who lie dead :	We sit in solitude and mourn.
For the precious stones that are buried :	We sit in solitude and mourn.
For the priests who have stumbled :	We sit in solitude and mourn.
For our kings who have despised Him :	We sit in solitude and mourn.

Another litany, written after the manner of an antiphonal psalm, is often repeated. It consists of five petitions, offered up on behalf of Zion ; and, in response to each petition, the assemby offer up a petition for Jerusalem :—

The Rabbin prays thus :	The people answer—
We pray Thee have mercy on Zion ;	Gather the children of Jerusalem.
Haste ! haste ! Redeemer of Zion :	Speak to the heart of Jerusalem.
May beauty and majesty surround Zion :	Ah ! turn Thyself mercifully to Jeruselem.
May the kingdom soon return to Zion :	Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem.
May peace and joy abide with Zion :	And the Branch of Jesse spring up at Jerusalem.

The following is an account of a visit to the Wailing Place by Dr. Frankl, a Jew, who visited the Holy City :—

'The Jews have a firman from the Sultan, which, in return for a small tax, ensures them the right of enterance to the Wailing Place for all time to come. The road conducted us to several streets, till, entering a narrow crooked lane, we reached the wall, which has been often described. There can be no doubt but the lower part of it is a real

memorial of the days of Solomon, which, in the language of Flavius Josephus, is immovable for all time. Its cyclopic proportions produce the conviction that it will last as long as the strong places of the earth. Before we reached the wall we heard a sort of howling melody—a passionate shrieking—a heart-rending wailing, like a chorus, from which the words came sounding forth, "How long yet, O God?" Several hundred of Jews, in Turkish and Polish costumes, were assembled, and, with their faces turned towards the wall, were bending and bowing as they offered up the evening prayer. He who led their devotions was a young man in a Polish *talar* who seemed to be worn out with passion and disease. The words were those of the well-known Mincha prayer but drawled, torn, shrieked, and mumbled in such a way that the piercing sound resembled rather the raging frenzy, of chained madmen, or the roaring of a cataract, than the worship of rational beings. At a considerable distance from the men stood about a hundred women, all in long white robes, the folds of which covered the head and the whole figure, like white doves, which, weary of flight, had perched upon the ruins. When it was their turn to offer up the usual passages of the prayer, they joined the men's tumultuous chorus, and raised their arms aloft, with their white robes looking like wings with which they were about to soar aloft into the open sky; and then they struck their fore-

heads on the square stones of the wall of the Temple. Meanwhile, if the leader of their prayers grew weary, and leaned his head against the wall in silent tears, for a moment there was a death-like silence. I happened to be near him, and I could mark the sincerity of his agitated soul. He gave a rapid glance at me, and, without stopping short in his prayer, said to me, "Mokam Kodesh," *i.e.*, "Holy place," and pointed to my covered feet. My guide had forgotten to inform me that I must take off my shoes. I now did so, and was drawn into the vortex of raging sorrow and lamentation.'

The Jewish Sabbath begins on Friday evening at sunset; therefore, when the sun is sinking low in the western sky, the worshippers at the Wailing Place sometimes chant in Hebrew a plaintive hymn, known as the Wailing Song. The melody is thought to date from the time of Ezra, and, consequently, is accounted to be amongst the oldest pieces of music extant. The following is a translation of the hymn:—

He is great, He is good.
He'll build His Temple speedily.
In great haste, in great haste,
In our own day speedily.
Lord, build, Lord, build,
Build Thy Temple speedily.

He will save, He will save,
He'll save His Israel speedily.
At this time now, O Lord,
In our own day speedily.
Lord, save, Lord, save,
Save Thine Israel speedily.

Lord, bring back, Lord bring back,
Bring back Thy people speedily;
O restore to their land,
To their Salem speedily.
Bring back to Thee, bring back to Thee,
To their Saviour, speedily.

How long the Jews have assembled for lamentation at the Wailing Place cannot be determined with certainty, although there is historical evidence to prove that they have assembled to mourn over their lost glory and desolate Temple since the time of the Apostles. After the merciless destruction of Jerusalem by Titus in 70 A. D., the priestly families fled to Tiberias, on the shores of the sea of Galilee; and the great men of the Jewish nation found homes in Egypt, Cyprus, and other places, while only the poor and the officiating priests remained in the Holy City. Slowly Jerusalem rose from her ashes, and for sixty years enjoyed such peace as comes after the maddening din of warfare.

During that period the Jews bewailed their downfall, and nobody interfered with the poor inhabitants of the city. At length, after sixty years' freedom from accursed warfare, a mighty insurrection arose among the Jews against the oppressive yoke of Rome. The insurgents were headed by Bar Cochaba, the Son of a Star, the last and greatest of the false Messiahs. After three years of warfare and butchery, Bar Cochaba, with sword in hand, fell down slain on the walls of Beth-er, near Beth-

lehem, and forthwith the domination of the Romans was restored. The Emperor Hadrian, filled with wrath at the insurrection, again destroyed Jerusalem, and drove the Jews from their hallowed city. He fixed a Roman colony on Zion, built a heathen temple on Moriah, on the site of the sacred edifice of the Jews, and dedicated it to Capitoline Jupiter. When the colony had increared in size he bestowed upon the new city the name of Ælia Capitolina, combining with his own family title of Ælius the name of Jupiter of the Capitol, the guardian deity of the colony. Christians and pagans were permitted to reside there, but the Jews were forbidden to enter the city on pain of death; and this stern decree remained in force in the days of Tertullian, about a century afterwards. About the middle of the fourth century, however, the Jews were permitted to dwell in the neighbourhood, and once a year—on the anniversary of the capture of Jerusalem—they were allowed to enter the Temple enclosure that they might approach the *lapis pertusus*, or perforated stone, and anoint it with oil. 'There,' says an ancient writer, 'they make lamentations with groans, and rend their garments, and so retire.'

Jerome, the eminent Latin Father, who founded a convent at Bethlehem, and for thirty years led an ascetic life in the Holy Land, when commenting, about 400 A.D., on Zephaniah i. 14, 'The mighty man shall cry there bitterly,' draws a vivid

picture of the wretched crowds of Jews who in his day assembled at the Wailing Place, by the west wall of the Temple, to bemoan the loss of their ancestral greatness. On the ninth of the month Ab, might be seen the aged and decrepit of both sexes, with tattered garments and dishevelled hair, who met to weep over the downfall of Jerusalem, and purchased permission of the soldiery to prolong their lamentations, *et mi es mercedem postulat ut illis flere plus liceat.* The perforated stone, called *lapis pertusus*, is probably the Sakhra or sacred rock of Moriah, originally the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, and now covered with the elegant sanctuary called Kubbet es-Sakhra or Dome of the Rock.

After the Moslem occupation of Jerusalem in the seventh century, the *lapis pertusus*, or sacred rock of Moriah, was invested with a sanctity second only to the Kaaba of Mecca. This sanctity was afterwards extended to the whole of the top of Moriah, and, consequently, the heretic Jews were driven outside the Temple's enclosure. In course of time, however, they approached the outer walls, and there continued to celebrate their lamentation service. Thus for above twelve centuries have the Jews assembled outside the walls of their ancient Temple; but it would be difficult, with our present knowledge, to prove that the present Wailing Place has been the identical spot of lamentation throughout the many generations

that have lived and died since the Moslem occupation of Jerusalem under Khalif Omar in 137 A. D.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MT. MORIAH. GETHSEMANE.

Temple Area, How made, Mosque of Omar.—Sakhra or Foundation Stone, Center of the World, Mohammed's marvelous flight to Heaven.—Other Moslem Legends. —How they learn Music—En Rogel, King's Garden, Virgin's Fountain.—Gethsemane.—Grotto of the Agony.—Under the City of Jerusalem.—Model of Solomon's Temple.—Mt. Olivet.

THE temple area covers thirty-five acres; it is above Ophel, a hill between the Tyropœon Valley and the Valley of Jehoshaphat; it is now nearly level, for Solomon built walls and pillars on the top of which he placed arches, supporting a platform, on the top of which he built other pillars and continued the circumscribing walls to a very great height.

The walls are, mostly, now, under ground, but the same platform built by him remains, and the subterranean caves made by covering over these pillars are called Solomon's stables and the pillars have rings in them to which, no doubt the halters were tied. If they were not used by King Solomon for stables, they were by the Knights Templars. A little to the west of the center of the temple area is the Mosque of Omar, on the site of

Solomon's Temple. It is an elevated platform of white marble fifteen feet higher than the surrounding area. Julian the apostate attempted to rebuild the temple to prove that Christ was a false prophet; but while excavating, balls and flames of fire issued from the ground, consuming the workmen. It was attempted again, afterward, with similar results.

"After the conquest of the country by the Mohammedans, one of the first acts of Calif Omar was to build a splendid Mosque, known as the "Dome of the Rock," on the site of Jehovah's Temple. This edifice, afterward beautified by Calif Abdel Marwan, still crowns the summit of Moriah, and the place is regarded by the Moslems as only second to Mecca in point of interest, as Mohammed is said to have ascended to Heaven from here. The Mosque is an octagonal building, five hundred and thirty-six feet in circumference, surmounted with a graceful dome supported by twelve exquisite antique marble and porphyry columns. Covering, as it does, simply this naked rock so sacred in its associations to Jew, Christian and Mohamedan, nothing could be more appropriate or grand. It is much finer than St. Sophia at Constantinople, or St. Marks at Venice; has no rival for grace or sanctity, and its peculiar shape is the only reason it has not been more extensively copied; but as a shrine for the "Rock of Ages" it is perfectly beautiful, and when the sunshine

streams through its fifty-six gorgeous windows, its golden mosaics seem to kindle up with a divine fire, rendering the spot truly glorious. The building is encased on the outside with encaustic tiling and colored marble, within it is golden arabasque mosaic, very rich, with passages from the Koran everywhere inserted in the walls. And, what is remarkable, no reference is made in the inscription to David, Solomon, or Mohammed, but the name of "Jesus the Son of Mary," is mentioned four times, Is this prophetic of its becoming some day a christian church?

The profound repose and death-like silence of this Temple is in keeping with the sacredness of the place, for here alone, in all the earth was the only living and true God worshipped throughout long ages! When Greece was ignorant of God, and Rome had "changed the glory of the Incorruptible into an image made like to corruptible man," the descendants of Abraham on this mount and in this place still preserved the writings of Moses, and the worship of the one true and only God. It was here Solomon erected his beautiful Temple; here through long centuries the daily sacrifice was offered, and God manifested himself to his people in the mysterious Shekinah as nowhere else on the earth. Here first were sung those stirring psalms of David, which ever since have been ascending like incense from earth to Heaven. Toward this spot God's people in every age, and in every land

have turned their faces when they prayed; and it was here the Great Teacher himself taught his disciples, wrought his miracles, and near by, on Calvary, a spur of the same mountain, as the "Lamb of God," was sacrificed for the sins of the world. Surely, "This is none other but the house of God and the gate of Heaven."*

The rock beneath this gorgeous dome is the one on which Josephus says Abraham built an altar for the sacrifice of Isaac. Through the rock there is a hole about twenty inches in diameter, used, no doubt, for conveying the remains of sacrifices and the ashes to some subterranean sewer or passage emptying in the valley of Jehoshaphat, but the Mohammedans say that Mahomet went from this place to Heaven passing through the rock (there is a cave under the rock, his praying place) making this hole, he sprang up from the rock, and they pretend to show one his track on the rock, they say the rock started to follow him, but Gabriel flew from Heaven and caught the stone, checking it in mid air, he left the print of his hand upon it, which is shown you, and they pretend that the rock has been miraculously suspended there ever since, having no visible support. They also say that from the east wall of the Temple area to Mt. Olivet a bridge will be built as narrow as a razor's edge, Christ will sit at one end and Mahomet at the other, every mortal will have to cross over it, the right-

*Dr. De Hass in "Buried Cities Recovered."

eous alone will suceed, the wicked will fall off and perish in the valley of Jehoshaphat, over which the bridge is built. Near the Mosque of Omar is the Mosque El Aksa, built for a christian church. In this, contrary to reason, for it occurred in the Temple, they shew where the angel appeared to Zachariah, where Mary lodged, and the cradle (a marble one) in which Christ lay during his stay on the occasion of his circumcision. This is in a cave under the temple area and is possibly true; the print of his feet where he stood on the occasion of arguing with the doctors and lawyers, is pointed out.

We wandered about the hallowed spot until nearly sundown, went through the Via Dolorosa by the churches of the Flagellation, Ecce Homo and by Pilate's Gate. We went to see Robinson's arch the same afternoon; this is the remainder of a ruined bridge once crossing from Mt. Moriah to Mt. Zion, over Tyropeon valley; it was one hundred and ten feet high. We measured some of the stones forming the buttress in the wall; one was forty-seven by four by four; two were twenty-five by six by eight feet. The largest one weighs over ninety tons.

One day Mr. M. and I walked around the city about a mile beyond the walls, taking in eight high hills. We passed a cemetery from which a melancholy and monotonous bugle sounded for hours. In our conjectures about the occasion of such a, to us, unique procedure, we finally con-

cluded some soldier was dead and these were expressions of military grief, (as such they would have been fitting.) We stood and watched the manœuvres of the camp some hundreds of yards away in Gihon valley; we decided this time they were about to inter some noted charger, as certainly they were handling a dead horse, whereupon we thought the solo still more appropriate; but the horse was disposed of and our musician still made the welkin ring. Subsequent inquiry revealed to us that he was a mile from the city, in obedience to a delicate sense of the fitness of things, to practice. I thought at once of Dr. Talmage's remark that an embryo cornetist might get to heaven, but it would be hard for his neighbors to do so. Perhaps the city fathers of Jerusalem saw no chance unless they ostracised for the time their band recruits.

We took one day to do the hills around Jerusalem and one the valleys. We start down Gihon, called Hinnom, below the lower pool of Gihon, and pass four most pitiable looking lepers, some of whom have lost fingers, some toes, some the voice except a dry husky whisper. A good house has been provided for them, and support, about one mile south-west of the city, but they prefer to sit by the way-side and beg. We go down Hinnom to En Rogel, in Jehoshaphat valley; here is a pool of most filthy looking water, but used; here David's friends came for news when he fled from

Absalom—2 Sam., 17:17. We then go up through the King's gardens, which are luxuriant and fruitful enough, watered, as they are, from the pool of Siloam, to deserve the name. We pause at Siloe's brook to see the daughters of Siloam come over for water and do their washing. It is no longer a "shady rill," nor an inspirer of lofty song, except to the blind indeed. We ascend to Gethsemane, enclosed by a wall of stone about seven or eight feet high; it covers about one eighth of an acre, contains eight large olive trees, possibly the same under which the disciples slept when He was withdrawn from them, about a stone's cast, to pray. It is in the possession of the Franciscan order of the Latin church, and kept by a kind and courteous gardener, who gave us, unsolicited, small bouquets, for which he refused backsheesh! He also refused to increase the size of them for pay. We tried to call up the scenes of that doleful night, when our best friend "trod the wine-press alone," "and of the people there was none with Him." Hard by is a cave called the "Grotto of the Agony," into which the Savior retired to pray; the Latins have a church there now and in it a beautiful statuette representing the agony and the angel strengthening Him. My heart swelled with gratitude that already such an inheritance had fallen to me by His sufferings and death, and that these good things are but the earnest of what awaits us beyond.

Before leaving Jerusalem we went into the subterranean quarries, where King Solomon got stone for building the city, the Temple and the Walls of Jerusalem. One can wander here for hours over new ground all the time, see how the stone was cut from the living rock and severed by wooden wedges. Here are tons on tons of chips, where they were trimmed before going into the wall. We also went to see the models of the Temples of Solomon and Herod and the Mosque of Omar, by Mr. Shick, who has been present at all modern excavations about the city, who has read all the books that have been written on the subject, and who probably knows more about Jerusalem—ancient and modern—than any other living man on earth. This model was thirty years in building and is a perfect piece of workmanship. He offers to sell the whole for $3,000, which is very cheap. We bought photos of this model, and in London I had them put on glass for use in a stereopticon.

We went to Mt. Olivet and ascended the tower there, from which one has a splendid view. To the east, four thousand feet below and eighteen miles away we can clearly see the Dead Sea and the Jordan valley for fifty or sixty miles; beyond, the mountains of Moab. On the west Jerusalem lies on the slopes of the hills rising from the valley of Jehoshaphat, while to the south fruitful fields stretch out in pleasing panorama towards Bethlehem. North we see many small towns, which

no doubt were large cities in David's day. We are near the place, possibly on the very spot, on which the disciples and friends of our Lord gathered that memorable day to see their Lord ascend. The Russians (Greek) have a church here—a very fine one—called the Church of the Ascension. We did not enter it, but hoped that when He who ascended here shall descend again, we may be found ready to meet him in peace.

CHAPTER XIX.

NORTH OF JERUSALEM.

Robber's Glen.—Shiloh.—Samuel, and the Dedication of Children to God.—Jacob's Well.—Joseph's Tomb.—Place for Reflection.—Ebal, Gerizim, Sychar.—Last of the Samaritans. — Old Pentateuchs.—Missions.—Other Evidences of Prosperity.—A Typical Mill.—Samaria, a Wasted Capitol.—Displays of Mohammedan Bigotry—Jenin, Worse Demonstrations.—Conspiracy, Narrow Escape.—The "Little Foxes"—Esdraelon, the World's Oldest Battle-field.—Jezreel, Home of Jezebel, Jehu and Gideon.—Gideon's Fountain.—Shunem, Nain.—Endor.

The second day out from Jerusalem was very rainy, and we needed the Arab *abias* (a kind of overcoat used by Bedawins) we had bought in Jerualem, which were good waterproofs.

We passed through Hora-Meiyeh or Robbers' Glen, where we met a caravan of about forty camels, with as many drivers; their cargo was wheat, which was on the ground while the camels were grazing. There is an excellent spring in this glen at which we got a good draught. Our road wound up the ravine, while on either hand the hillsides were terraced to the top, with no less than one hundred stone walls, some of them ten and twelve feet high. On these terraces wheat or lentils are sown, or fig or olive trees planted.

We reached the site of ancient Shiloh about noon, where we lunched in an old ruined church. We saw the desolation spoken of by Jeremiah 7: 12-14 and 26:6, and remembered that this was once Joshua's capitol, where he reared up the tabernacle—Joshua 18. That here Eli lived and died, that here Hannah came and prayed and was heard and obtained the desire of her heart, and made yearly visits to bring her boy a little coat.

And as I read this history, I thought it a strong argument in favor of dedicating our children to God in infancy by the covenant of baptism, especially when I considered the happy results.

We ride during the afternoon through the fertile plains of Ephraim and reach Jacob's well just before night. It too is walled in and a gate kept for backsheesh, but the gate-keeper was absent, and we climbed up some other way, i. e., over the wall. A church was once built over the well, but it has gone to destruction, leaving only broken columns projecting here and there from the debris. A large stone, like a mill-stone, covers the shaft; this stone has a hole drilled through it about two feet in diameter. It was very deep but dry. We longed for a draught from its depths. We sat on that well's mouth and looked over the fields two months later in the year than when our Lord said: "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest?" Just out there a few hundred paces is a tomb called Joseph's tomb in the parcel

of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph, where they buried him—Joshua 24:32 and John 4:5. We look up at Mt. Ebal and Gerizim, called mountains of Cursing and Blessing, Josh. 8:33.

I copy from my Diary the following, written the evening we were there: "Our Lord must have been here in winter, but at any season the scene is inspiring. Already the place was old and full of history, beneath him was Jacob's well, before him the parcel of ground he had bought and lost in unequal conquest and retaken with his "sword and bow," in the midst of it was Joseph's tomb, above him the Mountains of Blessing and Cursing, around him a people dead to their privileges and duties, and void of any knowledge of the truth.

No place on earth was better suited to reflection on the remote and romantic past, the serious and pregnant present, the sad foreboding future. "Oh, Son of God, I am riding by where thou walkedst and wast weary with the journey, resting thy weary head, it may be, that night on some of these stones, because the Jews and Samaritans have no dealings with one another. I go up to Shechem, whither, perhaps, thou couldst not, and find a good home. I have enough of all but thy spirit. Thou carriedst all our woes. Thou art worthy to be crowned Lord of all. Be my portion forever, and lift me, a constant beneficiary of thy grace, to a higher plane of living."

We ride between Ebal and Gerizim to Sychar of

old, called now Nablous. It is a city of 12,000 inhabitants and contains the remnant of the old stock of Samaritans (about one hundred and fifty) whose chief or high priest, Jacob Shalsby, we saw at Jaffa. They still worship in Mt. Gerizim as directed,—Ex. 12. I saw the old Pentateuch manuscript in their possession, which they hold to be twenty-six hundred years old. It is parchment and rolls on two cylinders from one of which it unrolls as it rolls upon the other, it is about twenty-four inches wide, and very dingy as one would expect. The Turks have a garrison here. There are signs of great poverty. The curse of leprosy abides and abounds. There is a steam wheat mill and a soap factory or two, though none of the inhabitants appear to have ever used any of the soap. We spent the night with Mr. Fulcher, a missionary, who was so busy trying to right some altercation (I think) that had arisen that we had little conversation with him. He remarked, in answer to some questions, he was only sowing seed now.

The next morning we rode down a stream on a splendid road that went to Jaffa. On the banks of this creek that emptied its water into the Mediterranean, grew the richest vegetation, the finest olive trees, and most luxuriant gardens. We also passed about a dozen flouring mills run by water power. No dams were built across the stream but a long race carried the water until a fall of twenty feet could be secured, then in an aqueduct made of stone the water is carried to the centrifugal wheel

which is the only power we saw used in Palestine. We saw one turned by concussion in Syria. I dismounted and entered one of these; the stones were about three feet in diameter, the upper one was about six inches thick, without a hoop, while the flour unbolted ran out in a depressed place on the floor. The miller was standing barefooted in the grist; two or three donkeys and as many dogs were standing around near enough to begin a meal the moment the guard (the miller) should leave his charge. We leave the good road and take a bridle path to Samaria, the old capitol of Samaria. Hundreds of columns, monoliths, some *in situ* marking the course of the vast colonnade, some scattered over the fields tell of a magnificence and splendor worthy of the Roman that whilom ruled this ruined realm.

We leave this desolate city and pass through charming landscapes; far away on every hand, nestled under the hills, are towns that look pretty in the distance, a circumstance that always helps a Mohammedan town. We pass through one—Jeb-a—where the children come out and cry after us "go on," "leave here!" "you are Infidels!" "you will all go to hell!" "God will not give you long life!" "You are Nazarenes," &c. We met another large caravan of Damascus merchants going down to Joppa or Egypt. We pass Sănûr on a high hill and the last fortress to yield to Ibrahim Pasha when he overran this country, Dothan, where Jo-

seph's brethren were feeding their flocks and Benhadad sought Elisha, and his men were stricken with blindness—2 Kings, 6. We stop for the night at Jenin, on the boundary of the plain of Esdraelon. It is a well watered town, containing about four thousand inhabitants. There is no hotel there and we lodged with an Arab. They gave us the principal room in the house. The floor was covered with matting for a carpet. Some real fine paintings were on the wall; and they gave us an excellent dinner of soup, pigeons, sheep and vegetables, including plenty of lettuce, which has no substitute nor rival in the world, as they grow it and prepare it.

While we were eating, however, our dragoman and the Arabs in the yard had some bitter words. I think it was about our stopping in the town, as they used the words Christian and Nazarene a good deal. He would not tell us the cause, which confirmed my conviction that I had conjectured aright. He left them and came in and closed the door, not, however, until they had thrown a stone or two. I made bodily protection a matter of special prayer that evening. A Christian missionary (Catholic) had been driven from the town, and where Catholics can't retain a hold, it is not the place to be careless in. We found a body of soldiers in a few yards of our dwelling next morning, and to them, under God's good providence, we may have owed our safety.

The Arabs failing to kill us the fleas tried. Mr. M., who was sick and restless anyway, remarked that one could stand two or three hundred fleas, but when they came by baskets full and bushels, the supply was beyond the demand, reminding one of the boarder at school who said he did not mind hash for sixty or seventy meals, but when it became a regular thing he got tired of it. We survived them however and arose to pursue our way over *the* battle-field of the world, the Plains of Jezreel. It is ravishingly beautiful as a tract of country and possessed of a history that will ever claim a share of the research and study of the historian and antiquarian. Here fell Ahab and Ahaziah, Jehoram and Jezebel, Sisera and Saul. The following is our diary for that day, March 21:

"Leaving our dwelling at 7 o'clock we go out by a very large crystal fountain, pass a large Khan, full of Arab travelers, the Pasha's to the right and a mosque to the left, and in two minutes are on the plain. Jenin is full of gardens, cactus and palm-trees. Twenty miles or so to our left is Mt. Carmel, on each side the *fellahs* (farmers) are weeding the wheat and barley, the air is vocal with the songs of birds and misty clouds, just enough to temper the rays of the ascending sun are flitting about. Soon we descry Mt. Hermon, covered with snow, far to the north, Mt. Tabor to the northeast, and Gilboa to southeast. We are in the midst of the plain, every acre of which has drunk the blood

of fallen warriors. It is well cultivated for Arab farmers, and very fruitful, but the poor *fellah* is robbed by the government of all except the scantiest support; to be tardy in paying tax is a crime severely punished. The collectors go in pairs, often in squads of four or six, armed with swords and repeating rifles. They levy on olive trees and collect for them before they bloom. Arabs have taken the sword and literally perish by the sword in the hand of the tax-gatherer. We come in two hours to Jezreel, home of Jezebel, Ahab, and Naboth, of Jehu, Jehoram and Gideon. Jezreel is on a hill, the first of the Gilboa range from the west. The houses are all built of mud.

We pass Fuleh, scene of the battle of Mt. Tabor, 1799, where Kheber with fifteen hundred French soldiers fought twenty-five thousand Turks for six hours, when Napoleon came up with six hundred more and routed them. Here at hand is the part of the plain where Gideon, with his three hundred, vanquished the Philistines by night. There they in turn triumphed over Saul the next day after he had gone over yon hill to consult the witch whose cave is in Endor, just behind.

One or two miles east are the "high places"—1 Sam. 29; 2 Sam. 1: 19-27. And sparkling in the sunlight to our right are the waters of Gideon's fountain, where his thirsty troops lapped water as a dog—Judg. 7: 6. Before we are done taking in these things our horses have walked into Shunem,

scene of Elisha's labors, where lived that woman with such correct ideas of taste and political economy as to have her husband build a room to their house for the preacher. If any would learn how she was paid many fold let him read 2 Kings, 4: 8-37. Mt. Carmel, to which she made her servant drive the donkey in a trot, without stopping, is in sight about fifteen miles west. Shunem is surrounded by a wall of living cactus, through which no living animal larger than a rat could pass.

A mile beyond the town we pass a Bedouin encampment; they are flaying a sheep of the species called "fat-tail." The tail is about the ordinary length of a sheep's tail, but except the bone and skin is a solid lump of fat weighing five to eight pounds, and is used by the natives as butter!

We dine at Nain in a Catholic church, or rather in a room joining the church. It is a miserable Arab village now about three miles from Endor, whither we go to look into the cave visited by Saul the night preceding his death. The cave is there; so are others; so we looked into others to be sure; but one large one is shown as the real scene of the dialogue—1 Sam. 28: 11-19. A surly Turk was sitting in the cave when we visited it. He had a sword, but did not speak or strike. Here we saw many mud bee-gums on the roofs of the mud houses, and quantities of very busy bees. It is one hour's ride from this place to the top of Mt. Tabor, where we spend the night.

CHAPTER XX.

MT. TABOR, SEA OF GALILEE, NAZARETH.

Mt. Tabor.—The Transfiguration.—Through a Paradise to Tiberias.—*Backsheesh.*—A Ride in the Sea to Capernaum.—Fishing.—Bathing tn the Sea.—Natural Hot Baths.—Mountain of Beatitudes.—Cana.—Nazareth. Missions.—A Walk about Jesus' Birth-place.

WHILE some doubt shades the title of Tabor to the honor of the scene of our Lord's transfiguration, we gave it the benefit of our sanction, and tried to feel that near by us somewhere that august event occured.

Napoleon had been here, we cared not for that, Alexander perhaps, the Crusaders, Barak and Deborah and even Melchizedek. Each had engaged in conflicts affecting the destiny of nations, to greater or less extent, but not for any nor all of these would we have gone thither. We hoped to come if possible where the Son of Mary was made so glorious before His brethren's eyes.

We went up a zig-zag road through a thin forest of low scrubby oaks, the summit is nearly level and elliptical in shape, being about five hundred yards long by three hundred wide. Old walls and fortifications scattered in confused masses cover

the entire top. It is about eighteen hundred feet high, standing alone in the plain.

From a certain point both the Mediterranean and Sea of Galilee are visible, the country of Bashan and most of central Palestine and all of the Plain of Esdraelon. Nazareth fifteen miles across the plains nestled among the hills may be plainly seen.

A great educator from Massachusetts asked me, if I had to eliminate from memory all that I had seen in the Holy Land with a single exception which particular thing or place would I retain? Finding it difficult to decide he quickened my thought by mentioning Esdraelon.

The Russians or Greeks and Latins both have churches here, and priests but no worshippers. We spent the night with the latter, cut a nice walking stick or two, some pen-holders, and read up such history as we had in the Bible and guide-books relating to Mt. Tabor.

Next morning we rode across the plains where millions of bees gathered sweets from nature's prodigal gardens, through which also shepherd boys tended hundreds of sheep, and goats with ears a foot in length, making them equal in conspicuity to the fat-tail sheep. About noon our dragoman, who rode in front of us reined up his horse and turned him around, saying BACKSHEESH! by which he meant I have led you to a sight worth plenty of money, and so he had. In one minute

more we paused at the top of a hill that descended suddenly for a thousand feet; under the hill lay the city of Tiberias in the margin of the sea of the same name. The Sea of Galilee is thirteen miles long by seven wide, greatest diameters. Its surface was perfectly smooth, except here and there, it appeared to be the play-place of just the tiniest zephyrs which would go in every direction, never staying long enough nor yet hastening strong enough to more than betray their presence and make a picture as by one touch of the brush.

The lake is girt about by a plane about one or two miles wide. We walk down this dreadful hill, take dinner, get a boat and go to Tel-Hum or Capernaum, now desolate; go out in the ruins overrun with weeds, stand on the foundation of an old church supposed to be the one built by that Roman who wished Jesus to heal his servant—Luke 7:3-5, the synagogue in which Jesus, often preached. I looked over the desolate place, thought of his reproofs, when this was his home. Here he called Peter, James and John; here he delivered that most remarkable discourse—John 6.

It is a never-to-be-forgotten object lesson one learns in wandering amongst these cities once so populous, once so blessed, now so forsaken.

We returned by Bethsaida (fish town.) Nothing remains of it but a mill. We gathered some shells for far-away friends, saw our boatmen catch a nice

draught of fishes, and returned through the darkness. The jackals screamed and howled on the shore. We were under a starry sky and thought of Byron's lines:

"Like stars that shine nightly on blue Galilee, &c."

The wind arose, and we talked of the night that followed the miracle of feeding the five thousand when the twelve were in such evil plight. We read all the references to the Sea of Galilee, and the Gospels became new to us.

Next morning I went out and took a bath in the pellucid lake, picked up a smooth stone, rode down to see the Sulphur Spring, where baths may be had in a well fitted up bathroom free of charge. They are said to be very potent in curing rheumatism. The temperature of these springs is 128° Fah.

Our next objective point is Nazareth. We pass, on the way, the Mount of the Beatitudes, by which the Crusaders fought their last battle and were vanquished by the Moslems under Saladin. We reach Cana about noon and take lunch in a pomegranate garden, Drs. Burkley and Bancroft ride by, going towards Tiberias. We all wish to see the jars which held the wine made of water by Jesus, at the wedding, but the Greeks and Catholics have possession of them (if they exist at all) and are quarreling about whose they are, and we were debarred the privilege. Over the same road Jesus so often traveled from Nazareth to Capernaum,

we reached Nazareth Saturday afternoon about 3 P. M., and stayed until Monday morning.

Mr. M. is sick, so I am compelled to do Nazareth alone. (For though an old man has been with us all the time, he knows nothing, and looks up a beer-shop in preference to places of historic value, So I take our guide and go to the precipitous place over which the wicked Jews purposed throwing Jesus, called the Hill of Precipitation. I attended the Episcopal Mission church in the forenoon and looked through their splendid Female College in the afternoon, where about 80 or 100 girls are being educated and christianized. They also have seven other schools in the country around, superintended by Miss Edith Gaze Brown. These are to become wives and mothers, some of these days, and that of the best people of the country. They are sowing good seed in a fruitful field. I should say that this mission belongs to the "Ladies' Evangelical Society in the East," whose headquarters are in London. They repeat Psalms, and sing from "Gospel Hymns" in Sunday School, and also use the International Lessons.

In Nazareth one is shown Joseph's house, workshop, Church of the Annunciation, and a stone over which a church is built, on which it is claimed Jesus ate with his disciples before, and after his resurrection, though the evidence to establish the truth of this assertion is not very satisfactory.

We ascended the hill to the Wely Sim'ăn, (tomb of Simeon) above the town. We can see Acre and the Sea, beyond Esdraelon and the intervening hills into the plain of Sharon. While enjoying this sumptuous panoramic feast three young men came up, one of whom was nearly blind, (20 per cent. of these people have injured eyes.) He told me he would give me a hundred dollars to cure his eyes; a more impossible task was never presented. I thought of my weakness, and at the same time of the power of Him whose boyhood was spent in the city below and on these hills and plains, who undertook just such a case while He lived, and whose power was not shortened because He had moved His dwelling place. I preached unto him Jesus. He was a Christian. They drew a Bible on me to know on what I based my belief that Jesus would heal his eyes. I told him to read John 14: 13-14. He said he would pray for eye-sight, and I promised to pray for him.

They left me and went off to an olive tree, under which they sat down to read the book they had and ponder no doubt upon the liberal construction they had just heard put upon its announcements. As I looked at them I thought of the boyhood of Jesus, who must often have climbed these hills to gaze at the snow-covered mountains in the north, the luxuriant plain below and the great sea beyond. Yes, all these so

delightful to me, were all familiar to Him. He must often have lingered here till twilight softened the scene and darkness shut out all but His own thoughts upon human life, man's folly and his danger, his possible attainment and the effort He purposed putting forth to rescue us, His conflict with evil and error, His rejection and death, that life might become a reality to man and immortality might be brought to light.

CHAPTER XXI.

FROM NAZARETH TO BEIRUT.

Nazareth to Mt. Carmel.—Market women.—Mr. M. is sick, and takes a steamer.—Of Haifa.—A Frantic Scene.—Acre, city of Blood. Tax on Salad.—The old Roman Road.—Historic Lands, Tyre, Sarepta Ornithopolis, Sidon.—History repeats itself.—A Turkish hotel,—How an Arab makes the *Amende honorable*.—Missions.—Public Highway forts.—Silk manufacture.

LEAVING Nazareth we reach Haifa under Mt. Carmel in six hours, passing on the way several small towns, some built among the hills of stone, some on the plain of mud. We met between thirty and forty women with large copper basins filled with milk, holding five or six gallons each, going to Nazareth; several men were along with them, but they rode donkeys, never deigning to touch the loads carried by their wives, mothers and sisters; that is the custom here, the women are on a level with the donkeys, as laborers. We find a good hotel, but Mr. Merrill has got worse all the time, and fearing he had meningitis I procured passage for him on a steamer going to Beirut that evening. Next morning I went with our muleteer to the top of Mt. Carmel. The Catholics have a church over the cave in which Elijah hid, when

Ahab sought his life; near by is the cave in which Obadiah is said to have hid the fifty prophets—I Kings 28: 13. Napoleon used this church for a hospital when he besieged Acre, twelve miles across, or around the bay in 1799.

Haifa is a seaport town. Most of the people are Christians, and Germans; they seem very thrifty and came here to have religious liberty as our pilgrim fore-fathers came to America. I do not understand their creed, however, even after hearing it explained. The government is macademizing a road from this place to Tiberias by Nazareth and Cana. From this point telegraph wires run to Jerusalem, Shechem, Tiberias, Nazareth, Beirut, &c.

There are many nice orange groves and vineyards here, and much wheat is shipped hence to France and Spain. In the afternoon of next day we rode around the bay, crossed the Kishon, "that ancient River Kishon," on whose banks Elijah slew the prophets of Baal—I Kings 18: 40. It is a small stream, barely large enough to turn a mill.

We stopped for the night in Acre, called also, Ptolemais, and St. John d' Acre. It is the "Key of Palestine," has been besieged and burnt often. Its history goes back to the Egyptian kings, centuries B. C., and it figured largely in the crusades. Its present population is 5,000, of whom 700 are Christians, the remainder Mohametans.

A German preacher, named Bitzer, joined us here and traveled with us the rest of the way. I

found him, however, a better companion to our beer-drinker than to myself.

I and Isa (our dragoman) took a boat and went out to the steamer on which Mr. M. was going to Beruit, to see how he was getting on. There were about twenty Arab boats all loaded with wheat, destined for some distant market. While we were on the steamer all business was suspended and the greatest possible uproar began. I thought one of the wheat boats was sinking, but the confusion increased to such an extent I concluded the steamer was going down. The Arabs (about one hundred of them) were all talking at once, some of them were frantic and gesticulated like madmen. I could not understand a word they said, but knew that something awful had happened or was about to happen so I told Isa to let us be going. He laughed, and told me the occasion of the excitement, as follows: One of the crew had smiled at a Mussulman who was praying on the deck of the boat, (a very common thing), the Arab had seen him and wanted him punished by the officers of the ship, and all the rest were in sympathy with the aggrieved devotee.

In the twelfth century more than ten times the present population were killed here during a single siege. In the thirteenth century Khalit-Ibn-Khalaem, Sultan of Egypt besieged and captured it in thirty-three days and slew 25,000 Christians, many of whom (ladies) cut their own noses off to escape

more barbarous treatment. Many remnants of the crusaders may still be seen, notably the old church of St. John, and a hospital. We drank from a fountain of brackish water, said to have wrought miraculous cures. But the greatest honor the place has ever known is recorded in Acts xxi: 7.

Leaving Acre next morning we saw many people gathered on the outside of the city gate. They were both from the town and country, the former had come out to buy the vegetables, the latter had brought to sell, which were auctioned off by the donkey load without unloading the beast. The following articles were selling at different stations as we passed: onions, carrots, potatoes, lettuce and other salads, oranges, lemons, milk and curds. Sold outside the gate to avoid taxation.

A splendid aqueduct brings water from the mountains to the town. We ride by this about ten miles. Our road now lies to the north and passes through rich plains in which are groves of oranges and lemons. We dine at Khan de Rhauna on fresh fish, which they catch in a large circular net by wading out into the surf until the fish comes in sight when the net which has been slightly twisted is thrown like a lasso, and having a leadline sinks down rapidly around the fish, the leadline is pulled up then to a focus by a draw string, a hole is left in the top just large enough to take out the fish.

We pass over White Cape, where the road is cut

around the cliff five hundred feet above the water and a stumbling or misstep of the horse would precipitate the rider into the sea. This is the old Roman road leading from Caesarea to Antioch. We descend into the plains filled with old wells and stone troughs, and walls, and steps, remnants of Hiram's Tyre, which was nineteen miles in circumference. We pass near by Hiram's tomb and ride into Tyre and to the house of Abdul Malak (Servant of the Angel). There are ruins here that would tempt the archaeologist and antiquarian to linger many a day.

The wharf is built of polished columns of stone that once supported domes of palaces and temples "of perfect beauty." Massive pillars of red granite, monoliths, a section of which looks like a heart cut of stone, and twenty-five feet long by four in diameter, and smaller pieces lie scattered all about, marking the tracks of the destroyers, which Ezekiel, chaps. xxvii-xxviii, said would come this way. Tyre was built 2350 B. C., and with her parent, Sidon, taught navigation to the world, and colonized Carthage. Earthquakes, Fire, the Sea and War have all exhausted their resources upon Tyre. Tyre and Sidon were given to Asher in the division of Canaan but they never got possession of them. The Israelities were feeders to them and they were necessary to the Israelities, possibly until they became so amalgamated, especially in religion, as to have all things in common, peaceably.

A huge mound stands by the way just before reaching Tyre, on this it is said once stood the temple of Hercules.

From Tyre to Sidon we cross the Leontes River, called here Nahr-el-Kasineiyeh, on a beautiful stone bridge supported by a single arch sixty feet wide, the ruined city of Ornithopolis, the Cave-temple of Astarte, Sarepta, now in ruins, and a house of white stone on the site of the house of the widow that fed Elijah.—1 Kings, 3:12. Every inch of this ground has been employed in making the history of our race, and imagination repeoples it, rebuilds its cities, with streets full of business, and romping children, its temples resounding with Astarte's praise, repaints its battle scenes of holocaust and captive's clanking chains, feels again the earthquake's shock, and trembles at the terrible vengeance of the Almighty angered.

"Therefore, thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come up against thee as the sea causeth her waves to come up. And they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers; . . . . and they shall lay thy stones and thy timber and thy dust in the midst of the water. And I will cause the noise of thy songs to cease: and the sound of thy harps shall be no more heard. And I will make thee like the top of a rock; thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon; thou shalt be built

no more: for I the Lord have spoken it, saith the Lord God." Ezk. 26:

We stop at a good hotel at Sidon, kept by an Arab. The parlor, saloon, and bedrooms are on the second floor, while some shops face the street on the lower story. The whole building surrounds an open court about fifty feet square, where the horses and donkeys are kept. The latter kept up a constant braying which prevents one from becoming lonesome.

The saloon accommodates from one to two hundred guests. It is fitted up with tables for billiards, cards, backgammon, checkers, &c., &c., for all the city Arabs gamble and smoke all day and often till midnight.

Our dragoman had been cross and negligent the day we reached Sidon; I had seemed displeased. That evening after supper he came into my room and begged my pardon, took my hand, put it to his forehead and kissed, and took it several times to repeat his professed submission to my will. I tried to think him sincere, forgave him, and dismissed him seemingly satisfied.

Sidon is a very ancient city, was built by the grandson of Noah, and invented the art of navigation, carpentry, sculpture, making glass, stone cutting, casting iron, &c. Josephus, b. 1: 6.

The present population numbers about 12,000, of whom 2,500 are christians. Nearly all of these, however, belong to the Greek and Latin churches;

but there is a Protestant school doing a good work, under the patronage of the church of England.

The road from Sidon to Beirut is the roughest we have traveled over, though the French soldiers made a splendid road here only a few scores of years ago, but it is ruined now. Every two or three miles on all the important roads of Palestine and Syria there is a little stone house built, called a guard house. We were glad to see that traveling had got to be very safe, as indicated by the absence of the guards from most of these.

We pass over the battle ground of Ptolemy and Antiochus the Great, fought 218 B. C., and where tradition says the whale left Jonah, and the Nahr-El-Danûr flowing cool and deep from Mt. Lebanon. There are many silk factories along the road and thousands of acres of the plains and hillsides are devoted to the culture of mullberry trees for the manufacture of silk.

We pass through a belt of deep red sand for three or four miles between walls made of this sand when wet, about four or five feet high, through groves of pine trees, owned by the government and used for telegraph poles. They are trimmed up and are as thick as pines can grow, even in North Carolina. We pass the customs officers and at 4 P. M. on the twelfth day after leaving Jerusalem we stop at the the Hotel del' Universe, kept by a native Syrian, and never found a better, nor cheaper one in all our travels.

CHAPTER XXII.

BEIRUT.

All is well that ends well.—*En Harak Said.*—(May you have a rich day)—Mr. M. sick still.—Beirut.—Dog River.—Sugar and Silk.—Household foes.
Missionary Matters.—Colleges, Schools, Churches, Hospitals, Printing Presses, &c., Statistics.

OUR first thought on reaching Beirut was one of relief at having terminated a journey perilous on account of the treachery of the people one must associate with and depend upon, and the excessive heat of the climate along the coast. We were mindful of the good providence of God that had shielded us hourly through the worst dangers we should brave. Grateful letters awaited us at the post office, and newspapers from home. After dinner our dragoman, muleteers and donkey boy came to my room to bid me farewell and receive *backsheesh.* These fellows will appear to be nearly heartbroken at parting with the traveller, but if disappointed in the quantity of backsheesh expected, will go off pouting and sometimes not even say good-bye at all.

We had a written contract to the effect (specified) that all backsheesh was to be paid by our

cicerone; nevertheless he, with all the rest, seemed to have lost sight of that, and wanted all possible perquisites.

Next morning I went to see Mr. M. at the Hospital of the Knights of St. John, where he had gone the day previous to our arrival, and though blessed with the best medical attention to be found anywhere, his convalescence was so slow as to require him to stay about two weeks. I remained with him four days, and bade him adieu with a sad heart, for in the seven weeks in which we had been constantly together, our attachment for each other and dependence upon one another had grown to be like that of two brothers. Now our journey lay apart, and both were once more alone at the farthest point from home; but we had learned to do these people very well, and all peoples, as to that, and I was saddest of all because I feared our separation would be final, because I regarded his sickness as dangerous and threatening to prove fatal, and I thought of the wife and four children, just the number I had, ten thousand miles across the seas and continents, and could not refrain from tears at thought of threatened tidings.

The following is an extract from a letter written since his return home: "After you left Beirut I had to remain about ten days, for Dr. Post would not let me go for a week after I was up and about the garden. Dr. Post told me he and Dr

Dight had a consultation every morning over my case, for they did not understand it; concluded it was malaria in the main. . . . . Well, it was a grand trip, was it not? Who could picture old Egypt as it is? Or ever get a just view of the Holy Land as we saw it? Or imagine Pompeii or Rome? It is all like a dream, but when I fix my thought on any one part of it, it becomes all clear as a picture."

Beirut is a city of over one hundred thousand inhabitants, most of whom are Arabs and Turks, but there are many French, Germans, Greeks and Italians also, and some English. The English, French and Austrians each have a post office, as well as the Turks, and I believe the Italians as well. It is the principal seaport of Syria, and carries on a large wholesale trade with Damascus and the inland towns farther in the interior. There are several factories here making silk goods, soap, nargilehs, glass-goods, shoes, sandals, copper-ware and hard-ware generally.

The city is taking on an European air to a considerable extent. I went one day to Nahr-El-Kelb, (Dog River) which is a sight well worth the time and trouble to see. It flows from the Lebanon mountains and is cold. From this stream Beirut is supplied with drinking water, driven about six or seven miles through pipes, by a steam engine. The Nahr-El-Kelb flows through a canon whose sides are nearly perpendicular and about five or

six hundred feet high. The rock forming the sides of this canon is limestone and several places have been cut smooth for receiving inscriptions and reliefs, one of these, life size, represents Salmanezer, another Rameses the Great, cut in relief. There are also written inscriptions to Marcus Aurelius and Napoleon III., if I remember correctly. A stone bridge, centuries old, spans the stream about a quarter of a mile from the beach; over this bridge mules were carrying sugar cane on their backs, and I judged there was a sugar factory near by from the vast amounts hauled. Two large bundles weighing three or four hundred pounds are balanced on the mules' backs and they go without a driver to the proper destination.

The highway is a continuation of the old Roman road, and is in good condition, being macadamized; it passes through mulberry groves all the way.

This entire population is christian, even for many miles in the interior. And so bigoted are they that they will not only not hear any other sect, but will not allow others to plant a school or church among them; they are Catholics chiefly, some, however, belong to the Greek church. They are as violent as the Latins in their hostility to Protestantism. Dr. Jessup had a case in hand of a missionary at Sidon who had been arrested on the charge of murder; everything was being done by the Catholics that could be to secure his execution. It was my privilege to contribute to a fund being

raised to secure his release. The wounds our Lord has received in the house of his friends have checked the onward march of his kingdom more than all infidelity, rationalism, agnosticism, and all other forms of skepticism together, and we are not as free from it in America as we ought to be.

It was my privilege to visit the various institutions doing work directly for Christ in Beirut, and I copy from statistics and statements placed in my hands by our Missionaries a concise history and outline of their labors.

The following is an extract from a letter written by myself to the RALEIGH CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, from Beirut.

I thought I would write you about the wonderful work of missions here in Beirut, but I have found to my hand a summary, by the dauntless Dr. Strong, to the correctness of which I wish to bear testimony. I had the pleasure of visiting their college for young men; it is nearly, if I may not say, quite an ideal college. They have about two hundred pupils, who show real culture in manner and conversation. The College is well equipped, located and managed. I may say the same of Miss Thompson's school, except as to numbers, she has only about 50 or 60 I think. Their hospital is all one could desire, (as my companion was confined there, I visited him every day for four days.) They have a large printing establishment, through which I looked, and it keeps many

hands busy. I called on Dr. Van Dyck, who remarked in answer to my interrogations regarding the history, present status and outlook of missionary labors in Syria, and among the Mohammedans, that already there was crystallizing energy sufficient to cast a system or polity for local church government; although we were speaking only of the share each church should claim, this being an undenominational enterprise, or if all go to one church, what church that should be, yet the fact that they can take Syria in hand, is assuredly one of the most forcible demonstrations of what Missions are accomplishing for the people, for whom Christ died. Dr. Strong says:

"Beirut, in Syria, is called the "crown-jewel of modern missions." It was taken from the bed of Moslem degradation, cut and set by the deliberate planning of a handful of American Christians. As late as 1826, Beirut was a straggling, decaying Mohammedan town without so much as a carriage-way through it, a wheeled vehicle, or a pane of window-glassin it. The missionaries who came to it were persecuted by the authorities and mobbed by the populace. Some were driven to the Lebanons; others fled to Malta. There they matured their plans, chimerical to all but the eye of faith. They projected Christian empire for Syria, not the gathering of a few converts. Schools, colleges, printing-houses, Western culture in science, art and religion, were all included in their plan. They

returned to Beirut bringing a hand-press and a font of Arabic type.

Night after night a light gleamed from a little tower above the mission building—a prophetic light seen out on the Mediterranean—where Eli Smith, and, after he was gone, the still living Dr. Van Dyck labored in translating the Bible into Arabic. When, in 1865, Dr. Van Dyck flung down the stairway the last sheet of "copy" to the compositor, it marked an era of importance to Syria and Asia Minor, to Egypt and Turkey, and all the scattered Arabic-speaking peoples, greater than any accession or deposition of Sultans and Khedives. There is nothing more eloquent than the face of the venerable translator, in which can be read the making of the grandest history of the Orient. The dream of the exiles has been accomplished. Beirut is to-day a Christian city, with more influence upon the adjacent lands than had the Berytus of old, on whose ruins it has risen. Stately churches, hospitals, a female seminary, a college, whose graduates are scattered over Syria, Egypt and wherever the Arab roams; a theological seminary, a common-school system, and three steam-presses, throwing off nearly a half-million pages of reading-matter a day; a Bible-house, whose products are found in India, China, Ethiopia, and at the sources of the Nile; these are the facets of that "crown jewel" which the missionaries have cut with their sanctified enterprise."

The following eloquent figures explain themselves and need no words of praise from me:

PLACES OF EVANGELICAL WORSHIP IN BEIRUT,

Together with brief statistics of Evangelical Work in the city, and of the American Mission in Syria.

I.

WORSHIP AND PREACHING IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

1. American Mission Church.—Rev. G. M. Mackie, of the Church of Scotland.
   Sunday, 11 a.m. Weekly Prayer Meeting, Wedday, 3:30 p.m., in the Memorial Sunday School Hall.
   Communion Service–1st Sunday in Jan., March, May, July and Nov.
   Sunday School, Memorial Hall, 3:30 p.m.
2. Church of England Service.—House of Rev. J. H. Worseley, Sunday, 11 a.m.
3. Chapel of Syrian Protestant Church.—Every alternate Sunday, at 9 a.m., and at 7 p.m.; and Wednesday, at 7 p.m.
4. British Syrian Schools.—Every Sunday, at 7p.m.

II.

WORSHIP AND PREACHING IN THE GERMAN AND FRENCH.

1. Chapel of Prussian Deaconesses.—Rev. B. Pein, Pastor. Sunday, at 10 a.m.

III.

WORSHIP AND PREACHING IN ARABIC.

1. American Mission Church.—Syrian Protestant Congregation. Rev. H. H. Jessup, D.D., Acting Pastor. Sunday, at 9 a.m. Arabic Sunday School, in Memorial Hall, at 2 p.m., Oct. till June 1st, then at 5 p.m.

   Weekly Prayer and Praise Meeting, Wednesday, at 7:30 p.m.

   Sunday School Teachers' Meeting, Saturday, 7:30 p.m.
2. Syrian Protestant College.—Rev. D. Bliss, D.D., President. Every alternate Sunday, at 9 a.m., and at 7 p.m.; and Wednesday, at 7 p.m.
3. Eastern Chapel, Haî Rumail.—Rev. J. S. Dennis, D.D., Sunday, at 9 a.m.
4. Musaitebeh Chapel.—Rev. W. W. Eddy, D.D.. Sunday, at 9 a.m.
5. Orphan House of the Prussian Deaconesses, near Oriental Hotel.
6. Hospital of the Knights of St. John.—Rev. Geo. E. Post, M.D., Sunday, at 4 p.m.
7. Moslem School of Miss Taylor.—Service and Sunday School, at 2 p.m.
8. Six Arabic Sunday Schools in different parts of the City, at 2 p.m.
9. Six Classes during the week, in different quarters of the City, for Bible Instruction to Women.

IV.

EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN WORK AND EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

1. American Presbyterian Mission, American Bible Society. British and Foreign Bible Society, London Religious Tract Society.—Office at the American Press and Bible House, adjoining the Church.
2. Theological Seminary of the American Mission, Ras Beirut.
3. Syrian Protestant College, Ras Beirut.
4. American Female Seminary, in rear of the Church
5. British Syrian Schools—1 Boarding School, Musaitebeh quarter, and 7 Day Schools.
6. Church of Scotland Mission to the Jews, House of Rev. G. M. Mackie.
7. Prussian Deaconesses' Orphan House and Boarding School for Girls.
8. Miss Taylor's St. George's Moslem School for Girls.
9. German Boys' School.
10. Day School of Syrian Protestants in Eastern quarter, and three other day Schools of the American Mission for Boys and Girls.
11. Blind Schools for Men and Women adjoining British Syrian Training Institution.

V.

THE PRESS.

Rev. Samuel Jessup, Manager.

Mr. W. R. Glockler, Supt.

The Arabic Press of the American Mission printed in 1885:

Total pages - - - - - -	27,981,600
Of which Scriptures - - -	17,378,600
Vols. of Scriptures distributed during 1885	23,576
Total No. of distinct books on the Press Catalogue - - - - - - - - -	368
Total pages printed from the first -	311,742,044

Catalogues of these publications, in the English and Arabic languages, can be obtained at the Press.

The books published, besides Scriptures, are religious and educational books, theological, scientific, juvenile, historical, and miscellaneous books, prepared chiefly by the American Missionaries, and the Professors of the Syrian Protestant College.

VI.

STATIONS OF THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN MISSION IN SYRIA.

1. Beirut.—Rev. C. V. A. Van Dyck, M.D., D.D.; Rev. W. W. Eddy, D.D.; Rev. H. H. Jessup, D.D.; Rev. J. S. Dennis, D.D.; Rev. S. Jessup, and their wives. Miss E. D. Everett, Miss E. A. Thomson, Miss A. S. Barber, of the Female Seminary.

Theological Seminary.—Instruction given by Members of Beirut Station.

Syrian Protestant College.—Rev. D. Bliss, D.D.,

President; Rev. J. Wortabet, M. D.; Rev. G. E. Post, M.A., M.D.; Rev. Harvey Porter, B.A.; Thos. M. Kay, M.D.; Charles F. Dight, M.D.; John C. Fisher, M.A., M.D.; Samuel P. Glover, M.D.; Robert H. West, M.A.; Frank E. Hoskins, B.A.; Louis F. Giroux, B.A.; Mr. Yuhanna Dakhil, Sheikh Khalil Ul-Yazigil, Frank S. Woodruff, B.A.; Robert H. Beattie, B.A.; Henry M. Hulbert, M.A.; Yusuf Aftimus, B.A.; Daud Salim, B.A.; Mr. Francis Richa.

Medical Students - - -	31
Collegiate Department - - -	61
Preparatory Department - -	75
Total - - - - -	167

Total Pupils in American Mission Schools in Syria - - - - - - -	5,665
Of whom Girls - - - - - -	3,736
Total Number Members in Syrian Native Churches - - - - - - -	1,301
Sabbath School Scholars - - - -	3,804
Contributions of Native Churches - -	$6,451

2. Abeih and Suk el Ghurb.—Rev. Wm. Bird, and wife; Miss Emily Bird, Rev. T. S. Pond, and wife.
3. Sidon.—Rev. W. K. Eddy, and wife; Rev. Geo. A. Ford.

   Female Seminary.—Miss H. M. Eddy, Miss R. Brown, Miss C. Brown.
4. Tripoli.—Rev. O. J. Hardin, and wife; Rev. F.

W. March, and wife; Ira Harris, M.D., and wife.

Female Seminary.—Miss H. La Grange, Miss M. C. Holmes.

5. Zahleh.—Rev. G. F. Dale, Jr.; Rev. W. M. Greenlee, and their wives.

6. Total American Missionaries,	Men	14	38
	Women	24	
Native Pastors		3	189
Total Native Syrian Preachers		35	
Teachers and others		151	

STATISTICS OF THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN MISSION IN SYRIA.

I.—EVANGELISTIC AND GENERAL MISSIONARY WORK.

		1876.		1884.		1885.		1886.		1887.		1888.	
American Missionaries.	Men	13	28	14	37	14	38	14	37	13	34	14	34
	Women	15		23		24		23		21		20	
Native Syrian Laborers.	Ordained Pastors	3	120	3	194	3	189	4	179	4	171	4	198
	Licensed Preachers	13		33		35		32		29		37	
	School Teachers	96		148		142		131		125		153	
	Other Helpers	8		10		9		12		13		7	
Stations		5		5		5		5		5		5	
Out-stations		60		89		90		86		91		89	
Churches		10		19		19		19		19		20	
Church Buildings		24		30		30		31		31		31	
Added on profession during the year		75		68		130		153		104		63	
Male Church members		364	573	653	1207	703	1301	765	1440	798	1493	826	1534
Female Church members		209		554		598		675		695		708	
Regular preaching places		61		84		88		92		85		94	
Average congregations		2642		3961		3891		4293		4289		4522	
Sabbath schools		40		76		73		68		66		81	
Sabbath scholars		1540		3584		3804		3746		3732		4620	
Syrian Protestant community (within the field of the American Presbyterian Mission)		2982		3847		3977		4165		4245		4359	
Contributions of Native churches		$1252		$6302		$6451		$6980		$8114		$7355	

	1876.		1884.		1885.		1886.		1887.		1888.	
College (Syrian Protestant)	1		1		1		1		1		1	
Medical school	1		1		1		1		1		1	
Pupils in College (including Medical Dep't.)	106		185		165		165		175		197	
Theological Seminary	1		1		1		1		1		1	
Pupils in do	7		4		4		7		6		6	
Boys' Boarding Schools	1		2		2		3		3		2	
Pupils in do	42		68		72		151		129		110	
Female Seminaries	3		3		3		3		3		3	
Pupils in do	89		97		110		119		143		167	
High Schools	2		18		20		15		19		22	
Pupils in do	209		347		443		379		477		483	
Common Schools	71		118		108		97		91		113	
Boys in do	2031	2840	3775	5180	3626	4871	3178	4505	3016	4201	3639	5272
Girls in do	819		1415		1245		1327		1185		1633	
Total Schools	80		144		136		121		125		141	
Total Pupils	3509		5881		5665		5344		5391		6199	
Women in Bible Classes	....		111		134		230		240		300	

STATISTICS OF THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN MISSION IN SYRIA.

III.—PRESS WORK; PRINTING AND DISTRIBUTING OF BIBLES, TRACTS, &c.

	1876.	1884.	1885.	1886.	1887.	1888.
Bible House and Press Establishment:	1	1	1	1	1	1
Steam Presses	3	3	3	4	4	4
Hand Presses	2	6	6	6	6	6
Hydraulic Press	1	1	1	1	1	1
Lithographic Press	1	1	1	1	1	1
Type Foundry—Casting Machines	1	2	2	2	3	3
Electrotype Apparatus	1	1	1	1	1	1
Stereotype Apparatus	.	.	.	1	1	1
Embossing Presses	1	1	2	2	2	2
Hot Rolling Press	.	.	.	1	1	1
Press Employees	44	41	44	50	45	48
Publications on Press Catalogue	207	258	268	336	346	380
Volumes printed during the year	38,450	47,500	87,900	72,050	57,000	100,900
Pages " " "	13,786,980	19,235,547	27,981,600	33,284,675	20,085,500	28,722,968
Of which pages of Scriptures	4,277,500	9,465,000	17,378,600	19,331,750	11,117,000	18,045,000
" " Tracts	232,000	451,600	1,045,500	1,702,500	1,671,100	1,586,100
Total pages from the beginning	159,810,300	283,760,444	311,742,044	345,026,716	365,112,219	393,835,187
*Scriptures distributed during the year	5,641	15,953	23,576	15,571	21,484	26,848
†Other Books and Tracts sold and distributed	25,721	28,232	36,752	63,311	223,649	76,198
Copies of publications of all kinds issued during the year	.....	.....	.....	372,710	284,450	323,550

*These figures represent the Copies of Scriptures sold and sent out from our Mission Press to private purchasers, and to our own and other Missions, and to Bible Society Agencies, for further distribution.

†The distribution has been by the various Missions among Arabic speaking peoples and the American and British Bible and Tract Societies.

The Physicians of the Medical Department of the Syrian College have been appointed by the Order of St. John, in Berlin, as the Medical Attendants of the "Johanniter Hospital" in Beirut. This most interesting Charity, supported by the above named Order, and served also by the Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth, has received during the past years:

	1876.	1884.	1885.	1886.	1887.	1888.
Indoor Patients	537	571	595	465	440	491
Patients treated in the Polyclinique	9,162	7,489	6,009	7,126	7,628	8,390
Total of days of treatment	17,500	16,489	16,348	13,146	11,842	11,953

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LAND, THE PEOPLE, THE MAN.

The Call of Abraham the Beginning of God's Purpose to Develop the Race. National Peculiarities of the Hebrews: 1. They have Faith. 2. Domestic Affection. 3. Sentimental, the "Holy Land." 4 Conservative, old Pentateuch, old Customs, Samaritans. 5. The Hebrew impressed his Religion on others. Examples.—In debt to the Jew.—Smallest and Greatest. Final Product.—Strength made perfect in Weakneess.

WHEN we consider the geographical position of Palestine, the topography, climate, and vegetable productions of the country and the peculiar history and characteristics of the Hebrew people, we see a remarkable fitness in the land and the people to entitle them to that choice made by God, in using them to carry out his purpose concerning the race of mankind, in their development. Geikie says the land is peculiarly adapted to qualify its inhabitants to write a book for all men, on account of the cosmopolitan character of its vegetable growth.

But what is still more significant is the character of the Israelites. The call of Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees has no counterpart in the history of any other family. The announcements made to him, from time to time, were new, mys-

terious, wonderful, and as far removed from him in their ultimate designs as the steamer that carries the international mails is from the secrets that slumber in its mammoth hold.

Palestine has been on the highway of the nations from time immemorial. Asia Minor, Assyria, Persia and all the north and east passed that way to Egypt, Abyssinia, Ethiopia and all places in Africa and *vice versa,* whether their mission was one of war, commerce or emigration, thus making it one of the strategic points most valuable in impinging against the citizenship of the world. The characteristics of Abraham and his posterity were such as God wished to be adopted universally.

1. *In the first place Abraham had faith in God.* He believed God meant well towards man. that all he *did* was for man's good; that he had a great *concern* for man. He believed this with such an intensity that he was ready to co-operate with God in any plan, to undertake any task imposed upon him by God, so that he obtained the honorable titles " Friend of God," " Father of the Faithful."

This same peculiarity is exhibited in his children, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, and others whose names are recorded in Hebrews xi.

2. *Domestic Affection* is peculiar to the Hebrews. While God has given parental love to the lower animals even, it is a remarkable fact that fallen human nature descends below the brute world in many respects; and the nations of the east show

an aversion to their children, especially female children, that is not paralleled among the lower animals, so far as I know. At this time, there are places where a little money would purchase a car load of children from their parents, and many female babes are strangled at birth. But the Israelites loved their children. Witness Jacob when he thought Joseph torn by wild beasts, and when Benjamin was required ere they could obtain more bread. "All these things are against one," said he, "you will bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave," or Joseph when he saw Benjamin—Gen. 45—or David weeping over a would-be parricide, until his heart seemed broken.

3. They were a very *sentimental* people, and carried their sentiment into their religion. Other nations built temples in honor of their gods and sacrificed in them, and feared and revered their divinities, but no where is it said they loved them. Their worship was of the head—it never reached their hearts. Hebrews had conceptions of a being with sentiment Jacob wrestled and agonized in prayer until he prevailed. David said, "my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." And their sentimental nature is seen today by the way they repair weekly to the outside of the Sanctuary wall, and weep as near the site of their once glorious temple as possible, and the further fact that every Jew buried in foreign lands wishes the "holy sand," or some of Pales-

tine's soil sprinkled upon his grave, and the Talmud says they think that in some mysterious manner the pious dead will make their way under ground to Mt. Olivet, just above Jehoshophat and appear on the ground at the resurrection.

4. The Jew was *conservative*. This fitted him for receiving the sacred oracles, the written and oral law. No better evidence need be adduced than the facts that they have kept the Pentateuch intact, or not materially altered through the greatest imaginable vicissitudes, and the rising and falling of empires, the birth and death of many nations, the extremes of climate, exaltation and persecution such as no other people has known; all have been too weak to more than barely modify the habits of this people. The Samaritans, of Jewish origin partly, (a remnant of about two hundred remain at Sychar,) still retain a Pentateuch manuscript said to be twenty-six hundred years old, and it is about the same as ours, and they still worship in the mountains of Gerizim, as the woman of Sychar said to Jesus, and as they were directed by Moses—Exodus 12.

5. Once more, the Hebrew was *aggressive*, or rather had the faculty of impressing his faith upon other people, as Joseph in Egypt, whom we cannot think of having a higher office at first than that of a donkey-boy, yet he made such progress as to stand beside Pharoah, all the time taking care of his religion, and saying that it was in conse-

quence of his God that he did well. He preached God the GOOD to the King, and with success.

Daniel, a captive lad, did the same, became prime minister to four or five of the world's greatest monarchs, and made Nebuchadnezzar say there is no God but Daniel's God. "Now I, Nebuchadnezzar, praise and extol and honor the King of heaven, all whose works are truth, and His ways judgment; and those that walk in pride He is able to abase."

Likewise did Esther and Mordecai and Ezra and Nehemiah.

Endowed thus, with powers and peculiarities on which to base individual and national prosperity and development, God put this nation in contact with the people of the earth at opportune times and in wise ways, making such occasions reciprocally serviceable, mutually elevating, developing and diffusing light and knowledge until other nations, besides, might be put in charge of the mission which only one at first could undertake.

We owe the Jew a debt. We obtained from him what is best in us, at least the germs of it; if not the nature, a knowledge of the first principles. We believe for his excellence he was chosen. His excellent qualities were made prominent by the favor of God, and his testimony is not nearly at an end. Let him be kindly considered for as George Eliot has said, "The well being of Israel is the well being of the church."

Traveling the length and breadth of this land, if there has been any change whatever in my religious views it has been to intensify my faith in the inspiration of Scripture, and the divinity of Jesus Christ. When we consider the narrow limits of Palestine, the arduous toil necessary to production, and no resources whatever besides those of agriculture, and the feeding of flocks; and when we consider that the Canaanites and other tribes filled the country and occupied cities with high walls, and that a nation which had for centuries been in bondage, and showed its capacity and disposition for war in the conduct of ten of the twelve spies sent to investigate, and the conduct of the camp on hearing their report; when we consider too, little time was occupied in taking enough land for their use and cities enough for their comfortable dwelling; and when we read the law guaranteeing peace and prosperity, and the conditions forfeiting the divine favor in Deut. 28, etc., and study the history of the Jews, we see a proof of the divine hand all through.

When we consider again, these narrow limits and contrast the products of this shepherd people in the world of thought and morals, with the productions of surrounding nations, the conclusion is they were under the divine guidance. There is the Ganges, the Euphrates, both flowing through lands of incalculable wealth. There are Egypt and the Nile. There are Greece, Rome, and

all the rest. They have given Ninevah, Babylon, Thebes with "hundred gates," Cheops, the Acropolis, Parthenon and Colosseum. They have given us warriors, statesmen, historians, poets, painters, sculptors, etc.. etc., showing that there was not an indigenous genius here, for all other lands have equalled this in ordinary and extraordinary talent. But this little section has done more than any other one, or all others, to shape the world's morals aright. The Philosophers have all had a sameness about their sayings and doings, but the heroes of Scripture have had uncommon and unique experiences.

Abraham, Job, Moses, David, Elijah and Daniel were not as the other great men of earth. They were in many respects similar to one another; but unlike the heroes of poetry, history and biography of other lands.

Abraham, Isaac and Jacob stand out alone before the world as moral pioneers, marking a highway of faith and obedience, not yet improved upon, and in studying these men, we must do so as being without the written word and examples since recorded. "These all died in the faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them."

But once more; when we remember that this people, with such noble sires, proved unworthy sons, lost their liberty and became subject to pagan

masters, from one of the meanest of their towns, of the poorest parents, gave to the world a man of pure lips, of pure habits, of infinite knowledge and wisdom, totally unselfish amidst the most selfish, possessed of a power defiant of armies, of accumulated ecclesiastical and traditional energy, of wealth or other power, going about doing good gratuitously, laying his hand upon storms, devils and diseases, determining their limit and power; and choosing the most ignoble men to take up and carry forward his work where he left it off, until it should fill the earth; who put greater premium on suffering as a means to secure adherents than on temporal gratifications; in fact, a man doing all things in a manner different from all other men, against all men's natural propensities, yet making them say "he hath done all things well;" when we study his life in his land, his time and his people, when we consider how unfavorable his antecedents, and his environments from every standpoint, and the sublimity, purity, simplicity and universal sweep of his teachings, and that his biographer said "the common (!) people heard him gladly," and who himself said for eternal record, "If a man compel thee to go a mile with him, go with him two," and "if he sue thee at the law and take away thy cloak, let him have thy coat also"—a man who, without reading history, political or moral science, yet announced instinctively the foundation principles on which alone

pure and substantial, civil and social institutions can permanently be based. His foundations need not to be widened, nor narrowed, and "other foundation can no man lay." "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away;" when we consider all these things and stand before this cosmopolitan character speaking to every nation and every man, whose words need no altering forever, but only to be obeyed, we bow down before him and say with Nicodemus, "Thou art a teacher come from God," and with the centurion, "surely this man was the son of God," and with Peter, who knew him best of all, "Thou art the Christ of God."

CHAPTER XXIV.

AMONG THE GRECIAN ISLES.

Beirut to Cyprus, Copper Island.—General Cesnola.—Lazarus' Grave.—Venus' Birthplace.—How they employ Criminals.—Some Criminals not apprehended.—Rhodes.—Cos, Birthplace of Hippocrates and Apelles.—Halicarnassus, where was one of the "Seven Wonders."—Leros—Patmos.—Chios.

"Where burning Sappho loved and sung—
"Where Venus rose and Phœbus sprung,"
We sailed, the Grecian Isles among.

ON account of cargo, we were delayed thirty hours at Beirut, and it is dark ere the rattle of loading machinery ceases, and the thud of the propeller begins. All night we go one hundred and fifty six miles over a rough sea ere we reach Cyprus, our first landing place. As we stay here four hours, there is an opportunity and a proposition to go ashore. We are half a mile from Larnaka, the principal town of the island, and land in small row boats. Cyprus derives its name from *Kupros*, a plant that grows here and makes a reddish and yellowish dye, with which the women throughout the East color their nails. Once the island was covered with forests, but these have all disappeared. Once large copper mines were

worked, and from Homer to Alexander and later, they excelled in the manufacture of brazen armor. It is said the metal copper derives its name from *Aes Cuprium*—shortened to copper.

The King of Larnaka, called Chittim in the Scriptures—presented Alexander the Great with a sword, so we are told by the historians. Cyprus produces wheat, barley, cotton, silk, madder, oil, wine, caroobs (the husks of the prodigal son) and salt. But locusts are said to eat up and destroy nearly half the products of the farmer commonly.

General di Cesnola, who was consul here for several years, made very important discoveries at many of the ancient city sites, all of which are fully detailed in his book. We saw one place which he had honey-combed, finding only an ancient cistern containing a few relics of a remote age.

About the only thing worth visiting at Larnaka is the Church of St. Lazarus, (Greek.) You are shown the spot where he died, after coming from Palestine, and where he is buried (?) There is a painting of him in the church, also of his resurrection, in which a bystander is holding his nose to shut out the scent of the corpse. Our young readers of Mythology will remember that it was here that the goddess Venus rose from the foam of the sea, and a yearly festival is still held here, in which all go out on the water in boats; it is believed to be on the anniversary of Venus' birth from

the sea, and so celebrated. Anciently young men specially sought wives on these festival occasions, no doubt many do still.

Ezek. 27 : 6 represents these islands as making box and cedar wood fabrics inlaid with ivory. They have maintained this habit to the present time, although ivory has given place to mother of pearl, which is probably meant by the prophet, for when we reached Rhodes, the next point at which we anchored, the natives came on board with large baskets full of boxes for tobacco, matches, card cases, etc., with books and birds, and canes of olive and lemon wood, some of them containing at least fifty pieces of mother of pearl, manufactured by the state prisoners, and selling very cheap.

We all bought several articles apiece. The most popular article of any seemed to be a bird. It was made so that the wings open and shut on hinges and the back with the wings open on another hinge, showing a jewel case in the body. As they hurried from the boat one of these birds was dropped from the basket in which they were carried. I and a Greek Priest were the first parties on deck next morning, and he found it. I told him that the Captain would take it back to the owners when the vessel returned and it should be sent back to them. The thought of such a thing seemed strange to him. He said such things were never done thereabouts; and I judge he spake truly if he did not act honestly.

Very anciently there was a high state of civilization among the Rhodians, and they were very powerful in commerce and on the seas, and Strabo tells us that the city of Rhodes was more magnificent than either Rome or Alexandria, both of which he had visited. Rhodes (the island) furnished three of the cities that formed the Dorian Hexapolis. These three afterwards united to make the city of Rhodes, B. C. 409. The architect was Hippodannes of Miletus. 184 years later they erected the statue of Apollo which stood little over half a century, as one of the seven wonders of the world. The Romans drew largely on their codes of civil laws, which were in advance of those of other contemporaneous nations.

They were engaged in many of the wars that were waged on the various coasts of the Mediterranean. They very bravely fought to maintain their independence against the European masters from Greece and Italy. They submitted however to Alexander, but renounced the domination of his successors. It is painful now to see the degenerate race that occupy, where once large wealth and learning were common; now there is a proscription on even the effort to learn to read; scarcely five per cent of the people can write their names, nor is it vastly better in most of these classic islands. I might relate sad tales of fire and bloodshed in the history of several of the group form-

ing the Grecian Archipelago, but the school boy can find them all in his history.

The next day, after leaving Rhodes, we came fairly into the Grecian Archipelago. From the deck one sees islands rise from the water, seeming to shut us in on all sides, now one rises suddenly from the sea and projects several hundred feet into the air; some rise into lofty mountains, one or two of which were covered on top with snow, while others stretch far away into undulating hills and plains. At sunrise we sight Kos, or Cos, far ahead; it seems that we will leave it to the right, when the ship turns North, and we leave it to the left. Everybody wishes to see all they can of Kos, and are above, with glasses, taking in that part nearest the ship. Here Hippocrates was born, the great medical man, and some claim Apelles, the famous artist, who painted a portrait of Alexander the great, who would not suffer it done by any other artist. Kos, the capital, is a pretty seaport town.

Then, soon we come to Halicarnassus, the birth place of the great historian, Herodotus, of Dionysius, and Heraclitus, the poet, the principal city of the island of Caria. It was here that Artemesia, the Queen, built the famous Mausoleum over her husband, Mausolus, that ranked as one of the seven wonders of the world. It was far off our line and we could only see it through glasses.

We next land at Leros, a town of 3,000 inhabitants, built in and on the steep sides of a ravine.

From the sea back the houses rise like stairsteps. On one hill top, overhanging the city, are the remains of the old fortress, besieged so long in vain by the Turks; on another are about half a dozen windmills with giant-like arms, which look very lazy to one accustomed to seeing everything done by steam power. We pass Patmos without stopping. Of course there was universal regret that we must be content with merely looking from the ship's deck, instead of traversing from side to side, and gathering at least a flower or a stone as a memento of a visit to the one island of all the seas most sacred by its associations to every Christian; but anxious as we were to stop, and glad as we would have been to linger, it was different with those who managed the ship.

About sunset we passed Scio, one of the many places that claim to be the birth place of Homer.

> "Seven cities boast the birth of Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread!"

We pass many steamers and sail boats in these waters, indicating a vast amount of commerce. I have often wondered how ships could sail so much among these islands without shipwreck. The seas are deep to the very shores, however. They have erected light-houses where the danger is greatest, and lie to when it is very dark. Notwithstanding all this the wonder of sailor's skill and good judgment and great success does not cease.

And we lie down to sleep, feeling secure in their hands under the merciful protection of the Father of us all. We awake in the beautiful harbor of Smyrna.

CHAPTER XXV.

SMYRNA AND EPHESUS.

Turkish Custom-house Officers.—A Pretty City.—Markets and Bazaars.—A Heterogeneous Mass.—Protestantism Missions.—Panorama from Mt. Pagus.—Home of the Muses.

Ephesus.—Gates, *Via Sacra*.—Gymnasiums, Agorae.—Theaters.—Stadium.—Baptismal Font of St. Paul's time or soon afterwards.—"Diana of the Ephesian's" Temple.—Scene of Paul's Labors.

WE landed at Smyrna on Sunday morning, and as usual had the Turkish Custom-house Officers to pry into every little parcel in our baggage; this may commonly be avoided, however, by giving them *backsheesh*. If time is precious, or one has doubtful articles, liable to duty, or does not care to have a rough march through one's luggage, it pays to end the matter by giving a *franc*. If on the contrary one has plenty of time, nothing liable to duty, and wishes to see what a Turk can do in the matter if impudence and disregard for others property or feelings, when he has opportunity, one only has to give up his baggage and seem not to understand that he should pay any "thank money," and the officer will show him pretty soon. Smyrna has a population of

200,000 to 300,000, and with its suburbs extends ten or twelve miles around the bay.

It has the prettiest quay I have seen anywhere, and a row of buildings for two miles facing the sea, that for elegance would adorn any city. They are mainly coffee houses, (Turks have no bar-rooms except for "infidels") with dwellings over-head, offices, hotels, and private mansions. The street, 100 feet wide and 3 feet above the water, inclines towards the bay just enough to carry off the rain, and is traversed the whole distance by a tramway-track, at the end of which is the railway to Aidin. Across the bay steam yachts or ferry-boats go flying every few minutes laden with pas-sengers to and from some suburb, while a score of steamers of all the European nations load and unload their cargoes. It would be well not to leave the quay, for very little else is so charming; all the other streets are narrow and mostly very filthy. I remember to have seen dead dogs and cats and rats which were removed only by the slow process of evaporation. Nor were these sights the worst. I went through their fish market. It is a study for the Zoologist—shell fish, slick fish, scaly fish, red fish, black fish, etc., etc. When there, it would appear that there was nothing in town but fish. It is largely so in the vegetable quarter. Then in the bazaars, all covered over with an arch-way, and divided up into stalls much like a livery stable, in each of which a Turk sits

cross-legged and very rarely solicits a customer to buy; these also have sections for certain kinds of goods, each consisting of many stores, calico merchants, silk merchants, tobacco nargeleh (or pipe) merchants, etc., with some good French and Jew stores.

The population is heterogeneous, consisting of Turks, Greeks, French, British, Jews, etc. The Greeks are very much like the Jews in appearance. The houses which are jammed together too close to allow of a yard or garden, or even a street wide enough for a vehicle, often are supplied on the upper or second story with a projecting balcony or box with glass windows on all sides. In these the ladies sit to witness life on the streets below.

I attended services at the English Church on Sunday, and at the Sailors' Bethel, called "Smyrna Rest," Monday night, when Dr. Buckley preached, and I gave an exhortation and prayer.

Protestantism meets with the most violent opposition here, both from the Greeks and Mahometans. The American mission, however, has a good church and two good schools. I met our missionary, who is rather an aged man; he was hopeful of final results. One good thing in Smyrna attracted our notice—their observance of the Sabbath day. All shops were shut except restaurants and *cafes*. We also saw a policeman arrest a vender of green fruit (almonds I believe) as if they had some regard for the healthof the people.

The English Church has in large letters above the altar the following:

"*Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.*"—Rev. 2:10.

Smyrna, site of one of the seven churches still shown , is a very ancient city, though many think the site of the original city some miles away. The present one was built or rebuilt by the order of Alexander the Great, in consequence of a vision he had on Mt. Pagus, by Antigones and Lysimachus, after his death. I went up on Mt. Pagus for the view. In ascending we passed the tomb of Polycarp. On the summit or acropolis is an old fort in a fair state of preservation, though not dating prior to mediæval times. We are now about 500 or 600 feet above the sea and behold a splendid panorama. The quiet city at our feet, beyond the bay with every variety of boats from the trim caik to the great ocean-going iron-clad, and far and near many a suburban village nestled between the mountains and the sea. Farther out are the islands of the Grecian Archipelago. Just here, on the mountain side, is the old theater, its proscenium all torn away to build garden walls, or pave the streets, and the shape, but dimly discernible, where 2,000 years ago the tragedies of Sophocles, and Comedies of Aristophanes delighted the airy minds of the Greek populace. We look towards the interior; how splendid! There is the caravan bridge, and the cemeteries above which wave

graceful cypresses; there are the country roads winding their tortuous way for many a mile until lost behind the hills, and the railways with several trains hurrying on with western ideas for this sluggish people; in the background are the many mountains where Nymphs and Goddesses were born, and the spirits of poesy and song emanated to immortalize their favorite offspring. It seemed as if there lingered still the enchantment known to nature's sons. I descended to go to Ephesus, that I might see more of this inexhaustible and lovely country, so miserably managed under Mosleum rule.

Our Consul said it would be only a waste of time and money to go to Ephesus, that all who went came back disappointed; but some people have a way of their own; such composed our party. At the station I met Rev. Dr. Mills, President of Earlham College. We two failed to telegraph for horses, which Drs. Buckley and Bancroft and Bishop Fowler were careful to do. But we were well, while several of their party were not.

The site of Ephesus is half a mile to a mile and a half from Ayasolook, the railway station, and about fifty miles from Smyrna. It lay on all sides of the small mountain, Prion, and at the foot of a larger one, Mt. Coressus, separated by a valley about 500 feet wide. In this valley, and on the side of Prion next to Coressus, south, was one of their gymnasiums, the walls of which are still *in*

situ, and near the gymnasium the Magnesian gate, through which on May 25th of each year processions bearing the image of Artemis came from the Temple of Diana along the *Via Sacra*, and at which they were met by Ephebi, or young men of the city, and so were led to the theater, and afterwards to the Corresian gate, whence they returned to the Temple, having passed through the main streets of the city, and entirely around Mt. Prion. Going south from the Magnesia gate we pass the Basilica, of Roman production, the agora, or wool market, the Odeon, or Lyric theater.

This is built on the south side of Prion, the natural incline of the hill serving for the elevation of the seats. The front is 153 feet in diameter, and it is estimated to have had a seating capacity of about 2300. Wood, who exhumed the buried city, found here the statue of Lucius Verus, now in the British Museum, and a life-size statue of the muse Erato, with a 7-stringed lyre and a pedestal at her side. All the interior of the Odeon was white marble, vast amounts of which are scattered all around; the door posts and many seats are still in their original position. A little farther on towards the south we passed another market place, and still farther on the west side of the mountain is the great Theater, which is of so much interest because of its connection with the history of St. Paul. We walked about through the vast but wasted place, and while we endeavored to

recall in imagination the ancient splendor of the pile, and the excited people, who "rushed with one accord into the Theater." I took out my Bible and read the account of the excitement in the 19th chapter of Acts.

This theater is in the shape of a horse-shoe, and is 495 feet by 467 feet through the two greatest diameters. It is variously estimated tohave held from 25,000 to 60,000 people. Like the Odeon, it is also on the hill side. The front and gates were of marble, carved into figures of exquisite beauty. This was repaired after the temple had been destroyed, as shown by many decrees passed and carved on the stones of the building, one of which gives citizenship to Agathocles in consequence of his giving the city 14,000 measures of corn. One is a decree of Hadrian, A. D. 120, etc.

Evidenily this theater, or some similar one, suggested the idea of the Colosseum to Vespasian. In front of the theater are the *Agora* and the great gymnasium, while a few miles west we look out upon the sea. On the north side of Prion is the Stadium of the Augustinian age, where Ben Hur, Aldebaran, Atair, Antares and Rigel made themselves to be sung by the women and children in the tents, because of victory over the insolent Roman. We try to find the seat where poor Simonides and Esther sat to look upon the exciting scene. We try to fix the place where the unfortunate Messala was crushed to the wall,

and fill the great area, nearly one thousand feet long, with excited spectators.*

The west end was adorned by an open columniated screen in tiers. The bases of some of the supporting columns are still to be seen. In front of the Stadium, to the west, is the Serapion, where offerings were made to Serapis. It is elevated about fifty feet above the race course of the Stadium and covers about two hundred and fifty square feet; in the center is a rock cut foundation containing an altar, reached by four flights of steps and three piers for columns between each flight. We saw on the way here a baptismal font of marble belonging to one of the Christian churches that used to be here, which when full of water contained only nine inches, showing that the Ephesian Church did not immerse. Near by is shown the tomb of St. Luke.

Passing out by where once stood the Corresian gate, a little north of the Stadium, the principal street led to the Temple of Diana or Artemis about one mile north of Prion. On the east of Prion is the cave of the Seven Sleepers and many Christian tombs. We now cross the fertile plain and the Cayster, formerly much larger than at present, and come upon the site of one of the seven wonders of the world, until within the last two decades concealed from human eyes by twenty feet of silt-

*We could not remember whether the race was run here or at Antioch when writing the above. It was at the latter place, however.

ings, the world renowned Temple of Diana; the platform covered eight acres, and rested on a bed of charcoal between two layers of mortar. This served the double purpose of diminishing moisture about the base and destruction by earthquakes. This Temple was many times destroyed and rebuilt, always upon the same foundation. The last but one was burned by Herostratus, who had despaired of making a great name by fair means, and thought to immortalize himself as an iconoclast.

The city fell into the hands of Alexander the Great before the last temple was finished. He offered to complete it at his own expense if the Ephesian City Magnates would allow his picture to be placed in it, but they refused by the flattering but evasive reply that it was not fitting that one God should pay homage to another. We give some of the dimensions of this wonderful structure. On the lowest step it measured 418 ft. by 239 ft. 4½ in. The pavement of the peristyle was 9½ ft. above the street and reached by 14 steps, 19 inches wide in the tread. The temple itself was 342 ft. 6½ in. by 163 ft. 9½ in. and was octastyle, i. e. with 8 columns in front, and dipteral, i. e. two rows of columns on the sides. These were in rows of 20 each, one hundred columns in all (27 of them gifts of Kings) of the improved Ionic order, measuring 6 ft. ½ in. at the base and 8 ½ diameters in height, making them, base, capital and all about

60 feet high. We saw great quantities of the ruins of these columns scattered about. The parts of the Temple were called Pronaos, or porch in front, the vestibule, cella, or large chamber, at the end of which was the altar for sacrifices, beyond the altar was the statue of the goddess, then a room called Opisthodomos, and the Posticum or porch on the rear, corresponding to the Pronaos, on the front. Some of these temples that we have visited are very suggestive of the human nature of the deities inhabiting them, notably that of Denderah. But not so this. The whole was covered with marble slabs, except the space above the altar and image. The whole was of white marble.

The Goths set fire to this last temple A. D. 262, and the world's great centers have gone on changing from place to place, until Ephesus once so magnificent, has so well nigh perished as to be almost forgotten. Once Antony and Cleopatra lived here, once Alexander begged in vain for honors it might give, once here was the image that "all Asia and the world worshippeth" enthroned in "marble halls." Here Paul fought with beasts, because of the advantage he should gain by the resurrection. Here was one of the seven churches to whom John was commissioned to write and say: "I know thy works and thy labor and thy patience, nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love."

Here was that band of brethren, whom Paul

"ceased not to warn day and night with tears, by the space of three years," and to whom he afterwards wrote from Rome by Tychicus, his epistle, so full of encouragement, solicitous exhortation and prayer.

Alas, that all this greatness should perish—that these splendid monuments now should be inhabited only by bats, jackals and serpents—that these columns and gates should be put into mean and useless fences; yet so it is. Still farther to the north is an old Castle, built by the Knights of St. John in the 14th and 15th centuries. Here is also a Mohammetan mosque, into which much of the material of the temple was worked. On this side also are left standing a few of the pillars of the ancient aqueduct that supplied the city with water. On the tops of these, about 40 feet high, the storks build and rear their young. They were very numerous during our visit, and as tame as chickens.

It was our good fortune to have the best guide procurable—Mr. Mills and I—one who was with Mr. Wood in his excavations, 1863-1869, and knew everything well. Quite satisfied with our visit, at 4 p. m. we took the cars for Smyrna. The scenery was very fine. To the north was Mt. Tmolus, covered with snow, and on both sides smaller members of the range covered with bright angelicas, and the low shrubbery with bursting buds and springing grasses. In one of these hills the ancients say

Artemis was born, but we did not visit her birthplace.

We ran upon a herd of several hundred horses grazing, but they are fearless of the locomotive. We passed many *fellahs* plowing with the same kind of plows used thousands of years ago. However, they break the land well, about one-eighth of an acre per day. To-morrow we shall bid adieu to Asia and sail for Greece.

The question is often asked: "If Christianity is destined to predominate, why have Mussulmen sway in the countries where once Paul preached and Christian churches stood, which have gone to decay?" It may be said, in reply, that the religion of the Moslem is nearer to the truth than either the ancient Greek or Roman paganism which prevailed in these countries referred to, and the true religion has more protection now in those places than it then had. Besides, the aggressive force of Christianity has been expended in other directions rather than at those places where it began to manifest itself. Perhaps few if any of those places have grown worse since Paul's day. Many of them have grown better. It is true, as Carlisle says in his Hero-worship: The good of the old is retained until it is absolved and recast in the new.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM ASIA TO GREECE.

Minerva Sunium.—Piraeus. Athens.—First Impressions, Among Ruins, Prison of Socrates. Acropolis, Theseum, Mars Hill. Vandalism.—Center of the World. —Enchanted Ground, Dishonored Shrine.—King of Greece.—Pedagogues still Peripatetic.

"Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Behind Morea's hills, the setting sun."

—*Byron.*

WE left Smyrna for Athens on a stormy sea, that grew more boisterous every mile we advanced, and only three of our number were comfortable on deck, of whom I was one, and proud to think myself able to defy, at last, the Mediterranean's worst. We pass on the route the temple of Minerva Sunium situated on a high, rocky promontory overlooking the sea. Out of sight of human dwellings, it is a magnificent ruin standing, like "the lone Indian," a sentinel over the land whose glory has departed, and the seas where that glory was largely won.

At 11 A. M., we reached Piraeus, the seaport of Athens, a city of 50,000 inhabitants, and having an excellent harbor filled with the crafts of all nations. Four miles to the northeast is Athens

with 75,000 inhabitants. Some of us go up in carriages, some on the cars.

The first impression made on the mind is relief at the vast improvement upon the populations of Egypt, Palestine and Asia Minor, in the dwellings, manners and clothing of the people. Business is conducted much as I had been used to at home; the streets were cleanly, the buildings tasteful, and life, energy and snap greeted us at every turn. I and President Mills hire a guide to conduct us to the sights of Athens that was. We go first to the Temple of Thesens, who made himself immortal on the fields of Marathon before the haughty Persian was vanquished there; to whom was ascribed the honor of uniting into one commonwealth the twelve States into which Cecrops divided Attica. The national hero of the Greeks, they erected this temple to receive his bones which Cimon brought from Scyros, B. C. 469, and it became a tomb, a temple and an asylum all in one, and while one of the earliest works of ancient Athens, it is the best preserved; 104x45 feet, having a peristyle of Doric columns, it served as a model for the advanced age and national prosperity that produced the Parthenon under Pericles the first of Grecian statesmen, and Phidias the first of *all* sculptors. We then go to the so-called prison of Socrates, where he is said to have drunk the fatal cup of hemlock. It is only traditional, and for-

ever beyond the reach of certainty, but certainly every indication favors the tradition.

It is a cave divided into two rooms, cut into the solid stone, the first cave or room faces the Acropolis, and is entered by a door, of about the ordinary size; the second one, in which the sage was confined is entered from the first by a narrow door on the back side and near the right corner. We go next to Areopagus or Mar's Hill. It is reached by sixteen steps which though cut in the solid stone are nearly worn out, one or two being gone entirely. A few places cut smooth on the top point out, it is thought, where the accuser and accused stood in trials held here; the Council that met here was called the Upper Council, the one meeting in the valley being called the Council of Five Hundred. Its name is derived from the double name of Mars, and Ares. He was tried here, for the murder of Neptune's son, by the Gods and the place has since been called Areopagus or Mar's Hill! It lies to the west of the Acropolis and is separated from it by a valley, which has largely been filled up by the accumulation of rubbish for many centuries.

Vandalism has well nigh done its worst in Athens. Only think of demolishing the temples that were not only the pride and glory of Athens at her acme of greatness but the unrivalled production of architectural genius in all ages, for material with which to shelter an ignoble race, too

lazy to go to the quarries, or of taking the columns that formed the supports of the roof or architraves of the temples of Jove or Minerva, and use them for burning lime kilns, and we have a sample of what has been going on here for centuries, and an answer to the question, why are there not more of the remains of ancient Athens?

The second day we visit the Acropolis, the elevated rock upon which Cecrops began to build Athens 1550 years B. C. It is a nearly level area, about one thousand feet from east to west by half that distance from north to south. It was fancifully said to be the center of four other concentric circles, viz.: Athens the city, Attica, Greece, the world.

It is entered only through the propylea, on the west, the finest ever built, executed under the direction of Pericles, and though much abused by the unappreciative rulers that have dominated here for many centuries, and the inevitable friction of rolling years, the mind easily rebuilds the abused but still graceful structure, and rejoices in contemplation of what it once was, while we

> "Sigh for the touch of a vanished hand
> And the voice that is hushed in death forever."

We pass the great Propylea and stand on soil pressed by some of the greatest men of antiquity. Just to the right of the gate Lord Byron

is supposed to have sat as he wrote the following lines:

"Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run
Along Morea's hills, the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows.
On old Aegina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile,
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tendered tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course and own the hues of heaven
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind the Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep."

—*The Corsair.*

Here they concentrated their thoughts, their genius and wealth for the glory and protection of their nation. On this area were to be found many temples erected in honor of their gods and goddesses, the chief of which was Minerva or Athena, in whose honor three images arose and the two grandest of their temples. The irregular Erectheum and the Parthenon both contained images of Jove's virgin daughter. The Parthenon, which contained her statue, 33 feet high, the work of Phidias and made of ivory and gold, covered with gold ornaments to the amount of nearly half a million dollars, presented in its Doric columns,

metopes and fretted frieze not only the best school of architecture, but the richest museum of sculpture and choicest collection of paintings in all the world: "dedicated to the national glory and the worship of the gods."

The Venetians bombarding the Turks in the 17th century, set fire to a powder magazine here, and well nigh demolished this temple. The columns on the west end present many indentations made by bombs and grape shot. May we not hope that a perpetual peace has settled upon the Acropolis at last?

The present King, George, has shown a praiseworthy disposition to exhume and preserve whatever relics still remain undiscovered. He has had a museum fitted up in the rear of the Parthenon for the reception of such relics as have been recently found, or may be, and had the ancient Stadium excavated a year or two since at his own expense.

We went through the museum and was chagrined at the paucity of the remains that greeted our eyes. We visited the Acropolis on three successive days, with the same sense of admiration for the Greeks of the perishability of all earthly productions though they be marble or brass, of the truth of the poet's words that "He builds too low who builds beneath the skies," and of the Scripture that saith "Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain who build it."

We visited the few standing columns that mark the site of the magnificent temple of the Olympian Zeus.

The Odeon, or Theatre of Herod, is still to be seen on the south side, below the Acropolis, and east of this the Theatre of Dionysius, with the seat of Dionysius, in which I sat. It is one piece of marble with rests like an arm chair, and his name is carved on the front of it in Greek. These theatres were for the enactment of tragedies, recitations of poems, etc. The seats were all of stone and were arranged in semi-circular tiers one above another.

There was a pedagogue surrounded by about fifty or sixty young men and boys standing at the entrance to this theatre, and our guide said (for though I had read Greek at school, I could not understand a word he spoke), he was lecturing on the political history of Greece, and striving to arouse their patriotic impulses by speaking to them amid the ruins of better times. He would point to the Acropolis above, the theatre in front, the country or battle-fields in the distance, and was animated in his delivery and interesting to his audience. I was reminded of the old peripatetics of whom I read when a boy.

Other objects of which I may not speak at large but which we could not afford to slight, were the temple of Nike, or the wingless victory, at the threshhold of the Acropolis, Tower of the winds,

Stadium, the Gate of Hadrian, the Agora, or market-place where St. Paul disputed "daily with them that met with him."

CHAPTER XXVII.

AMONGST SAVANTS.

Academy of Plato.—Where Cereals were first planted, and Olive trees.—Soil and Products.—Eleusis.—Cutting Greece in two.—Vessels going by Land.—Corinth.—Acro-Corinthus.—Pirene, where Pegasus drank.—We view the Whole Land.—A Solemn Moment.—The American School at Athens.—Mt. Lycabettus.—Athens Gave, Let her Receive again.

THE morning of April 12th was somewhat threatening; several watery looking clouds were floating through the skies not very high above the Capitol city of Greece. The train was due to leave the station for Peloponnesus at 7 o'clock. The previous evening, seven of us met in the parlor of the Hotel for Foreigners, where all were stopping except myself, I being at the Hotel of the Ionian Islands two squares away, and arranged with a guide to visit Corinth by the early train. The distance was three hours, and we had six hours in which to do old Corinth and the Acro-Corinthus, which was the chief object of our visit.

Five of our company were preachers, four of these, D. D's.; five were Americans; two were col-

lege Presidents; the two who were not ministers were Sunday school teachers.

Soon after starting we passed a hillock to the left, which our guide called the Academy of Socrates, a little farther on, to the right, the place where Plato's Academy was, or his garden which he inherited and in which he is said, by Diogenes, to have taught, as well as in the Academy. Near by our guide pointed out the birth-place of Miltiades and the plain in which the first cereals, given by the goddess Ceres for the rescue of her daughter, Proserpine, were planted. They chose a good place to begin at, as the soil is still very fertile after continued cultivation for more than twenty-five centuries. It is a dark red clay and had a fine crop of wheat or barley growing on it during our journey. There were a great many poppies in full bloom, mingled with the wheat, which, however, some of our company, better versed in Botany than myself, contended were not poppies, but anemones, or something else.

It is in the same locality in which the Greeks claim the first Olive tree was planted on earth; they still abound, also.

Our first stopping place was Eleusis, once powerful enough to contend with Athens for the sovereignty of Attica, and more ancient than Athens or even Ceres whom they worshipped, whose temple the Persians destroyed when they invaded Attica, but which was rebuilt by Ictines

the architect of the Parthenon under Pericles, but to be again demolished by the German vandal Alaric, A. D. 395. Its shattered walls stand on a rocky knoll, about two minutes walk from the station, in the midst of a people who seem not only to have no pride at remembrance of the glory attained by their ancestors, but not even the remembrance of that glory or even conception of it; yes,

"All except their sun is set."

The road winds around the bay of Eleusis, then the gulf of Ægina filled with small islands. We saw hundreds of birds floating on the surface and feeding on the small fishes just below the surface.

The hillsides are covered with worthless, scrubby pines, a few feet high, besides which we saw no timber at all. We passed over the Corinthian Isthmus through which many rulers vainly sought to cut a channel large enough for the passage of vessels. Among those wishing thus to unite the Saronic and Corinthian gulfs were three of the Cæsars and Alexander the Great, and previous to them Diodorus Poliorcetes, who abandoned his purpose because he found he would inundate the country on the Saronic gulf. However, the moderns have found out the error of Demetrius and will soon have the two seas flowing together, and Peloponnesus will be an island. The canal is cut through the stone most of the way, and is two or three hundred feet deep in several places, judg-

ing only from what I could see from the cars as we crossed.

How strange to think, as we looked upon the rough ground between the two seas, almost five miles apart, that the Greeks used to draw their vessels from one to the other overland! However, that was previous to the days of ironclads and the Great Eastern. We stopped at Corinth Station, somewhere within the old city limits, no doubt, but about eight miles from the citadel, Acro-Corinthus.

We took carriages and rode to a small village of half a dozen dwellings, passing on the route several places paved with smooth stones and circular in shape, about one hundred feet in diameter. Our carriages halted in a cluster of houses under some large sycamore trees, one of which extended its ample shade over us while we dined on a rude table, for the use of which we paid a drachma (20 cts.) We were soon besieged by antiquity venders, having "*genuine antiques*", tear bottles, cups, kylixes, &c., &c.; which, they said, were once used by the ancient Corinthians.

Near by where we ate, a few Doric columns, tied at the top by large stones, fragments of the old architrave, mark the site of the only remaining temple of the gods of Corinth, and the only building that St. Paul looked upon during his sojourn there. From this temple we took horses and rode to the gates of the citadel, about three miles distant, and

two thousand feet high. This was the most impregnable fortress known to the ancients, called the "fetters of Greece" by Philip, and could be taken only by surprise or treachery, and even since the days of artillery can be taken from one side only, a pointed rock to the southwest from which it was battered and taken by Mohammed the Second. There are two or three sets of gates that must be passed ere one can reach the interior. Within the walls are the remains of a large town, perhaps not less than twelve thousand people once lived on this rocky pinnacle; none of the houses, however, remain intact, all have been partially or quite torn down. Two Mohammedan mosques remain, shattered as the rest. In the largest one about halfway from the gates to the highest point of the hill, two cows were quietly resting in the shade, chewing their cuds.

"Here is the spring at which Pegasus was drinking when taken by Bellerophon." At proper intervals along the walls many old cannon were distributed, but all at which they could belch forth their missiles of woe was gone.

Where two thousand years ago marble temples stood in honor of Venus, where was the Stadium, the Theatre, the Agora, the Lyceum and Academy, all was still; Mohamed's had likewise come and gone.

A few patches of houses (I will not say towns), disgraced the ample plains below, once teeming

with cultivated citizens, who excelled in painting and casting and working of glass as their neighbors at Athens did in sculpture, who probably are the authors of the bronze Hercules in the Vatican which cost Pius, the ninth, over ten millions of pounds.

A few crafts float in the harbors of the opposite seas, where once were forests of masts, whence sailed the first war galleys and whither came the commerce of all the Orient.

Looking over the Corinthian gulf we saw Mount Parnassus northwest, mantled in snow having Delphi, "Where save a feeble fountain, all is still," to the left, and many mountain peaks in view, the mention of whose names calls to mind some tragic event in history, some metamorphosis of the mythologist, some immortal song of the poet.

We all gathered at the highest point and scanned the horizon round through our glasses, then the nearer landscape, then back into each other's eyes to read reflections that might find expression there. What melancholy emotions involuntarily arise in witnessing how the glory of man may vanish and come to nought!

We returned, reaching Athens about 7 p. m., and felt, as President Mills expressed it, that though he had to go over the road three times, it would not be too often. I learned something of value from the discussion between him and Dr. B.

about the habits of literary men, and furnished a good amount of diversion by interpreting a query respecting the garrulity of a noted beer-drinker, whom we had met, to refer to a want of gastric equilibrium.

The next day, in company with three of the gentlemen of the party that went to Corinth, we visited the American School of Archæology History and Literature. We met Prof. Rolfe, a graduate of Amherst College, and for some time professor in the University of Ohio. Already he has gained an enviable place among modern archæologists, though he did not seem to be past twenty-five. We also met his accomplished young wife, a fit companion for a man whose chief association besides, is with fragments of old stones exhumed from old city sites and tombs.

Prof. Waldstein is in charge of the school, and it seems to be in excellent hands. He will be remembered as the visitor who discovered the lost metope of the Parthenon in the Louvre at Paris, and came suddenly before the world as a discoverer, taking high rank as an archæologist, which position he has ever since most ably sustained.

From those gentlemen we learned that a student can live in Athens, have free use of the school, and meet all necessary expenses for about $12.50 to $15.00 per month.

We ascended Mt. Lycabettus hardby the city to the northeast, and enjoyed one of the finest land-

scapes on earth. Saving her temples, Athens is as beautiful, perhaps, as ever; so are her blue gulfs, her fields of wheat that skirt the suburbs, her groves of olive trees, her royal gardens, her paved streets, her marble palaces, her modern academies, one of which has the finest *Aulae* of any university in the world, some think.

Athens that was did her share in making the civilization of the world that is, going in her mission by way of Rome and Constantinople, while Athens that is at last is receiving back from the civilized nations, whom she so well served, the ideas of commerce, manufacturing, politics, literature and law.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THROUGH THE DARDANELLES, HELLESPONT AND SEA OF MARMORA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

On Stormy Waters.—Bishop Fowler.—The Dead line of Nations, Chessboard of Ancient Warriors.—Leander and Hero's Homes.—Approach to the Sublime Porte. —Its Geography. –Volume of Business.—Ironclads.

WE go from Piraeus, the harbor of Athens, to Constantinople by the Italian line of steamers. Now an Italian agent will always make a traveller pay more than the legitimate price of a ticket. On railroads they only collect 5 *centimes* more than the price stamped on the face of the ticket, while I found, after going aboard, that I had paid three *lirae* or sixty cents more than the price as stamped on the face of the "*billet.*"

We had a stormy sea until we reached the Dardanelles. I dreamed, the first night out from Athens, of embracing loved ones at home, and awoke to find myself holding tight to the sides of my berth to keep from falling out. A fellow-passenger told me, next day, that he was thrown from his (upper) berth to the floor of his stateroom, and considerably bruised.

Bishop Fowler, Mrs. Fowler and their only son, C. H. Fowler, Jr., were on board, and in frequent conversations with this great representative of our "big sister," I learned to love him, as a godly man, whose ability rather serves to pave the way of easy access than build a wall of separation forbidding approach. With him I am sure the humblest would have the first consideration, not grave to the destruction of humor, nor humorous to the compromise of dignity. A recital of his experience as a christian and preacher was very valuable to me, as well as many suggestions he let fall about the church work in general and missionary work in particular. It was my purpose to have attended his conference at Loftcha, near Sophia, but was prevented for want of time, being anxious to reach the May meetings in London. At ten o'clock next morning we entered the mouth of the Dardanelles, and every foot of land from here to Constantinople has a history all its own, associated with the building or burying of earthly kingdoms. We first pass Tenedos, whither Homer says the Greeks carried their galleys to make the Trojans think they had retired from the siege, and where they built the wooden horse. We are passing near that field where nothing but the death of faithful Patroclus could dispel the sullen gloom of Peleus' son and kindle his martial spirit into that quenchless flame that made the hero of Homer, Greece and antiquity identical. Fine fields, fairly culti-

vated, stretch inland from the Straits and seem to be capable of large yield. Occasionally thin forests of diminutive growth adorn the landscape. We reach the towns of Sedur-Bahr on the left and Dardanelles on the right, where we have to halt and submit to an examination by the Turkish Officials appointed by the government to examine all vessels passing that way to Constantinople and the Black sea. Near by we see where Leander and Lord Byron swam across, about three miles, the latter taking seventy minutes to make it. The distance is said to be three miles, while the current carries one a mile out of this course, making it necessary to travel four miles in all. Lord Byron and a fellow traveller, Mr. Ekenhead represented the current as strong, the water cold, though they made the shore without fatigue.

Some doubt whether the story of Leander be true, as he would have to swim eight miles from Abydos to Sestos and return. A tower, called Leander's tower, stands at the mouth of the Bosphorus between Stamboul and Scutari, built to commemorate this faithful, brave and devoted lover.

Here, by Abydos, Xerxes had built his bridge of boats for the transportation of the Asiatic troops to Europe, the first of which, by Mandraele, was carried away by a storm, which so enraged him that he murdered the architect.

The ancient site of Abydos is now occupied by a Turkish town called Nogaw Bauran; here Par-

menio led Alexander's army across from Europe to Asia, and again the Osmanli Crescent crossed here to be set up first on European soil, by Suleiman, A. D., 1360.

The day was very bright, which greatly increased the enjoyment of the sail through waters so renowned, where steamships from all nations pass hourly up and down. We fain would have driven our ship on faster, that we might enjoy the views presented by the borders of both continents, all the way to Constantinople, but night fell upon us as we entered the sea of Marmora (or marble). It is so named in consequence of the abundant supply of marble quarries along its coasts and in its Islands.

I can hardly hope to convey to my readers even a small conception of the beauty which the rising sun revealed on the morning of April 15th, as we came into the harbor of Constantinople. For more than an hour previous to our arrival we were on deck, eagerly anticipating, from statements made by those on board and familiar with the city, somewhat of its magnificence.

In approaching the city on the sea of Mormora we pass Stephanos, where the English gunboats stopped the Russians approaching to the capture of the Turkish capital, in 1877, just too soon Next is Makrikoi, (pronounced Makrikeue,) then a large factory town to the left and Scutari to the right—all suburbs of Stamboul. The sea contains

many islands, a visit to seven of which claims one day of the hurried tourist's time.

The objects seen most distinctly at a distance as one approaches are the minarets of St. Sophia, the Mosque of Achmed and the Genoese Tower. These appear to be only a mite above a sea of indistinct objects all mingled together promiscuously—the outlines of this world-renowned metropolis. As we approach nearer and nearer, the parts of the mighty entrepot stretch out on either hand like wings, and rising from the water, terrace-like, extend far inland.

The sea is divided into two arms—one of which, to the right, extends twenty miles to the Black sea and is called the Bosphorus; the other, about six or seven miles long, is called the Golden Horn. That part of the city which is embraced by these two arms bears the double name of Pera and Galata. Pera is the name of the upper portion and Galata the lower. Galata is connected with Stamboul or old Byzantium (of the Greeks,) by an American-built iron bridge across the Golden Horn. Immediately to the left is the old Seraglio grounds.

The city across the Bosphorus on the Asiatic side is called Scutari, of whose wealth we shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

Our ship anchors just below Seraglio Point, surrounded by a hundred more, doing business in these waters to the amount of 7,000,000 tons annually, receiving and discharging tourists and

cargoes from and to all civilized nations. A thousand minarets, each surmounted by a crescent, gleaming in the sun-light, rise above a city or cities magnificent in extent and in appearance from the deck of our steamer, and in power, also, if we judge by the length of time they have dominated these seas and shores, or by the dozen idle ironclads at rest in the Golden Horn, ready at short notice to sail in the national defence or the conquest of any undefended nation whose tribute would be worth the cost of war.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN AND ABOUT STAMBOUL.

Meeting old acquaintances.—Genoese Tower.—Seraglio Grounds.—Sublime Porte.—St. Sophia.—Hippodrome.—Janizaries.—Reservoir of 1001 Columns.—Seraskierat.—Pigeon Mosque.—Sultan's Mosque.—Selamlik or Yildik (Star.)—Bible House.—Mohammetan Reverence for God.

In Asia-Minor Again.—Of their Tickets, Boats, and caring for the Women.—City of the Dead.—Retaining identity of the Dead, a Horse's Tomb.—English Cemetery, Heroes of the Crimean War.—Boulgourloo, Splendid Panorama.—Camels going to Mecca, Intense Excitement, Parading Cavalry.—An Accident.—Frightened by Turks.—Ramazan, Fast or Lent of the Moslems.

WHEN I reached Cook's office, on the Rue de Pera, where good mail matter was in waiting, I met again Dr. Green, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Mr. Dogget, of ——, N. Y., whom I had seen in Jerusalem. We took a carriage, and George Thomas for a guide. We went first to the Genoese Tower, built by the Italians when they were in possession centuries ago. It is on a hill in Galata, near to the British Post Office. It is a circular wall about twelve feet thick, if I remember correctly, and about fifty feet in diameter. One ascends by stone steps in the wall about two hundred feet, whence the view is very fine. We next

cross the Golden Horn, pass *Publique Dette*, the Government School for Priests, pass into the Seraglio grounds, go through the museum of Antiquities, see one fine piece of Statuary—Andreanus, the Greek victor—Cyprian pottery and Assyrian Antiquities, drive as near the Sublime Porte (that is, the lofty gate of the Seraglio, from which the name is given to the Sultan's realms) as they will allow, which is not near enough to pass through it, as we have no firman. In the grounds stands the largest tree I ever saw. It is a sycamore. We go hence to St. Sophia. It costs us two shillings each to enter and two piasters each for sandals to wear while within. Rugs and carpets of matting covered the floor, and a few Turks were praying, while others were laughing and talking. St. Sophia was built for a Christian church, and the builder, when it was completed, was so elated at its magnificent appearance that he said: "Solomon, I have surpassed thee!" Some of the material was brought from Ephesus and other cities, and no doubt this was among the finest structures in existence when first built, as it is still.

We go to the Hippodrome, which contains an Egyptian Obelisk, Constantine's tower, and the three brazen serpents, ten feet high and thirteen inches in diameter, which once "formed the interior of the Tripod of Delphos," they are twined together and have all been beheaded, the first one

by Mahomet (not the prophet) when he took the city. We saw one of these heads in the museum, this is one of the oldest antiques in existence, and speaks of the days when the Greeks looked towards Delphi, as the Moslems do towards Mecca.

The Museum of the Janizaries next claims our attention; they were a mighty factor in the completion of the subjugation of the Byzantine empire, one sees the dress and armor used by each officer and servant. Their number was only 1,000 at first, chosen from among the Greeks as a body guard to the sultan, kept in position and faithful by receiving the spoils of war, they were increased to 40,000 and became a terror to Christendom in the east.

The Reservoir of 1001 columns is a wonderful structure; it once contained three stories, each supported by 224 pillars making 672 in all; why it was called reservoir of 1001 columns I do not know, two of these stories is now filled up, the third, about 25 feet underground is used to spin silk in, when used for water it contained 1,000,000 cubic feet, though that of St. Peter was six times as large; when we emerged from it a rough Turk who had seen us enter or who had been called by our guide was on hand to receive *backsheesh* for so great and important a privilege as we had enjoyed.

We next visit Seraskierat which contains the offices of the war department and the city tower which we did not ascend. Hard by is the Pigeon

mosque, the court yard of which is darkened by thousands of pigeons daily. When a Turk is sick or in perils by the sea, he vows to Allah to go and feed the pigeons, if he but obtain deliverance; hence one can always see these Mussulmen fulfilling their vows much to the gratification of the pigeons.

Although we had engaged the carriage for the day, our coachman wanted his pay and to postpone till to-morrow the seeing of the seven Towers and Palace of the Sultan's headquarters. After parleying over it for an hour we conquered and rode through the entire city of Old Stamboul, and back by the Barracks of his majesty's troops and Topari or Artillery Mosque and Palace and Selamlik, Mosque of the Sultan, called also *Yildik* or Star. The interior of this is very imposing, the Sultan worships here once a week, on Friday. It is near to the Royal residence and surrounded by most splendid gardens, far up on the heights back of the city. Returning we stopped at the Bible house, and met Mr. Bliss, son of Dr. Bliss, whom we met in Egypt. He is the efficient young Secretary. I was told that the Bibles they distributed are often torn to pieces by fanatical Turks; but a Mohammedan will never destroy a paper with the name of God on it, if he knows it, on the contrary they will pick up and preserve every piece, however filthy that contains that holy name, they cram these pieces into crevices between rocks

or where the name will be preserved from further abuse. I heard a story of one thus preserving such a piece of Scripture in Jerusalem and had curiosity enough to read what was said about God, and was by it led to embrace Christianity.

IN ASIA MINOR AGAIN.

April the 16th was set apart by us to visit Scutari, the Mohammedan and English Cemeteries and Boulgourloo, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. The steam ferry-boats start from the bridge that spans the Golden Horn, and are capable of carrying about one hundred and fifty passengers each, and they run about every fifteen minutes through the day. One man sells you a ticket, another punches it and a third collects. The boat is divided into two decks, first and second class, each of which is divided into two compartments—one for gentlemen, one for ladies; also on each side of the lower deck a room is cut off and labelled in English and Arabic, "Harem reserve;" a man may take his wives in there if it be unoccupied, if it be occupied, he is separated from them on the trip. I thought once, at Bebek, I should fail to get aboard at all, being met and stopped at every effort, I found that, without knowing it, I was trying to pass through a gate where only females could pass. "One does in Turkey as Turks do."

Landing in Scutari we took a carriage for the Mohammedan Cemetery—one of the largest in the

world, covering several square miles, and the tombs are crowded about as near together as they can be. Every grave was marked by a marble slab, or, I should rather say, post or column, for they were narrow and thick, often eight feet high, each having a head with the peculiar head-dress worn by deceased during his life.

One is shown a canopy supported by six marble columns here, beneath which is buried the favorite horse of Sultan Mohammed. Above all these wave tall and graceful cypresses, emblems of mourning.

Passing this, we soon reach the English Cemetery to the right. Not only the English sailors and inhabitants who die here are brought here for interment, but those of the English troops who fell in the Crimean war, sleep here also; and a granite shaft, forty or fifty feet high, stands in the midst of the grounds, raised in honor of England's fallen braves. It is approached from several sides by gravel walks, either shaded or bordered by several species of evergreens. Just outside is the hospital where is still shown the room and furniture of Miss Nightingale who devoted her talents to the alleviating of human suffering.

About six miles from the landing at Scutari, we reach Boulgourloo, passing, on the way, several pretty towns and a few of the Sultan's summer palaces, for he has a great number of them. Boulgourloo is a high hill, covered with grass, sloping rapidly in all directions; it is one of the hills on

which beacon fires were lighted from Tarsus to Byzantium before the electric telegraph. From it the Emperors used to start to Asia on their hunting expeditions. The hill is several hundred feet high, and the forests having perished centuries since, one can see for a hundred miles over the sea of Marmora, studded with islands, and Kadi Koi, the site of Chalcedon of old, birth place of Zenocrates, and seat of the fourth general council, A. D. 451, which condemned the Monophysites; it was the starting point of generals, in olden times, to Persia and the East. It is more ancient than Byzantium (Constantinople). We see many miles over hills and plains towards the interior of Asia. On the other side the Bosphorus, adorned by a dozen towns, come, by the aid of our glasses, within easy eye-shot. What shall I say of Constantinople, with her suburbs far enough away to lose all her objectionable qualities, and near enough to present her hundreds of mosques, palaces and public buildings, with the ships of all nations ever coming and going! Truly she sits a queen, and the most favorably located of any city in the world, perhaps, if she only had a good citizenship, of progressive men in her back countries.

We very fortunately happened on this side on the most favorable day of the year; it is fifteen days until Ramazan, and the day the camels start to Mecca with the national offerings. They start from the Mosque of Achmed the first, and are

taken thence to a boat. The boat brings them to Scutari, and two huge Bactrian camels, decorated with silk into which threads of gold and silver are woven and ostrich feathers until they are nearly covered up, wait to receive the presents; really the camels are meant for priests or dignitaries to ride upon, while thirty or forty mules are laden with two or three boxes and trunks apiece and the camels support large canopies that pitch forward at one step and backward at the next, as if they meant not to stay in position to grace the procession.

Thousands of people had gathered to witness the religious *fete;* all the piazzas and windows were full of excited spectators; about a hundred cavalry were on hand to keep the peace and guard the sacred treasures. The street that led down to the landing was so crowded that, fearing lest at the critical moment we should fail to be in a favorable position for seeing, we took a shopkeepers bench and stood upon it; but when the cavalry formed in line we were only about four feet in their rear, and the very horse that was in front of us became very restless, ran backward into our crowd, hurting several persons and upsetting our bench, almost breaking a boy's leg. While all this pageant was passing I had serious misgivings lest the fanaticism of these Turks should suggest something disastrous to us Christians, so few, and safeguards so far away, nor did I feel perfectly at ease until the crowd dispersed.

At two o'clock the booming of cannon informed us that the freight had started, and in a few moments it was landed, reloaded and hurried away. While it was being brought ashore there was a mock gladiatorial contest, but I do not think the combatants understood their business.

The Ramazan is the Moslem Lent and lasts four weeks. During that time they neither eat, drink nor smoke from sun-up until sun-down; the first thing after sun-down is to smoke; this they will do for an hour often, after which they eat. The camels start to Mecca two weeks before, so that the offerings may be on hand at the opening of Ramazan. We recrossed to the European side, made an excursion up the Golden Horn to the Sweet Waters, passing the magnificent red stone College of the Greek church, and completed the day.

CHAPTER XXX.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE TURKS.

Through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea.—Mail Service and Tickets.—American College at Bebek.—Mehmet II. Garrison of Mehmet II. A Mighty monarch Receives a Grand Ovation. Stamboul at her best.—The whole Creation Groaneth and Travaileth together in pain until now.—Turkish ways, About Wives, Salutations, *Neplus ultra*, to get there.—Extreme Modesty, Dress,.—As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined, Sample of Cleanliness.—Dogs, Diplomatic Dogs.—Satan.—Mohamed's divisions of the World.—*Kitablees.* —Dr. Menzie's estimate.—First Standing Army.—Dr. Hamilton's Estimate.—Missions.

LAST DAY IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

WEDNESDAY, April 17th, was our last day in Constantinople. We went up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea. The coast on either hand was lined with towns nearly all the way up. Ours was a mail steamer and it was curious to see them deliver the mail and tickets, the former was carried in square boxes locked with a hasp, staple and padlock. At every station the Captain would have the tickets tied up in a little bag about such as we have seen boys carry their marbles in, into which a stone weighing four or five ounces was dropped, this would carry momentum sufficient to land it, while he received

a like wallet from each station to be carried on, tossed aboard often after the boat was under headway. Failing to carry lunch I had to buy some bread, which gave me an idea I should else have missed. As I could not speak Turkish, and being alone (for my companions kept on back home, while I got off at Bebek to see our American College there,) I stood near by the bread vender until I saw him sell a ring of it about as large as the ring used on a cart tongue, say six inches in diameter, then I knew the price and bought myself, taking the bread and laying down the same price, two *metterlichs*. The idea I caught was the benefit of seeds sprinkled on the bread while cooking, I do not know the name of the seeds they were about as large as bird shot and possessed a very strong and pleasant flavor. They also possessed an oily property which made the bread far more nourishing.

The college is about twenty minutes walk from the landing, and is reached by walking up a very precipitous hill overlooking the Bosphorus. The walk-way, however, is well graded and passes under that famous wall built by Mohammed II. in three months, each workman doing more each day than had ever been done by one man in a day before or since. It was built in the shape of the Arabic letters which spell Hohammed's name, and as a rallying point from which to take Constantinople, and destroy the Byzantine empire. I had seen no

prettier location anywhere than Robert College enjoys. It overlooks nearly the entire length of the Bosphorus and far away into Asia Minor beyond, whose bosom is covered with pretty towns and prosperous farm-houses in the midst of green fields.

It is surrounded by a stone wall and a great variety of trees and shrubbery. The building is of stone and is large, commodious and well arranged; a four-story house, built around an open court, from which the ascent is made to the upper stories. After looking at the grounds and buildings sufficiently from without, I called on Dr. Washburn, the President; while waiting for him an indelible impression was made upon my mind to the effect that the officers were very busy and the students superlatively idle. Dr. Washburn I found to be a very polite, communicative gentleman, and was sorry to learn that the students of the college were from Servia, Bulgaria and Austria, being either Greek or Catholic christians, instead of Turkish boys, only one or two of which, I believe, are in the college. The college is a power for good, though far inferior, in my opinion, to that at Bierut. They have one hundred and seventy boys enrolled. An orator alluding to its proximity to Mahomet Second's wall and towers, said: "It stands on higher ground than those towers. It dominates them. Its forces are spiritual and eternal. It shall see them pass away." They were seven years secur-

ing a title to the property after it was promised, such is the Turkish way of doing business and his fear of the Russe and Frank.

To-day is the Sultan's birthday, the masts of every Turkish craft are ornamented with streamers, the fronts of gardens and yards have lattice-work made of flowers and tinted paper woven into fanciful shapes, the branches of trees are hung full of bottles. The streets are crossed with ropes and twine woven into webs at places, all strung with candles and Chinese lanterns to be lighted at night. At 12 o'clock, M., a number of cannon are fired.

Constantinople, a magnificent city, is at her best, doing honor to her ruler. Everybody seems to take pleasure in the occasion; though he is as much afraid of dynamite as Alexander of Russia.

At night the city, with all her suburbs, is illuminated; every one of her thousand minarets is blazing, and they look together like all the constellations of the skies had clustered just over the happy capitol. The Sultan's palace, just above *Yildik*, seemed from Galata across the Golden Horn, to be of crystal and illuminated with a hundred electric lights, and hundreds of inferior palaces, with mosques and military stations, far up on the heights in the suburbs, and private dwellings, all vied with each other in an effort to honor the Ottoman monarch.

No doubt thousands of barrels of kerosene were consumed, and the full moon lent all her mellow

radiance to enhance the witchery of the scene. I stood for more than an hour beneath a spell, as it were. Pera, through which runs the Strand, or Broadway, and the city on both sides the Bosphorous are behind me and out of sight; but Stamboul, rising terrace-like beyond the Golden Horn, is reflected from its trembling face, which almost doubled the grandeur already overwhelming. I had never seen anything of the kind so splendid before; I do not expect to see it again on earth. Great is the power of a man or a system that sways millions of loyal souls, even though they be semi-heathens.

This ovation not only marks the high place the Sultan holds in his subjects' esteem, but shows him entitled to be placed beside earth's monarchs.

Again we thought of the waste of labor and material, so much needed by the ignorant children of this ponderous empire, and asked the question, why all this waste upon one poor, perishing polygamist, who feels to be jeopardizing his life every time he goes out? And the answer comes back, for the sake of these same poor, needy wretches, who will not rest content without such remote, pampered, haughty, aristocratic masters. As at home, so here a man who would be loved and honored must know how to do the people. They are all pretty much the same here in the east. Of course sometimes a communist creates trouble, but such trouble is unlike that anarchy

which arises from a consciousness of irresponsible freedom among a people incapable of self-government.

Give such a people pageants, illuminations, parades, mystery about religion; make Cathedrals dark; read or sing prayers in an unknown tongue, excommunicate for reading scripture and knowing truth, and it is no surprise to find anomaly in moral, social and political matters, such as a celibate (?) priesthood on the one hand and a polygamous one on the other.

Time would fail to tell of all the strange experiences of a traveller here, or the interesting objects on every hand, or the habits or religion of the Turks. The facts that they do abstain from wine, do observe the rite of circumcision, do fast during Ramazan, show them capable of becoming exemplary christians. They are cruel in the treatment of their wives, making them do almost all the work, consider the birth of girls a curse, and make them begin to wear veils at eleven or twelve years of age.

If a man wishes a wife he must speak to his father to secure one for him; if he likes her he keeps her, if not, he returns her to her father; and if he be able to support two he gets his father to look him up another; no courting among the Arabs.

Their salutations are unsurpassed by any people for grace and significance. An Arab meeting or

parting with a friend will raise his right hand to his forehead, drop it to his lips, then to his breast, which means, I revere you with my mind, speak well of you with my lips, and give you a place in my heart. One might go far to find more delicate politeness. On parting the first says: *Yallah salaam!* May you go in peace. The other responds: *Salaam*, i. e., peace.

The ordinary salutation is, *En harak sa'id*, i. e., May you have a rich day. The response is equivalent but the words different, and is: *En harak mabarak!* Will he make apology, he says: "Let your words be sweet." If an Arab wishes to carry a point he will stoop to conquer; he will kiss your hand repeatedly, lay the back of it against his forehead, on the top of his head, and kiss it again.

If you approach a female unveiled, who usually keeps her face veiled, she will pull the veil either over her face, catch it in her mouth or turn her head till you pass.

Often in the warmer climates of Egypt and Palestine the males and females seemed to be dressed alike, looking at them from the rear; a tunic or something like a sheet of white cloth is worn over the whole body, head and all; the men often wear clothes like an American, often a skirt which fastens to each leg below the knee and a coat about his body. The women have a great variety of dress, including trousers. Mothers of the poor learn their children to say *backsheesh* be-

fore they learn to say mother. I have seen them send babies out to meet us not three years old, who understood their business. They will come out, babe in hand, point to it and say "he" or "she christian, *backsheesh*, Howadji!"

A lady told me that while at Marsaba, in Palestine, she ordered a donkey boy to wash out the kyathos and bring her a nice drink of water; he put some water in the vessel, went up to a donkey, thrust the end of the donkey's tail into the kyathos and mopped it out and brought her a nice drink of water! Using him as a cup-towel!

While there are about 1,000,000 inhabitants in Constantinople our guide said there were 1,500,000 dogs. I have counted eight in one pile, like hogs. These are nearly all of the same species, a kind of cross between the cur and Shepherd dog. They are religiously scrupulous about the treatment of canines. Every man feeds the dogs in front of his door, though he lays no claim to them; he will also defend them when endangered. The dogs of one street or section live in harmony among themselves, but will not tolerate strange dogs; they unite to ostracise any visitor; all seem to understand the proper boundaries of their real estate and allow no trespassing.

The Mahommetans are fatalists. When misfortunes overtake them they say, *Kismet Dur*—It is fate. They do not think the trouble could have been averted by any effort of theirs.

They say that Satan, "Stoned Devil," against whom they pray five times daily, is the genius that inspires mechanical wisdom.

They punish apostasy with death, unless the apostate recant at once. When Mohammed began his brilliant career, he told his followers the world was divided into two parts, viz: *Dar ul Islam*, and *Dar ul Harb*—that is, House of Islam and house of War. "House of War," said he, "is for God. God gives it to you." What such a motto and its inspiration wrought Christendom knows but too well. He predicted the capture of Constantinople 800 years before it was done. It was not Mohammed's purpose to destroy Christians and Jews. He called them *Kitablees*, or people with a Book, meaning the Bible—his system being a mongrel Judaism grafted to Arabic habits. His followers, however, did not adhere to this part of the plan. Jerusalem was the first city that fell into their hands, and Charlemagne, to whom the Kalif sent the keys of the Holy Sepulchre, secured from them safety for Frank merchants in Syria and Egypt.

Dr. Menzies' *Turkey, Old and New*, says: "Mussulman conquest is rapid and splendid and followed by precarious and incurable decadence." The Turks had a standing army when such a thing was unknown in Europe. But Europe was laying broad and deep the foundations for mightier conquests than the "gorgeous East" had ever

known, or could ever attain, until they too should follow the ways of the western world.

The following is a summarized estimate of the Turks by one who travelled throughout the Ottoman Empire. "They are hospitable, charitable generally, sometimes generous; the lower classes are honest, their greatest merit; not so with the upper classes; but one may rely on their solemn promise. They are ignorant, presumptuous, vain and bigoted, proud without any feeling of honor, and cringing without humility, cannot resist the temptation of money or the prospective benefit of a lie.

In Government and administrative duties they are tyrannical and overbearing, in religion dogmatic and intolerant, in fiscal measures mercenary and arbitrary and ignorant of their own history as they are of others. The higher classes are inferior in character probity and honor to the lower. Their virtue is that of the Savage, who is generous because nature supplies his wants, and charitable because of the uncertain tenure by which he holds his goods; poor and removed from temptation he is honest, but entrusted with office he becomes a thief. He plunders the poor and propitiates the rich by bribes, hence offices are sold to the highest bidder."

Constantinople is the headquarters for such missionary work as is carried on in Turkish territory. Our Consul there is a Jew, and secures for our

Missions more clemency than his Christian predecessor, so I was informed at Bierut. He put the Missions on the same basis as all other American enterprises. Dr. Hamlin, founder of Robert College, relates an experience which illustrates the power of christianity even among Mussulmen. While superintending a bakery that supplied the English army with bread, he bought on thirty days time, ten thousand dollars worth of flour from a Turkish merchant, on his credit as a Christian Missionary. I visited the Sailors' bethel here and was present at one service, and had a gracious season of prayer with a sailor who had not walked for several weeks, on account of rheumatism, and was glad to learn that he came down stairs the next day.

As I looked at this degraded people, often I was forced to weep, they looked like sheep having no shepherd. I often longed for a voice that they could understand, that I might tell them good news, and that the christian church could but catch as a watchword Mahomet's own, "This part is God's, God gives it to you," and give and go and continue giving and giving until the mighty work of preaching the gospel to every creature is done.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THROUGH TURKEY, ROUMELIA, BULGARIA, SERVIA, HUNGARY AND AUSTRIA.

Caught in a Turkish Trap.—Cutting the Gordian Knot.—How they Start a Train.—Customs Officers.—Turkish Landscape.—National Insignia.—New Modes of Applying Water-power.—More Customs Officers, a New Kind.—Belgrade and More Officers.—Semlin and Still More.—Great Prairies.

FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO VIENNA.

AT 9 o'clock, P. M., I left Constantinople for Vienna. After buying my ticket I was seized by two burly Turks unable to speak English more than to say "*passe-port.*" Now, a passport is seldom required on entering Turkish dominions but always on leaving, so I had secured a *Teskereh* (Turkish passport) for Constantinople; just such a one as even a Turk would have been required to have if visiting there from some other place, but I had not had my American passport *vised* i. e. passed through the hands of a Turkish Consul and had his permission to travel in Turkey written on it. So I produced my *Teskereh*, they read it, handed it back, and demanded "passe-port."

Now, if I had given them my American passport, not *vised*, they would have fined me two or three dollars and detained me, perhaps, as many days. So I did not produce that, but handed back the *Teskereh* again, which they refused saying "passe-port," "passe-port." Not producing the other, one of them snatched the *Teskereh* out of my hand, which I snatched back as quickly, and turned and walked away. I had learned the tricks of Turks during two months in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, &c., and knew they were only after backsheesh. Had I fallen into the hands of the ruffians on entering their country for the first time, I would have had to pay out and have been deterred from leaving besides. When the train rolled off I felt a burden roll off with it. One is ever ill at ease for fear these Arabs will practice some new, successful trick upon him.

The distance from Constantinople to Vienna is one thousand and fifty miles, the time forty-seven hours.

I left the brilliantly illuminated city alone at nine o'clock P. M.

Two or three young Germans got on the same car, and I made effort to get into the same compartment with them, first, because I was going towards Germany and I would practice speaking a little, and second, because I was afraid to ride with two or three Turks all night in a car locked up, and from which there was no possible egress

and no hopes of friendly ingress. I had purposely assumed a garb and exterior entire, on leaving home, that was calculated to allay all suspicion that I might have any thing worth the seizing, and I never enjoyed the effect of my role any where else so much as on this transcontinental ride..

The cars on all European railroads are dispatched in the same way, as follows: Two alarm or signal bells are rung a few minutes before the cars are ready to start; when the time expires a third bell is rung, the conductor blows a whistle like a dog whistle, the engineer responds with a single whistle from his engine, the cars moving off at the same instant. There is no getting off or on after the last bell is rung.

As we said we took the cars in old Stamboul and skirted the city by the seashore. It was twenty minutes ere we passed the emblazonments of the Sublime Porte and shot out into the darkness towards the west and home.

Unable to converse with the two or three passengers that were in the section of the car with me I was left to my own reflections, and many were the thoughts that coursed through my brain about these Turks, so strange in religion, in habit, in speech, in dress and all their customs; and so the mind went on to kindred subjects, the conditions of the human race, their multiform ways, creeds, colors, &c. But all have some, yea, several ideas in common. They all are supported by the same

processes, perpetuated alike they all have a thirst for lucre, and all have some idea of God. They are all made of one blood for to dwell on the face of the earth, and perhaps God sees a greater good in them all than we can see or are ready to believe. Musing thus the hours wore on and tired nature sank into the arms of Morpheus. There is no sleeping accommodations on this line, except on the train that leaves on Sundays, but I left on Thursday.

Next morning we reached Adrianople, the last Turkish town. Other travelers carried their baggage to the custom house from the train. I did not. I had not seen it on that fashion as yet. So in a few minutes the officers searched the train, and I expected trouble, but found none and experienced such a sense of relief at being rid of these bugbears as only those who have travelled in the Orient are able to appreciate.

As we hurried through a very fertile looking plain the Balkan mountains about twenty miles from our way were covered with snow. The fellaheen were ploughing with six oxen to an iron plow, made by civilized mechanics, which promised to put new life into the agricultural interest of Turkey. We passed the breastworks that mark the spot where many a brave Servian bled and died in 1877, striving to free themselves from the galling yoke of Turkey. Large herds of sheep were

pasturing near the road in Turkey Servia, and Roumelia.

This long railroad has different cars and different officials for every State through which it passes, and we knew when we ran into a new territory by the change in the uniform of the railroad and military officers. The Servians and Bulgarians wear very heavy caps of felt with long knap, also the red stripes down their trouser legs was about two inches wide while that of the Turks was only one-fourth to three-eighths wide; all wear the national coats of arms. The first day I took dinner at Tzaribrod. I saw the names on signs here were almost all Russian, as well as the style of dress. I noticed in passing through Bulgaria the water conveyed to several mills through races around hillsides until it had reached the point to be applied when it was emptied from the race into a hollow log about twenty feet long through which it was precipitated against a paddle wheel.

This was on the evening of April 18th; the snow was falling and there was promise of a cold, sleepless night. I had just fallen into a good slumber when quite a stir of passengers awoke me. All must go with all their baggage again to the Bulgarian customs officers to be examined and have our passports restamped. My shoes were thin, the rain and snow were falling fast, the fire had died out in the stove that was this time under the coach, warming the car by a pipe that ran through

from bottom to top. So I moved slowly and my baggage was rather heavy for a single man to carry. There were no lights about and I was nearly lost in the darkness, unable to speak a word comprehensible to the people there. There were two or three doors or windows lighted up by dim lamps within, and in one of these I saw people moving about; to that one I went to find the low counter for the reception of a traveller's baggage. Passing these guardians at the outposts of the nation who register every passenger's name, place from which he came, and to which he is going, (because 'eternal vigilance is the price of liberty') and regaining my car I wrapped myself up in my Arab *bist*, and slept till the morning sun showed us the flushed river Save at the junction of which with the Danube we see the beautiful city of Belgrade, into which we run and get a fine German breakfast at railroad prices.

Once more our luggage and passports have to be exhibited, and once more on the cars we feel easy. We cross a high trestle over the Save and stop at Semlin, still in sight of Belgrade, and are ordered once more to give the representatives of the Austrian Empire sufficient reasons why I should hope to pass through their country. It is not enough that a man is of a lawful age, he must be well recommended also. We stopped only about an hour or two in Buda-Pesth, and had only time to get an idea of the general appearance of the Hun-

garian capital, and hurried away to Wien, as they call it in German. I found two Hungarians aboard the cars who had lived a long while in America. One was going to Vienna to see his wife and baby. To hear him speak of his baby reminded me of the father of "dat Young Yawcub Strauss." Following his advice, I stopped at the hotel Wimberger, near the West Bahnhof, and was well pleased, even when I reckoned with mine host and Co.*

From Semlin to Pesth the road soon crosses the Danube and then runs north between the rivers Theiss and Danube, about seven hours through a marshy plain all the way. Many ponds of water, miles in extent, and not over two feet deep, lay along our way. The farm house, all through Hungary, reminded me of the Dutch I had been used to at home. The cattle are some species of longhorns; often their horns seemed to me to be three feet long, or more.

---

* Generally two or three to a dozen servants are on hand when a traveller leaves, each expecting a gratuity.

CHAPTER XXXII.

VIENNA.

Antiquity.—Its Beauty. The Ring-Strasse with its Voluptuousness.—Art Galleries, Confessional, Indulgences, Accursed Trio.—Some Fine Churches.—All go to church in the morning. Sunday Afternoon is Holiday.—The Prater, *Beer gartens*...Training Young Soldiers.—Some ridiculous customs.—The Women Hew the Wood, Cultivate the Land and Pay the Tax.—Dogs used for Horses.—*Shoenbrun* Headquarters of Surgery.—Royal Condescension.—Religious Phase.—Missions.

VIENNA.

IT would require a whole book to give any adequate idea of the "most splendid capitol of Europe." It is an old city, originally settled by Celts, afterwards, it became a Roman military station. Marcus Aurelius died there. It was beseiged by Attila and afterwards by the Turks. It has been the seat of the house of Hapsburg for more than six hundred years.

Vienna owes its beauty to a circumstance. It was once a walled town, but all the space having been taken for buildings and streets within the walls, the space around them was taken until there was more of the city outside than inside the walls

The ancient city within the walls is called the *Stadt*, and numbers about 50,000 inhabitants, while the entire city numbers about 1,000,000. As the bulk of the city was thus exposed, it was determined about thirty-two years ago to tear the wall away, the space occupied by the wall was converted into a street about two or three hundred feet wide, laid off into boulevards and street-car lines. It is called Ring-Strasse.

The *Stadt* is the fashionable quarter. The Hofburg, or imperial palace is there as well as those of the nobility. The Graben or street containing the finest stores is there, the banks, leading churches, museums, galleries, etc.

Around the Ring-Strasse (Ring Street) are situated the National Museum, two large stone buildings covering about four acres each, and between them Maria Theresa Platz, where her bronze statute is seated in an imperial chair surrounded by statesmen, generals, poets, sculptors, physicians and musicians as Loudon, Khevenhueler, Lichtenstein, Daun, Kaminitz, Haugwitz, Mosart, Haydn, and others.

Next is the Treasury, after which is the Parliaiament building, the facade of which presents three gables adorned with statuary representing the country at peace; these are supported by fifty Corinthian columns and eight pilasters. Sloping walks, guarded by *gend'arms*, go up to the great porches. The interior is arranged after the same

model as that of the United States at Washington. The top is surmounted by eight chariots drawn by two and four horses. It was said to have cost 8,000,000 florins. We noticed some master-pieces of frescoing, done by Kruppen-Kearl: Maria Theresa, after the seven years war, Founding of St. Stephens, and From the Cradle to the Grave, the original from which came the chromos and engravings of the same, no doubt. Next to this is the *Rathhaus*, or city hall, one of the finest in the world, costing 17,000,000 florins, (a florin purchases about as much labor as a dollar, but is less than 50 cts.) The ceiling of one room, the grand reception hall, cost 48,000 florins and a single chandelier cost 35,000 florins. The floor is made of oak mosaics oiled.

The *Rathhaus* is situated in the rear of a square laid off in pretty walks and thick-set with shrubbery.

Next to the *Rathhaus* is the *Vativkirche* (Votive church) erected in commemoration of the Emperor's escape from assassination in 1853. Very near by is the University. The departments are all in the same room, and labeled, Law, Theology, Medicine, &c., the *Aula* contains the statues of Maria Theresa, and Rudolph, the founder. The library occupies nine stories, having floors of iron bars about the size of laths turned edgewise to admit the free transmission of light. It is said to contain 1,000,000 volumes, besides several thousand *incun-*

abula (first books printed) some fine books of parchment costing 1,400 florins per volume when new. They contain very rare, highly colored pictures. All these are seen in glass show-cases. Crossing the *Ringstrasse*, we pass the New Opera, a very imposing structure externally, enter the *Volksgarten*, a small park containing the Theseum, a small Temple built like the Temple of Theseus at Athens, and to hold Canova's marble group of Theseus slaying the Minotaur. Passing through the *Volksgarten* we see the Operu House, Bank, *Academia* Kunstler Haus, which is quite a picture gallery, filled with visitors. One picture, by Falkenberg, unfolds to a protestant philosophic mind, one cause of the universal social and moral obliquity that predominates here. The picture is that of a young woman, with rather flushed face, kneeling behind an old man clad in the attire of a catholic priest, his head inclines to catch the words she tremblingly whispers in his ear; we pause to hear them; "*Pater peccavi !*" (Father I have sinned). Forgiveness is easily obtained, and paves the way for repetition.

The educating influence of such pictures in these conspicuous places is past estimating, especially when they are praised by the great and learned.

The art galleries of Europe are what Catholic priests have made them, the people are very largely what the galleries have made them. If chastity is barely known it is because it is not desired.

The innate sense of purity is assisted just enough by the church to forbid that the sale of indulgencies and the confessional should cease, while human nature has all the encouragement that the lewdest genius can suggest. It is a positive injury for any one to visit these places whose character is not formed; it is a risk to any one. Men of prestige should cry out against the lewd in art, unless the modesty that is praised be false and have no foundation in nature and the fitness of things. We of America are following in the wake of our ancestors: are we only behind them in reality or following them astray! French Infidelity and Russian Nihilism are only natural reactions.

Beside the *Kunstler Haus* stands the elegant *Music Freund* adorned with the marble busts of Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and many others. A little farther is Christ's church and Beethoven's monument in Bronze.

All these places which I have mentioned are situated on an arc of the circular street called the *Ringstrasse* and suggest how splendid an appearance they must present. The whole of this street runs between lofty mansions, hotels, museums, galleries and beergardens fitted up like a park.

I attended service in St. Stephen's church, Stephen's Platz or square. Said to be one of the noblest gothic edifices in Europe. The catholic worship is all alike to me, and it is not necessary to explain it to those who have seen it and hardly

possible to those who have not. I ascended the tower, over 450 feet high, there being only two church steeples higher in the world, those of *Strasburg* and *Cologne*.

I went to the Augustine church to see Canova's monument of the Arch duchess Maria Christina said to be one of his noblest works. In the Loretto Chapel of this church are the silver urns that contain the hearts of many members of the imperial family.

We noticed a barefoot (not an uncommon thing) Capuchin priest sitting near the sidewalk reading on Sunday morning, and stopped to learn that he was so posing to arrest passers by, who should thus be made to read the advertisement of a "panoptican show." His trick was a success.

All these Austrians go to church. I noticed little children, not over three and four years old, at church and worshipping, just as the old people did, kneeling before the crucifixes they passed, and images of Christ. All attend early and say their appointed number of prayers, and the remainder of the Sabbath, say after nine or ten o'clock, is converted into a holiday. They go by thousands into the country on excursions, as hundreds of tram-cars run daily, while all who do not go to the country go to the Prater or other *beergarten*. The Prater is the great place of concourse. I went out Easter Monday, and I and a Presbyterian minister who witnessed the scene,

estimated that there were no less than 100,000 people in the Prater that day. It is a magnificent park, laid off into walks and drives, theaters, circuses and *beer-gartens.*

To say this number drank not less than 5,000 barrels of beer that day would appear extravagant until we state that we have it on good authority that one *beer-haus* in Munich consumes 1,000 barrels daily.

The Prater is in the Wieden suburb and contains the old exhibition building of 1873. We walked around it and judged it to be not less than half a mile long. It has been converted into a brewery; it is too large for anything else!

A tram-car climbs from the city to the heights on the west by means of a cog-wheel; we ascended and had a nice view of the city and her environs. It is novel to an American to see little boys of 7, 8 and 9 years carrying side arms, and dressed in uniform, and of all ages carrying canes. They appear to be following the precept as they understand it—train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it. They want a soldier out of every man and so begin on him in time. And while these youngsters are in the cities and towns of Europe flirting with city girls, their sisters are at home doing all the farm work. It was a daily sight in Vienna to see pretty girls driving two-horse wagons from the country, when no doubt their broth-

ers were in the Austrian camp. It was the same going from town to town on the cars—the women were cultivating farms everywhere. Alas, when a nation must thus waste its productive forces in order to feel secure, while all the delicate sense of woman, that makes her queen of home and clothes her with native charms, is blunted by reducing her to a serf, with the task of feeding the family and supplying tax sufficient for the nourishment of her son, husband or brother, and the government besides. It was really amusing to see large dogs hitched to one-horse wagons loaded with milk or vegetables, to lighten the draught otherwise falling upon the market-woman. We took one morning to visit *Shoenbrun*, the magnificent summer palace of the Emperor two miles from Vienna. We counted 165 windows on one side, which enables one to have some idea of its size. It is in harmony, externally and internally, with the style of Francis Joseph. All the entrances are guarded by *gens d'armes*, and though in this is like all European palaces, we are glad of the contrast in this respect between it and the White House.

A pretty park covering more than a thousand acres surrounds Shoenbrun. It is laid off into many pretty walks and drives and beautified by fountains filled with fishes. Seats are placed at proper intervals, and it did me good to see the poor people walking through these royal gardens or resting by these beautiful spouting fountains.

One drive about one mile in length has a row of small oak trees on each side that seem to have been cut perpendicularly by a great plane, and then, about twenty feet above the ground, by a horizontal plane; looking down this avenue from one end there seems to be a solid wall on each side of the drive; not one twig an inch long projects beyond the plane.

In one Museum I saw figures in wax illustrating many kinds of disease. The flesh seemed to be purposely cut away so as to expose the various organs affected in these diseases, and often many figures were reproduced to show the progress of the disease; bones were broken, often projecting through the flesh, polpoid growths were being extracted; eyes, ears, nose, throat and all were diseased and being relieved. The nervous, veinous, arterial and muscular systems with the viscera, were all shown, each to itself. One hardly knows which to admire most, the one who dictated or the one who executed so skillfully for such an exhibition.

The squares of Vienna are adorned with many equestrian statues. Belvedere gallery is the largest of the city and claimed my time one half day. Raphael's Madonna ā la Verdure is here. Titian has a Madonna here, Corregio a Ganymede and an Io. One of the best pieces is an Altar piece representing the Catholic, Greek, Jewish, Mahommedan and Brahmin faiths. It has been the custom for more than 250 years for the Austrian Em-

perors and their wives to wash the feet of twelve old men and twelve old women of the city on Friday before Easter, every year. They also send a *table d' hote* dinner and a bottle of wine to those whose feet they have washed. The suicide of the *Kronprintz* prevented all this this year.

The Austrians are a healthy, good-natured looking set, fond of show and pleasure, and mostly have blue eyes. They are all Catholics, and badly priest-ridden. I copy a few extracts from a confidential circular placed in my hands:

The object of this communication is to give a few particulars of a quiet work for the Lord which has been carried on for some time at* province of Austria. The indiscriminate publication of details in Christian journals is, in this case, an impossibility, as in consequence of the lack of religious liberty in this country, all aggressive evangelistic effort, especially that of an undenominational character, is practically prohibited, and it is only by acting with the greatest prudence and by keeping carefully within the letter of the law that such work can be done. We therefore earnestly request those Christians into whose hands this may fall to regard the com munications it contains as *confidential*, and to exercise care that the circular may not fall into the hands of Jesuit spies, who are constantly on the watch for any streak of light on this priest-ridden land, and whose influence upon the authorities and people at large is so great that they often succeed in putting an end to all efforts.

Public Gospel meetings as they can be held in Eng-

* Should the names of places and men be published in America they would be sent back to Austria by Catholics here.

land, France and Italy, being forbidden in Austria, we can only have private gatherings in our own dwelling, with a limited number of people, whom we must invite personally by cards.

The great centre of attraction in our meetings is *the Bible*. By far the majority of our attendants had never seen a copy of the Word of God ere they came to us.

One thing that strikes them forcibly is the love of God in providing a *free salvation*. Their own system is just the reverse; from the cradle to the grave it is pay, pay, pay for all the "consolations of religion." More than once have poor people offered me money when I visited (at their request) sick relatives, read the Bible to and prayed with them. When I asked them why they offered money, they said, "Oh, for your beautiful prayer." Of course I refused to take the offered money. This greatly surprised them, and they made such remarks as these: "Why don't you take it? Our priests do nothing without money, and what they say and do is not at all so good and comforting to our hearts as your words and prayers."

Here * * * in addition to the usual meetings (three weekly), we have the visitation of the sick, though the evangelist is not free to visit uninvited. But the requests for calls are very frequent, and most thankfully received, of course being always accompanied by reading of the Scriptures and prayer. On one occasion I had been invited to meet a few friends gathered in the home of one of our regular attendants, and to spend a little time in reading the Bible and prayer. While we were together a request was brought to me to pray for the mother of one of those present, who, after a long and painful illness, was lying apparently at the point of death, the medical attendant having declared that there was no hope of her recovery. We prayed very earnestly that if it were the

Lord's will He would restore her to health for the sake of her family. Next day her son came to report that from "*that very hour*" a great change had taken place. The seemingly dying woman recovered consciousness, sat up and spoke to those around, and to the surprise of all she was in a few days able to leave her bed, and was quickly restored to health. Thus the Lord magnified His Name in the hearing and answering prayer in so wonderful a manner that all those who had been present could not but acknowledge the fulfilment of the promise, "Whatsoever ye ask," etc. As a result of this occurrence, the sick woman, as soon as able, attended our meetings, with her husband and family and have been regular visitors ever since, several of them having left the Romish Church openly. During the past year not a few have made an open profession of faith by coming out from Rome and declaring themselves Protestants, giving notice to the authorities of the step they have taken. This is required by the law of the land, and often has very serious consequences for the business or profession of those who have the courage to do it.

We have also a lending library, and carefully selected books, all presenting Gospel truth, are lent to any who wish for them. During my summer wanderings I note the names and addresses of any persons who seem to appreciate evengelical literature, and during the winter many a packet of tracts, small books, or a New Testament finds its way, *by post*, to an Alpine valley or a wayside village, where it is read and lent to many in the neighborhood.

Our regular attendants belong exclusively to the poorer classes, some being in winter so destitute that we feel obliged to minister to their necessities. Notwithstanding this, they contribute their weekly offering, which as it

consists chiefly of single kreutzers, (one-fifth of a penny,) does not suffice for the warming and lighting of the room.

An idea of the spiritual condition of the people in these lands may be gathered from the fact, that on the occasion of my pointed enquiry, I found that of the thirteen persons who met with me eleven had never seen a copy of the Scriptures till they were brought in contact with evangelical services.

It is not without hazard that visits can be made to the sick, even when the evangelist has been invited to the invalid's house.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FROM VIENNA TO LONDON.

Advantages of slow travelling.—Fairyland and Farm land.—Russia's Way.—*Walhalla.*—Nuremburg.—Würtzburg, Legend of the Minnesinger.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, Ariadne, Lost in town, Kaiser-saal, &c.—Heidelberg, *Molkencur*, Castle, University, &c.—Worms, Luther *Platz.*—The Grandest Sight.—German Soldiers to the manner born.—Maintz.—The Rhine.—Bonn.—Cologne, finest Cathedral. Finest Music, German Catholic method.—*Aix-la-chapelle.*—*Spa.* Oldest watering place.—Belgium, Waterloo.

FROM VIENNA TO LONDON.

OUR train rolled out of the grand *Westbahn hoff* on the clear crisp, frosty morning of April 24th, bound for *Frankfort-on-the-Main.* I took a slow train because they often stop over two, four and six hours, giving the hurried tourist time to see many places he would have to pass by if on the limited express; also the slow trains are used by the common people while the fast trains are chiefly used by the wealthy and I wished to see all I possibly could of the middle and lower classes; the rich are about the same the world over.

Soon after leaving Vienna the mountains of Styria and Tyrol appeared far off to the left and

covered with snow seemed to lift a warning hand that Switzerland was too cold and must be passed by. All day we fly over the most pleasing landscapes; all the land that is cleared is in a fine state of cultivation. If it is clothed in verdure every foot is occupied, if it is fallowed, every inch is broken, if a canal passes through it does not monopolize, just so much as is necessary is taken for the water, the remainder is utilized in some other way. If some is left to sustain its native forest the decaying trees and shrubs are removed and every part presents the finish of agricultural and horticultural skill, and nature herself has woven these landscapes into lovely shapes as deft fingers do the drapery of dress. Baedeker says of this section, "No other district in Germany offers such a variety of charming scenery within so small a compass."

Passau, the first town reached in Germany, at the confluence of the Inn and Danube is a beautiful town that really looks more rustic than city-like. We spent an hour here looking round and getting rid of Austrian *florins* and *kreutzers* for German *marks* and *pfennigs*.

I met a gentlemen here who spoke English; we took a compartment together to Nuremburgh. He was a native Russe, and spoke freely of the efforts made by Russia to capture Servia and Bulgaria by flooding those sections with political and religious (Greek) literature from Moscow and other

great centers of Russia, and expressed himself as of opinion that they were about ready to ally themselves to Russia.

We pass near Regensburg, the *Walhalla* or Temple of Fame, called also *Deucher Ehren*, modeled after the Parthenon at Athens, built fifty or sixty years ago by Louis I. of Bavaria. The entablature is adorned with sculptures by Wagner, illustrating Germany's ancient history, below are a hundred busts of eminent Germans. The grounds about the building are admirably laid out, and command a fine view. The whole is on a height overlooking the Danube and city.

I stopped four hours in Nuremburg, which gave me time to see the old high-gabled houses with stone balconies; the double wall, 800 years old, whose lofty tower called the *Burg* I climbed to get a better view of the town and its environs. The *Rathhaus*, or town hall, was about to be closed for the day, but a few *pfennigs* turned the key backwards, and I saw within. It is a rare building and has connection with famous deeds; it contains Albert Durer's best works in frescoes, and a very fine painting of himself painting Maximilian the Great, also a fine portrait of Faber, of lead pencil notoriety. I saw there the lion of "Red-wine and White-wine" fame, and sat in the royal chair of Leopold I. The *Shoene Brunnen*, or beautiful fountain, deserves the name.

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow lands,
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic—quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy painted gables, like the rooks that round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the Emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy Castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art,
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above Cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art:

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-bard

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labor—the long pedigree of toil.

Longfellow.

From Nuremburg we ran down to *Wurzburg* on the Main, reaching there a short while before day. As I was to leave at sunrise, and as there was a good restaurant in the Station, I did not go to a hotel; here I received the first hospitality I had known for many weeks. An attendant at the depot invited me to his room and supplied me with water, soap, towel and comb, which I supposed was designed to secure a small perquisite; this he refused, however, when offered, and only received it when I insisted. I was anxious to go across the Main and visit the monument of Walter of Vogelweid, the Minnesinger of whose Will Longfellow says:

"And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest:
They should feed the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest;

Saying, 'From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long.'

"Thus the bard of love departed;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

"Thus they sang their merry carols—
Sang their lauds on every side;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of VOGELWEID."

The town is also noted for the manufacture of fine wines from the vineyards seen along the rail-

way, and for the medical department of its University. I saw three Japanese students in the Station who had been smoking and drinking beer all night.

We dash down and across the Main, through tunnels, over bridges, through green fields and forests of maple, cypress and oak.

I reached Frankfort, the home of one of the Rothchilds and birthplace of Goethe, at 8 o'clock, A. M. The Ariadne, Danneker's masterpiece, in Bethmann's Museum, is a solid piece of marble representing this beautiful daughter of Crete as left by Theseus and found by Bacchus, seated on a lion. She sits sidewise on the beast looking over her right shoulder. The poet-sculptor clothes her with that happy freedom from care that we welcome in any face, and that laxity of restraint for which the artist refuses any substitute. Leaving the Ariadneum I mistook the directions of the keeper, and was soon lost; having only my German to fall back upon, I asked many a time, the best I could, the way to the Städel Gallery, and sometimes got plain directions, accompanied by appropriate motions of the head and hands, the latter of which conveyed more intelligence to my mind than the best German; often I would pause in front of a fellow-pedestrian with my stereotyped *Wo ist Stadel Museum?* He would very often look straight at me, as if astonished, and reply: "*Ich verstehe nicht, mein Herr.*" Again I would approach

some one who was evidently a stranger, like myself, he would merely shrug his shoulders and pass on.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been,
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flocks that never need a fold
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean—
This is not solitude, 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, to view her stores unrolled.

"But in the city's hum, the din, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess
And roam along the world's tired denizen,
With none to bless us, none whom we can bless.
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress,
None who, with kindred consciousness endued,
None who if we were not would smile the less
Of all who followed, flattered, sought and sued,
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude."

I instinctively carry my reckoning, like the mule or lower animals generally, but lost it altogether in Frankfort, and only began to find myself after I had gone over the "Cock and Devil" bridge, as it is called, because the architect consigned the first living thing, that should cross it, to the bottomless pit; this proved to be a cock, a large figure of which is placed on one of the pillars that extends several feet above the floor, also one of Charlemange is near by. Like the Seine at Paris. and the Thames at London, so at Frankfort the Main runs between stone walls and over a macadamized bed. Once over this bridge I had to go

down the river half a mile to the museum, and the tops of steeples and other high objects all became so adjusted in my mind that I had no farther difficulty.

The Stadel gallery contains several Madonnas (portraits of the virgin Mary) which are classed among noted paintings, an altar-piece by Fra Angelico, and imitations of the *Venus de Medici*, Laocoon, Wrestlers, &c. A very fine painting of the Ten Virgins suggested the lines of Meredith, "When their lamps began to flicker":

> "One still as death, hollowed her hand about her lamp,
> For fear some motion of the midnight, or her breath
> Should fan out the last flicker.
> Rosy clear the light oosed through her fingers o'er her face,
> There was a ruined beauty hovering there,
> Over deep pain, and dashed with lurid glare—
> A waning gloom."

The *Kaisersaal*, which contains frescoe portraits of all the German emperors from Konrad I., 911, to Francis II., 1806, and the clock given by Napoleon I., claimed me an hour, after which I went to the *Dom* to see the Dead Christ by Van Dyck, and an altar-piece in wood representing the crucifixion. I made a hurried visit to the beautiful *Palmgarten*, the monuments of Schiller and Gutenberg and leave for Heidelberg, passing Darmstadt, in which we see from the cars the war monument of Ludwig Einster, 1870-1.

Almost every foot of land is cultivated from Darmstadt to Heidelberg; it is rented out in small

patches; often one farmer has a patch fifty yards wide and three hundred long in wheat, beside that and about the same size one is newly ploughed for corn or some other crop; the land for many miles is laid off this way, and I was told that one man had possession of only a few acres. In the distance to our left I saw on the heights several towers.

At nightfall I reached the old University town of Heidelberg, made up of 16000 protestants, 9000 catholics and 2000 Jews. After a good night's rest, I took a guide and went to the Molkencur, a very high mountain overlooking the city and valley. My guide pointed out one of the largest cement factories in the world, the valley over the Neckar where the students fight duels three times a week, a church half Catholic and half Protestant, each denomination worshipping in it every Sabbath, and the old castle, which has been destroyed by the French, by lightning, and is now in the hands of the ever successful destroyer, Time.

We will go down from this splendid observatory to look through the historic edifice. It is reached by crossing a draw-bridge, over a very large moat, then through the gate in which hangs still the ponderous portcullis, and we are in the open court, where sixteen of the electors of Palatine, done in stone, look down from their niches in the lofty walls. In a museum of antiquities, seen for twenty *pfennigs*, there are many old swords and all the

machinery of ancient battle, keys heavy as a mattock, mugs, moneys, postilion boats truly monstrous, model of the castle, *Molkencur*, Konigs Stohl and plan of the city made of cork by a cook, securing for him a fortune. Below is the great Tun, holding 50,000 gallons of wine; it has eighteen hoops 8 x 10 inches the two at the ends being 8 x 14 inches. It has been filled three times, the last time was in 1769, by Charles Theodor, elector of Bavaria, on the top is a platform where about six or eight persons can dance, which they did on the occasion of filling the *Tun*.

The great university founded by Rupert Carolo, elector of Palatine in 1487, contains his bust in the *aula*, or assembly hall. Around the front of the gallery are the names of many of their noted professors, while the ceiling has female figures representing the sciences of Theology, Law, Medicine and Philosophy.

I went from H. to Maintz, stopping two hours in Worms to see the Luther Platz, which contains his monument. He is standing with upturned face on which is depicted conviction, courage, intelligence, purpose; in his left hand he holds the Bible, his right is closed and rests on the Bible; below are cut in the stone the words:

Hier Stehe Ich.
Ich Kann nicht Anders.
Gott Hilf mir! Amen!

which mean: Here I stand. I cannot retract God help me! Amen!

The artist was most happy in the execution of his task; one seems to be in the presence of the living hero of 1521. I saw nothing else while traveling that sent the involuntary thrill through every nerve as did this statue.

There is no grander exhibition on earth than a man, to whom God has committed a trust, not recognized by his cotemporaries, perhaps, but known to himself, and having the courage of his convictions, amid all opposition and persecution.

It is a very interesting ride of one or two hours to Maintz. A bar or rail is put up at every railroad crossing, and the sentry presents arms while the train is passing; every private soldier salutes every officer he passes, though they may be on opposite sides of very wide streets, filled with carriages or wagons.

Maintz is one of the best fortified cities in Europe, and contains many fine monuments. The Cathedral is said to be the richest in monuments of any in Europe. I only took time to hurry through it; I had seen so many and so much that was revolting in all, that the Tablet to Fastrada, wife of Charlemagne, and Schwanthaler's monument to Frauenlob, the pious minstrel of the Holy Virgin, were all I noticed particularly. The Rhine has been written about so much that I hesitate to say anything; the scenery to Bonn, birthplace of Beethoven and seat of the University, is wild and attractive; the perpendicular hills are crowned

with old towers, the sloping ones ornamented with terraces, growing grapes. We reached Cologne about sundown. I stopped within one square of the Cathedral, thought by some to be the grandest Gothic structure in the world, being 500 feet high; it has one door or portal (on the south) that cost $500,000; it has a chapel called the Chapel of the Three Kings, said to contain the bones of the Magi!

I attended the Church of England services on Sunday, which seemed designed for, as they were attended only by visitors. The Sabbath was used for a holiday, after the early morning service, say nine to ten o'clock, in Cologne as in Vienna. I went to the Cathedral before breakfast on Sunday to find it almost filled at that early hour. They had the finest music I ever heard, which was kept up nearly all day; when one division of the choir would sing until exhausted, another would be called on. I went to St. Andrew's (Catholic) Church before breakfast Monday morning. About 200 children were at prayers, with about a dozen ladies, all led by a little girl not over ten years old. She would utter several invocations, pause and be followed by the congregation repeating the last sentence or uttering a responsive prayer. They had stepped into this church on their way to school, as they do every morning, and as their minds are developed their hearts and habits are fixed about the altars of the church. And observation teaches that it is equally difficult to eradica

the knowledge obtained from the one, as the devotion developed from the other.

The church of St. Peter has for an altar-piece Rubens' "Crucifixion of St. Peter," which is thought to be very superior; the head is downwards. Near by, at No. 10 Sternengasse, is shown the house in which Peter Paul Rubens was born, 1577, and Maria de Medici died in exile 1642.

The *Rathhaus*, about six hundred years old, is a splendid city hall dedicated to the Cæsars. The bronze equestrian statue of William III, places him high above the men who graced and supported his *regime*, and others of the cult of Blucher and Von Humboldt.

At 12 M., on the third day after reaching Cologne, we took the cars for Brussels, which we reached at 9 o'clock the same evening, passing on the way *Aix-la-Chapelle*, the birth-place and favorite residence of Charlemagne. For several hundred years after Charlemagne's death the German emperors were crowned at Aix.

At this place both Charlemagne and his wife Fastrada died. He was buried in the octagonal nave built by himself in a marble chair which was afterwards used for a coronation chair. About a mile or two from the railway one can see the *Frankenburg*, a hunting-seat of the great Charles. It is said the water surrounding the Castle was a lake, into which his wife's ring was thrown.

"Thou knowest the story of her ring,
How, when the court went back to Aix,
Frastada died; and how the King
Sat watching by her night and day,
Till into one of the blue lakes
Which water that delicious land
They cast the ring drawn from her hand;
And the great monarch sat serene
And sad beside the fated shore,
Nor left the land forevermore."

Longfellow's "Golden Legend."

We soon reached Liege, a factory town, and the first in Belgium. A train with two hundred passengers dashed in from *Spa*, the oldest watering place in Europe, of any note. As it only costs from one to three cents per mile to travel in Belgium, and as it is the most populous country in the world for its size, there is much travel. *Chaude Fontaine*, another watering place, was on the line of our road and looks somewhat like Piedmont Springs, in Burke County, N. C.

The entire face of the country in Belgium is as pretty as a picture. The next morning after reaching Brussels I went out to see the field of Waterloo, twelve miles from the city. A large mound has been built in the center of the field, about 800 feet west of where Wellington's headquarters were during the fateful day, and very near the position of the impregnable square, behind which was the road into which

"Rider and horse, friend and foe, in one red burial blent."

The top of the mound is reached by ascending

200 steps. It is surmounted by a granite base of huge proportions, on which stands a lion with his head turned towards France and one fore foot resting on a globe. This signifies so much to the Frenchman that my guide said only few of them visit Waterloo at all. I was very fortunate in having a guide well posted on the history of the movements made by all the leaders in that crisis of the world's history.

Napoleon had approached to within a few hundred yards of Wellington's position, when Blucher arrived. Wellington had all the advantage in position from one side of the field to the other. But such battles are determined by the Friend of the nations and *not* by the "heaviest artillery."

Some one has said that Napoleon never wrote an important document without using the word "glory," as if that were his talisman, and Wellington likewise always used the word "duty." And on this field of carnage the world has been taught the superiority and triumph of *duty* over *glory*.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN LONDON.

London.—A home-like feeling.—The "Bank."—'Busses.—Travel on the Great Thoroughfares.—Elevated and Underground Rail Roads.—5,000,000 of People, How Placed.—"What shall we do with our Cities?"—Humanitarians.—Sights to be Seen.—May Meetings.—The English in Meeting.—The English in History, Poetry, Literature, Government and Religion.—Churchmen and Dissenters.—Churchmen and the Papacy.—Victoria's policy.—The Wesleyan's. City Road Chapel, Wesley's House and Furniture.—His Tomb amongst honored Co-laborers.—Bunhill Fields, Mrs. Wesley's Epitaph.

LEAVING Brussels, one hour sufficed to reach Antwerp, a well fortified town on the Scheldt, on the borders of Holland. Next morning at six we were seated in an English railway carriage on British soil and enjoyed a peace of mind that was new. I felt like talking much, like one after a long fast enjoys a sumptuous table d'hote, and indulged freely with a Londoner and a gentleman from Vienna. The country along our route was cleared of timber as in most European States, but the farmhouses and farms were more like those I had been used to at home. I missed soldiers, ubiquitous on the Continent.

At nine o'clock I stood on one of the streets of the busiest metropolis of the world, inquiring for

a 'bus that would take me to Smith's Temperance Hotel, Southampton Row. I was directed to go to the Bank, near by. There are hundreds of banks in London, but only one is known as the "Bank." From that point omnibusses go in all directions and every one or two minutes, for one penny a mile. Every one goes loaded, and the number of pedestrians do not appear to be diminished. In fact so dense is the travel on the main thoroughfares that it is often difficult to leave a store for the want of a place in the throng, but once in one is moved along almost involuntarily. This is true any day on Cheapside, the Strand, Oxford street or Holborn. On these streets police are stationed about every hundred yards in the center of the street to direct vehicles to the left side, order them to stop or move along, and give every one a fair opportunity to change his location, a privilege his individual self-assertion is often inadequate to obtain. There are several elevated railways, and London underground is said to be honey-combed with railroads. There is one place where 1200 trains pass daily, or one nearly every minute. These are necessary to accommodate the vast numbers of a city that is a cosmos in itself. There are 5,000,000 of inhabitants occupying about 200 square miles. Allowing a third for streets, parks, gardens and the Thames, there would be sixty persons to the acre. If four houses were built on every acre, and every house

three stories high, there would be a family of five for every story or fifteen to every house. As many of the wealthy have large yards and gardens and small families, one can conjecture how densely must be populated the poorer districts; often fifty or more are crowded into one tenement dwelling. This is a fruitful source of both crime and disease, and the wiser heads are trying to devise means for the amelioration of these evils. "What shall we do with our cities?" has long been a question among European philanthrophists and economists. Investigation reveals that there are no people in London whose ancestry could be traced back for four successive generations in the city. One way of checking the evil is to open up large public parks and gardens, but the desire to be near their work on the part of the poor and the increased income from rents, influences the wealthy to crowd as many as possible into every house that is for rent, and thus Mammon sways to the ignoring of the good laws ordained of God for man's well-being. Those who most need to obey these laws of health are ignorant of them, and have not the power if they had the wisdom to observe them. Those who know of them and have the power to see them observed more generally, have not the will to help any but themselves.

There are many institutions, built by charity, for poor children. I saw representatives from sixty-six institutions for the governing and train

ing of destitute and criminal children. It was in St. James' Hall. They numbered 600, and were trained to sing, march, and perform in pantomime with almost perfect precision. I also attended a meeting of the "London Society for Prevention of Cruelty to children" held at the Mansion House, with the announcement that "*The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor will Preside.*" This announcement always secures a full attendance. The meeting was addressed by H. E. Cardinal Manning, Hon. A. F. Mundilla, M. P., A. K. Rollit, M. P., and others. About this and other meetings I will speak elsewhere.

The sights of London are too numerous to be catalogued, a list of the most interesting is kept at all the hotels for gratuitous distribution; to write them up would be to write almost a history of England. The May Meetings were of most interest to me because I wished to learn how the English churches met and carried their responsibilities.

The following list was on the calendar for consideration from April 11th to July 7th. Some of them occupied five or six meetings:

London Young Women's Christian Association, Paris City Mission, Inst. Educate Daughters of Missionaries, Widows' Friend Society, Strangers' Home for Asiatics, &c., Orphan Working School, Salvation Army, Baptist Union Home Mission, Monthly Tract Society, Wesleyan Missionary Society, Baptist Missionary Society, Asylum for Idiots, Regent's Park College, Wesleyan Missionary Society.

Ladies' Auxiliary, Baptist Chapel Building Fund, Regent's Park College, Young Men's Baptist Mission Association, City of London Total Abstainers' Union, British and Foreign Bible Society, Religious Tract Society, Trinitarian Bible Society, National Temperance League, Home and Colonial School Society, South American Missionary Society, Baptist Union, Church Missionary Society, Sunday School Union, Wesleyan Home Missions, Bible Christian Missionary Society, Church Missionary Society, Pres. Ch. of Eng. Synod's Miss. Meeting, Baptist Zenana Mission, Missionary Leaves Association, Midnight Meeting Movement, Missions to Seamen, Colonial and Continental Church Society, Baptist Total Abstinence Association, Bible Translation Society, Samaritan Free Hos. for Women and Children, Liberation Society, Church Pastoral Aid Society, London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, Sunday School Continental Mission, London City Mission, Reformatory and Refuge Union, Ch. of Eng. Women's Mis. Association, Navy Mission, Governesses' Benevolent Institution, Ch. of Eng. Zenana Missionary Society, Moravian Missions (London Association), Royal Naval Female School, Ch. of Eng. Temp. Soc. (Juvenile Union), Church of England Temperance Society, British and Foreign Sailor's Society, London Missionary Society, Church Association, Cong. Union of England and Wales, Ragged School Union, Church of England Sunday School Inst., Pastor's College, Cong. Total Abstinence Association, Irish Church Missions, Sailor's Welcome Home, Cong. Ch. Aid and Home Missionary Society, Mariners' Friend Society, British and Foreign Sailors' Society, United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, Thames Church Mission, Cong. Pastors' Retiring and Widows' Funds, London Evang. Society and Lodging House Mission, Irish Evangelical Society, Christian Socialist Society, Church

of England Young Men's Society, Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, British Home for Incurables, Church of England Temperance Society (Total Abstinence Sctn), Colonial Missionary Society, Operative Jewish Converts, London Missionary Society (Women's Work), Church of England's Temperance Society (Women's Union), Christian Vernacular Educational Society for India, Congregational Church Guilds, Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, Seamen and Boatmen's Friend Society, Seamen's Christian Friend Society. Mariner's Friend Society, U. M. F. C. Home and Foreign Missionary Society, Newport and Isle of Wight Conference, Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Society for Relief of Distressed Widows, Home Teaching Society for the Blind, Evangelical Alliance, British Society for Prop. Gospel among Jews, Turkish Missions Aid Society, Sons of Clergy, Country Towns Mission, Church of England Scripture Reader's Association, Baptist Tract and Book Society, Evangelical Continental Society, Railway Mission, British and Foreign School Society, National Prohibition Party, Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, Metropolitan Tab. Colportage Association, Primitive Methodist Missionary Society, British Women's Temperance Association, St. James's Home for Female Inebriates, Peace Society, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Aborigines Protection Society, Christian Evidence Society, Spanish and Portuguese Church Aid Society, Field Lane Refuge and Ragged Schools, Gospel Temperance General Committee, Royal Naval Scripture Readers Society, Central Young Men's Christian Association, Reformatory and Refuge Union, Open-Air Mission, Christian Community, Army Scripture Readers' Society, N. Lond. Home for Aged Christian Blind, Infant Orphan Asylum, China Inland Mission, Hazelwood Home for Com. Young Men, Children's Special Service Mission,

Ragged Church and Chapel Union, Society for Suppression of Opium Trade, Indigent Blind Visiting Society, Propagation of Gospel in Foreign Parts, British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Ryl. Alfrd. Aged Merchant Smn's. Institution, Stockwell Orphanage, London Sunday School Choir, English Church Union.

As Bishop Marvin said, the English have their own way of doing things. At all of the meetings which I attended, about twenty, everything was cut and dried beforehand. The questions to be discussed were printed. The mover of every motion, and the one appointed to second it, and the words of the motion were all on a printed circular. The speech of the putter of the motion was sometimes read. No place is allowed for extemporaneous speechifying. Generally effort was made to secure the endorsement of my Lord, so and so, by putting him in the chair or announcing that he would be present.

These Lords and bishops keep the first places at a distance from all whose qualification to fill them comes by any other way than by inheritance or royal favor.

They put on the greatest imaginable stiffness and behave as if they thought the matter at hand were worthy to monopolize the world of thought for a decade or two. The audience appear to accept the interpretation put upon it and cheer to the echo such periods as are commonly used all over our country, and cry Hear, hear, to ordinary truisms.

Their preparation always prevents confusion and I judged they moved so slowly only because their common people were so far behind ours. In the matter of collections, however, they are ahead of us. I never attended any service in church or public hall that a collection was not taken, nearly every one contributing.

What I have said does not imply that Great Britain has not led the world in literature, poetry and government, as well as in religion. She has. If her form of government is not equal to ours, in our judgment it is in their opinion superior, and may be superior, when we consider the character of their subjects. Our fore-fathers brought away the best conceptions of government then existing and the best class of citizens the world could then furnish with which to maintain such a government when it should be formed. England has done more than we in the matters mentioned above, but she has been many centuries at it. I told a patriotic Briton that we expected to have as many Poets and Literati after awhile as England. He said we did not have one whose name was as great, and who had lived before the world so long as Shakespeare. I told him just to wait until we lived to be as old a people as the British and he would see what he would see!

At these meetings it was plain to be seen that a war was going on between the established church and the dissenters. At several meetings of the

church of England in Exeter Hall, whenever evangelistical efforts were reported such as they were driven to adopt by dissenters there would be cheers loud and long. Frequent disparaging references were made to dissenters, while the dissenters were loud in their complaints against an oppressive system that had to be supported by all the people, many of whom did not believe its doctrines. In Joseph Parker's church an order of court that had been issued for selling some poor man's property for taxes due the established church was exhibited and much enthusiasm aroused against such a condition of things. Rev. Mr. Cleal said in City Temple at this same meeting that he had known the names of pupils taken in the day schools to compel them to attend the Sunday Schools of the English church. He said "Our opponents are hard to oppose because they drift in the spirit of the age."

The dissenters are hopeful of a change and are faithfully bearing the testimony of Jesus.

There are many Churchmen who are uneasy lest the Pope shall make greater inroads into England, he has already said: "England is doing well." The "Tract movement," as the Catholics call it converted thousands to Romanism. The Queen's private Secretary is a Catholic, and wise people know what that means. The alarm has been great enough to call forth much comment in the *Churchman*, specially on the occasion of Her Majesty's

visit to a convent while in Spain, and a poem which had a wide circulation, a stanza or two of which I copy:

To-day the *curse* is in his *heart*,
The while with *lip* he blesses;
Infidel—Godless England sees
No harm in his caresses;
The maudlin men of "Modern Thought"
Can grip no Standard truth;
And Jesuits in the English Church
Have Romanised our youth;
The very throne has bowed itself
At Leo's trampling feet;
Can God do *otherwise* than let
Such sin with *sorrow* meet?

Beckon him on!! This *blessing*-Pope,
He holds Victoria *vile*,
And fain would give her "*Moonlight*" *fare*,
As in the Sister Isle;
"No faith with heretics," is *still*
The Papal undertone;
And Englishmen are *fools*, who think
That Rome has *kinder* grown;
"*Kill, kill*," she says; let *Manning's* words
Our sad attention win,
Or *life* or *liberty* goes out
When Leo's *power* comes in.

Victoria has a hard time, I presume; while everything I noticed seemed to indicate the greatest love and devotion. Each party is very jealous, and objects to any patronage being given to the others. Her policy seems to be to do at Rome as Romans do. In Scotland she attends the Presbyterian church, in Spain the Catholic, at home the Episcopal.

One can see why she should defer to so great an extent to the Catholic church, when one remembers that Ireland is so largely Catholic and that 50,000 of her troops are Catholic, besides those who live on English soil, and the further fact that her Majesty's interest in the East is protected by

the Catholic in the jealousy he bears towards the Greek church of Russia and the Slavonic States. All eastern people are ruled through their religion and to be stable in power the monarch must seem to be in sympathy with the majority. The Queen can afford to smile upon the church of Rome for the returns. The leaders of Society forgive her if their principles oppose, for their standing depends upon her patronage as well. And if the Jesuit is far more diligent and successful in improving every occasion, than the Protestant, nobody deserves so much blame as this same fault-finding Protestant. The propagation of any religion depends upon natural laws (on the human side) which are as much the property of one individual as another.

Protestantism needs to learn the value of printer's ink, as the Politician and Jesuit know it, as well as the worth of devotion to the task in hand.

Mr. Spurgeon has learned this lesson and not only has written a great many books, but has organized a thorough system of Colportage the annual meeting of which it was my privilege to attend in his Tabernacle; it is working well. Mr. Wesley learned it, and wrote and sold books, with what result is known too well to be repeated here.

At several meetings of the Wesleyan Methodists I learned that they are trying to carry their share of the responsibility in supplying the people with the gospel. I was present at the opening of Cleve-

land hall, which is a Methodist church. The same meeting was protracted and many souls converted.

The West End Mission is supplied by Revs. Hugh Price Hughes, who is second only to Spurgeon as a popular leader among dissenters, and Mark Guy Pearce his colleague, both of whom I heard preach.

I attended several services in City Road Chapel, in the church of John Wesley. It now has two preachers, one of whom, the Rev. Mr. Murrill, kindly showed me through Mr. Wesley's house. His study was a small room not over 7x8 feet, in it is the quaint old teapot from which he gave his preachers a cup of tea on every Sunday morning, part of the spout is broken off and on each side is burned in blue letters a stanza used as a blessings before and after meals, one reads as follows:

> "Be present at our table Lord
> Be here, be every where adored,
> And in thy mercy, grant that we
> In paradise may sup with thee."

The room in which Mr. Wesley died is a small room, in that is his book case and library. Mr. Murrill said that Cyrus Field had offered £500 for the Writing Desk and £100 for the Teapot; but no sum could purchase them. I was present at a tea-party in the parlor of the church and was invited to address the meeting. I also made a talk to their Sunday School, and preached in the even-

ing in the Mission Chapel. In the rear of the church is Wesley's tomb, which is very unpretentious consisting of a base about four by eight feet and about four feet high, on this rests a shaft six or seven feet high with the single word Wesley on one side, around him lie Clark, Watson, Benson and many others noted in Methodist history.

Many tablets to their memory are in the walls of the church behind the altar and on either side.

Across the street is Bunhill Fields Cemetery, once the chief burial place for non-conformists, but now disused. It contains the tombs of Watts, DeFoe, Bunyan, whose tomb has the figure of "Pilgrim," with a load upon his back. A large upright marble slab, near the centre of the grounds, contains the following:

HERE LIES THE BODY OF

MRS. SUSANNA WESLEY,

WIDOW OF REV. S. WESLEY, M. A.,

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF REV. S. ANNESLEY, D. D.,

MOTHER OF NINETEEN CHILDREN,

OF WHOM THE MOST EMINENT WERE JOHN AND CHARLES, THE FORMER FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETIES CALLED METHODISTS

In sure and steadfast hope to rise
And claim her mansion in the skies;
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The Cross exchanging for a crown.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FROM LONDON HOME.

Noted Preachers of London.—Noted Churches.—The Tower.—Other Objects.—Waverly Route to Melrose. The Abbey, Abbotsford, Scott—Edinburgh.—Glasgow.—Aboard once more.

OF the noted preachers in London I heard Spurgeon, Canon Farrar, Hugh Price Hughes, Mark Guy Pearce, Newman Hall, Joseph Parker, and the Bishop of London. At the May Meetings I heard some dozens of preachers from the country, and Missionaries from the foreign fields. Besides the Colportage meeting in Spurgeon's Tabernacle, I was present on two Sundays when he preached: both sermons were superior as to matter and delivery. His church has two elliptical galleries, each holding about 1,000, while the body of the house holds 4,000. It was full on both occasions. His voice was pitched on the proper key to fill the auditorium, and sustained throughout. He preaches an hour, and uses all the styles of sermonizing and delivery. He comments on the lesson before the sermon and pronounces the benediction, without song or prayer, after the sermon. He aims at immediate results, and preaches with great earnestness and unction.

I called on him one afternoon, for a few minutes. I said, Mr. Spurgeon, I am an American stopping for a short while in London, and, thought I would like to form your acquaintance. He smiled, extended his hand and remarked: "Well, you have seen a great somebody, indeed." We conversed pleasantly a short while, and when I left, he said, "May the Lord bless you and give you a safe voyage home."

I attended a prayer-meeting, in a room of the Tabernacle, which is held every Sabbath from 10:30 to 11 A. M., when prayer is offered for the Holy Ghost's presence and power to rest on Mr. Spurgeon, the members of the church, visitors and the unconverted who may attend. This was to my mind an explanation, largely, of how, for thirty years this great man has been so efficient in his Master's vineyard.

Mark Guy Pearce is a Perfectionist, and while sensational, believes in the presence of the Holy Spirit and his willingness to do now all we need to have done if we are but willing. He preaches with much feeling. His colleague, H. Price Hughes, is very sensational. He attracts and controls large audiences. He is a great leader.

Cannon Farrar preached in Westminster Abbey, and scores of people were turned away for want of even standing room. He read his sermon, and it was a piece of the splendid composition for which he is so renowned. He has a

mellifluous voice, and his delivery was splendid considering the reading.

Joseph Parker's City Temple is a most elegant church, with lecture room, study and parlors. He is a topical preacher; his style is elevated and stately; he is a grand man to look at; the discourse to which I listened was not above an average, but was enlivened occasionally by some startling statement or comment apropos to the discussion. Speaking of Esau he said: "Has it come to that! Life reduced to repentance—repentance vain! Disembowelled life! An epitaph of two words, Born—Died! Alas what doth temptation!" He uttered no uncertain sound on the subject of future punishment: "God says thou shalt surely die. Satan says thou shalt not surely die. Reject, young man, any theory that promises any probation beyond the grave."

There are many noted churches in London—City Road Chapel, already noticed, Westminster Abbey, which contains the dust of kings, queens and warriors, painters, poets and sculptors, statesmen, philosophers and theologians, all honored with appropriate tombs, tablets and epitaphs; one is shown the Jerusalem chamber, where King James' and the revised versions were translated. A whole day is necessary to do the ponderous pile. St. Paul's is the third largest church in the world and is also a receptacle for such heroes as Wellington, Nelson, Sir Christopher Wren, the archi-

tect who built it, Reynolds, Samuel Johnson and others, making it a kind of "National Temple of Fame."

The Bow Church on Cheapside is one of Wren's best works. There is a dragon on the top of the steeple 9 feet long. Persons born within hearing of the Bow-bells are Cockneys, i. e. true Londoners, (B.)

Newgate, Ludgate, Billingsgate were named after the old gates that led through the wall when this was a Roman town, and mark the old city limits, now miles from the suburbs.

The Tower, which covers 18 acres, has four objects which every visitor should not fail to see, viz:

1: The Crown Jewels in the Wakefield Tower. Among many other coronets is that of Queen Victoria, containing 2700 diamonds. They are confined like lions in a circular cage of iron about ten feet in diameter. Crowds of people gather here daily to behold the dazzling gems, regalia, scepters, &c., valued at £3,000,000 or about $15,000,000.

The White Tower, the old original Norman keep or prison, with walls 15 feet thick, containing a very large collection of old armor such as was used during several hundred years.

Leaving the White Tower, the space in front is called Tower Green, in this are buried the victims of jealousy and and Revenge, in the middle one sees a small square paved with granite to indicate

where the scaffold stood for the execution of Queens Anne Boleyn and Katherine, Margaret, Lady Jane (Gray) and many other royal unfortunates. And, 4th, the Beauchamp Tower on the west, whose walls are full of inscriptions, cut in the stone by the wretches incarcerated there.

The Bridges, the Equestrian Statues, the Monuments to statesmen, warriors and discoverers, the British Museum, National Gallery, South Kensington Museum, Madame Tassaud's Waxworks, with the Zoological Gardens, Parks, Palaces, Houses of Parliament, Palace of Justice, with strangely clad justices and barristers, Banks, Halls and so on, would require many weeks to see.

The public ground called a square in America is called Circus in London, *Piazza* in Italy, *Place* in France, and *Platz* in Germany.

The dogs in Turkey are curs or Shepherd dogs or a mixture, in Vienna the Mastiff predominates, and is worked to the market wagon, in London the Pug seems to be in the ascendency and is always led about by a string.

The large draught-horses of France, Germany, Austria and Belgium are used in England also. I would judge them to weigh a ton each, probably more.

The movements of the royal family are chronicled in England about as in America. It was announced, one morning, that the Queen would take the cars, from Paddington Station, for Wind-

sor, so I, with multitudes of others, went out of my way to see her. Great crowds gather on all the street-corners, requiring many police to preserve order. Her face was flushed, she seemed excited, but I was unable to determine whether it was from modesty, irritation at the poor order kept by the guards, or a fear of bombs, or something altogether different. The pageant was not overpowering, yet somewhat greater than a Presidential turnout.

After a sojourn of three weeks in London, every waking hour of which was turned to the best account, I bought a ticket to Glasgow by way of Melrose (called the Waverly Route) and Edinburgh, passing on the way Peterboro the Proud, York the Ancient, Durham with its castle and cathedral encircled by the river Wear, and Newcastle farther on, where I spent about four hours, which enabled me to see the old castle, built by the son of William the Conqueror, and Stephenson's great bridge over the Tyne and his monument.

I reached Melrose about 6 o'clock, P. M., and met in the Abbey a gentleman from West Virginia. We remained until about dark and listened to the custodian, who never tired showing the resting places of those buried within its walls and telling of their heroic deeds, such as Douglas, King Robert Bruce, whose heart is buried there, Michael Scott the famous Wizard, Murdoch, the first Master of Melrose Lodge A. F. and A. M., which, with

Kilwinning is said to be the oldest in Scotland, and many others :

> "Within the pile no common dead
> Lay blended with their kindred mould :
> Theirs was the hearts that prayed or bled,
> In cloister dim or death-plain red,
> The pious and the bold."
> "The pillared arches over their head,"

the finest in finish of any I saw anywhere, engaged our attention quite awhile. "One cloister, along the whole length of which there runs a cornice of flowers and plants, entirely unrivalled, to my mind, by anything elsewhere extant, I do not say in Gothic architecture merely, but in any architecture whatever." Just east of the Tower Base is a stone in front of a large window in the perpendicular style and just by the tomb of Michael Scott the "Wizard" of the "Lay," on which Sir Walter used to sit for hours meditating and composing, often till late at night, for,

> "If thou wouldest view fair Melrose aright
> Go visit it by the pale moon-light.
> When buttress and buttress alternately
> Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;
> When silver edges the imagery,
> And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die :
> When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
> Then go--but go alone the while—
> Then view St. David's ruined pile :
> And home returning, soothly swear,
> Was never scene so sad and fair !"
>
> —Scott.

Next morning we went up to Abbotsford, Sir

Walter's home, about three miles from Melrose, on the banks of the Tweed. It is a fairy glen, favorable for study, with the murmuring Tweed, impending hills, flowers, ferns and forestry to inspire his genius. As Rae-Brown says:

> "Scott, with a poet-painter's skill,
> Immortalized lake, tree and hill,
> Till Scotia seemed the brightest gem
> That shone on nature's diadem."

One is shown his armory, a fine selection, containing the pair of pistols carried by Napoleon Bonaparte at Waterloo, with many other valuable relics; his library of 20,000 volumes and many fine paintings; his study, with his desk, book-holder and the room in which he died, containing a bronze cast taken while he lay in state before interment.

We spent one day—the Queen's birthday—in the learned city of Edinburgh. Queen Street is thought by many to be the finest street in the world, but the crowd was so great one had to struggle to get along instead of leisurely admiring objects of beauty around him.

We ascended Calton Hill, which gives an extended view, embracing the city of Leith, Arthur's seat and the harbor on the Firth of Forth. An iron globe that passes up and down on an iron rod is caused to drop down on a percussion cap by electricity, discharged by the chronometer at Greenwich; this fires a cannon precisely at 12

o'clock, M., every day. It also contains the National, Nelson and Stewart monuments. Below the hill on the way to Holyrood is the monument to Robert Burns, at the unveiling of which his mother said: "He asked for bread, but they gave him a stone," meaning the stone material of which it was composed.

The Castle with the ancient regalia of Scotland; the room of *Mary, Queen of Scots*, *Queen Margaret's* Chapel, the smallest church in the world perhaps, *Mons. Meg*, a historic cannon of 1497, with the Highlanders dressed in helmets plumed with ostrich feathers worth $25, and woollen frocks that reached only to the knee, the rest of the leg and foot being bare, and the Scott monument below costing $2,000,000, with its churches and seats of learning, all would tempt one to linger in this classic town, but only one day remains for Glasgow and the country between ere the S. S. *State of Nebraska* will sail for New York and bear me to my native land.

Glasgow claims to be the third city of Great Britain. Four things consumed my time for one day; the Cathedral, which has one of the finest crypts in existence, with 33 columns and 20 pilasters supporting the ceiling, and stained glass windows from Munich; the Necropolis, just over the "Bridge of Sighs," that holds, with many others, the ashes of John Knox. On his tomb (a single Doric column) it is said the regent said at his funeral:

"Here lieth he who never feared the face of man." The University, with a museum of rare collections, and the Shipyards on the Clyde, where are made the great ocean-going steamers; fully one hundred were in course of construction, made throughout of iron. They are built on an inclined plane, on a line cutting the shore diagonally, and are launched stern foremost.

Many emigrants sail from Glasgow to America. About 200 were on the *State of Nebraska*. Fully 2500 people were on the wharf to see her sail and bid friends adieu; some wept, some laughed, while others cheered.

There is a solemnity about the sailing of a steamship laden with passengers bound for some foreign land. What fate awaits them, who can tell? Many have gone with as gleeful spirits as they, and were never heard of again.

Slowly we moved down the Clyde and reached Larne, the harbor of Belfast, next morning early, where we spend the day giving passengers opportunity to run up to Belfast while the ship completes her cargo.

One of the pleasant features of a sea-voyage is the number of nice people one meets. I was very fortunate on this trip. There were five ministers aboard, two of whom were Methodists, three were Presbyterians. We were eleven days crossing, including two Sundays. On one of these Mr. Langley, of Canada, preached, and I on the second.

During the day there was music and many kinds of games, for those fond of amusement, and a good library for those who wish to read, while others write letters. Still others look for whales and icebergs. We had two concerts and charades at night.

I greatly enjoyed the association of Dr. Hobbs, a young alumnus of Johns Hopkins, who had been to Germany to study there. He belongs to the U. S. Coast Survey and is the author of a learned treatise on the "Rocks occurring in the neighborhood of Ilchester, Maryland." I enjoyed no less the acquaintance of the Rev. B. Langley and wife and the Rev. Jas. Lanman and wife whom I met on the Luther Platz in Worms. It is with good reason that I remember Mr. Lanman. When about to enter New York, he approached me and said: "Bro. Groome, the good Lord has given me more than I need, and I wish to make you a present. I have had a clerical suit of clothes made and I do not like them, if you will accept them they are yours."

Since reaching home, new attestations of an enviable place in his esteem have reached me, not less appreciable than the one on deck of the Steamship State of Nebraska.

On the morning of June 5th we passed Sandy Hook, the Statue of Liberty, and soon stood on American soil.

My heart thanked that faithful Friend under whose protecting hand our ship had reached this

shore in safety and whose defenses had been about me since January. I had travelled so many thousands of miles without accident, sickness, loss of any kind, (except a package sent home by a friend) or even missing a single connection by rail or steamer, or receiving a line of news from home to rob my journey of enjoyment.

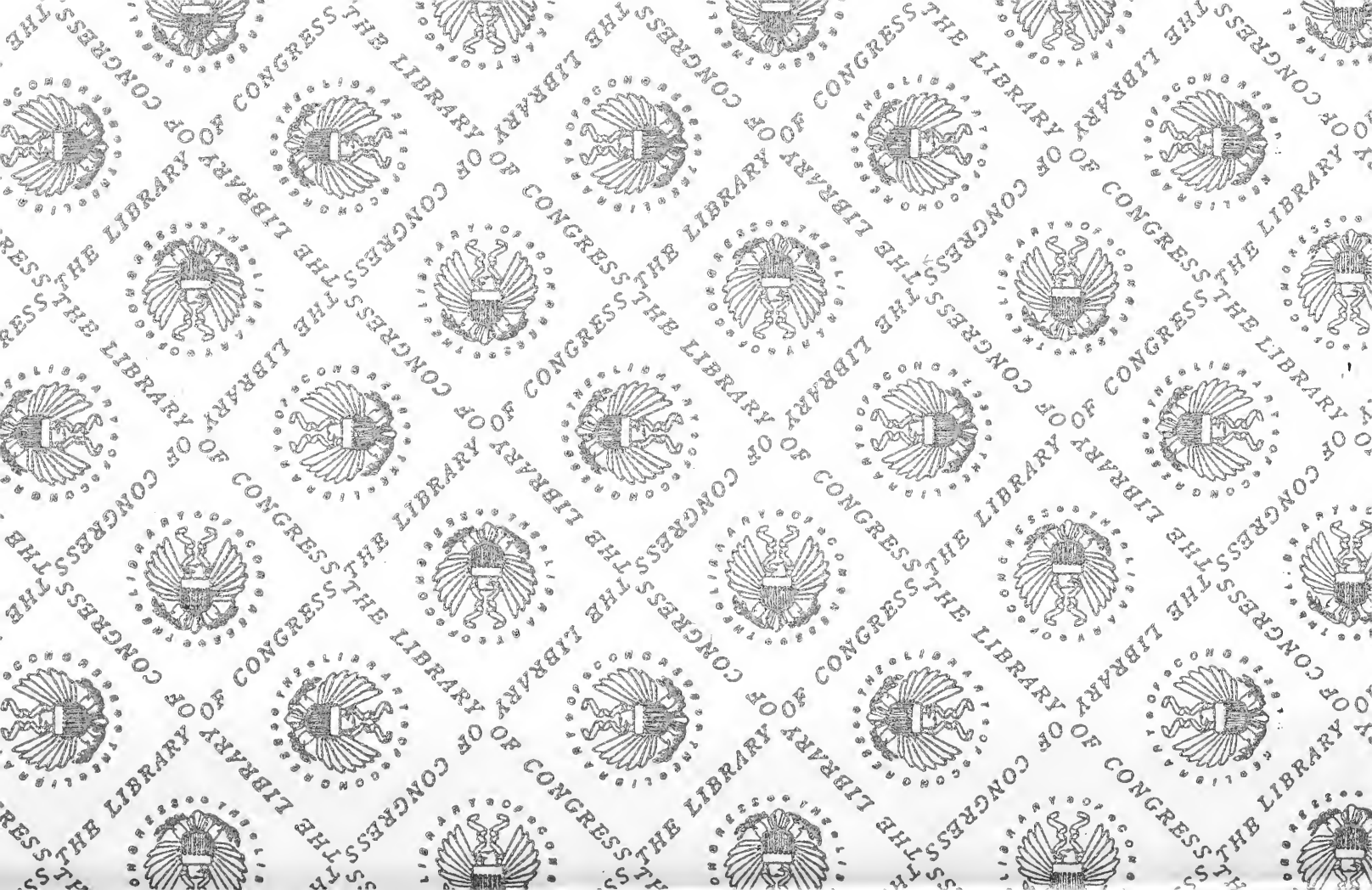
> "'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
> Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
> 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
> Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

Within a few hours after landing I was amongst loved ones again and had multiplied reasons to be grateful that, as ever before, so now I had returned to find all well.

"Blessed be the name of the Lord, because His mercy endureth forever."

FINIS.

W 95


THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 021 933 052 2